Love-Letters

Between a

NOBLE-MAN

And his

SISTER.

LONDON.

Printed for *J. Hindmarsh*, at the *Golden-Ball* in *Cornhil*, and *J. Tonson*, at the *Judg's Head* in *Chancery-lane*. 1693.

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TO

THO. CONDON, Esq;

SIR,

HAving when I was at *Paris* last Spring, met with a little Book of Letters, call'd, *L'intrigue de Philander & Silvia*, I had a particular fancy beside my inclinations to translate it into English, which I have done as faithfully as I could; only where he speaks of

the ingratitude of *Cesario* to the King, I have added a word or two to his Character that might render it a little more parallel to that of a modern Prince, in our Age; for the rest I have kept close to the French.

The letters are soft and amorous, and besides my esteem and obligation to you, I think it no where so proper to address so much tender Passion, as

to a man whom Heaven and Nature has so well form'd both for dispencing and receiving of Love as your self, you having all in your person that is acceptable to Women and desired by Men, and when you please can make your self as absolutely the joy of the one as the envy of the other; to this is joyn'd a Vertue, such as I believe the World has

rarely produc'd in a man of your Youth, Fortune and Advantages; you have all the power of the Debauchery of the Age, without the will, you early saw the follies of the Town, and the greatness of your mind, disdaining that common Road of living, shunn'd the the foppish practice; your well-judging pride chose rather to be singular and sullenly retire, than herd

with

with that noise Crowd, that eternally fit our business enough to stock the Town with Wit and Lampoons, and the Stage with Fops, Fools and Cowards: If I might give my real judgment, you are above flattery, and one can almost say no good or generous thing that one cannot justifie in you, no Vertue you cannot lay a claim to; many your

modesty hides from the World, and many more you have, which envy will not confess, for that just value you set upon your self, by shunning the publick Haunts, Cabals and Conversations of the Town, in spight of all your Wit and Goodness, gives occasion for malice to revenge it self on you a thousand little ways; witness a late mistaken story of an

Amour of yours, so often urg'd with heat, and told so much to your disadvantage, by those who have not the happiness of knowing your true Principles of honor, your real good Nature, your common Justice, or sense of Humanity, to be such, as not to be capable of so base, silly and unmannerly a practice, and so needless and poor a design:

sign: For my part, Sir, I am vain and proud of the belief, that I have the capacity and honor to know and understand your Soul, (did I not too well the story also) and am well assur'd it has not a grain, not a thought of so foolish a Principle, so unnecessary and dishonest: And I dare affirm, that since the imposition of the late Popish Plot upon the Town, there has

has not so ridiculous and nonsensical a History past for authentick with unthinking Man; but you should give 'em leave to rail, since you have so vast advantages above 'em.

Sir, I would fain think that in the Character of *Philander* there is a great resemblance of your self as to his Person, and that part of his Soul that was possest with Love.

He

He was a French Whig, 'tis true, and a most apparent Traytor, and there I confess the comparison fails extreamly, for sure no Man was ever so incorrigible, so hardned in Toryism as your self, so fearless, so bold, so resolute, and confirm'd in Loyalty; in the height of all dangers and threatnings, in the blessed Age of Swearing and the hopeful Reign of Evidences,

dences, you undaunted held forth for the Royal Cauſe, with ſuch force of reaſon and undeniable ſenſe, as thoſe that were not converted, at leaſt were ſtartled, and I ſhall never forget the happy things I have heard you ſay on that glorious Subject, with a zeal ſo fervent, yet ſo modeſt and gentle, your argument ſo ſolid, juſt, ſo generous and ſo very hearty, as

has

has begot you applauses and blessing round the board: a thousand instances, a History I could write of your discourses and acts of Loyalty, but that even your Enemies allow, and I will spare it here, and only say, you are an honor and a credit to the Cause that's proud to own you.

In this you are far distant to my amorous Hero; but at least for my

own

own satisfaction, and that I may believe *Silvia* truly happy, give me leave to fancy him such a Person as your self; and then I cannot fail of fancying him too, speaking at the Feet of *Silvia*, pleading his right of Love with the same softness in his eyes and voice, as you can do when you design to conquer; when e'er you spread your Nets for Game, you need

but

but look abroad, fix and resolve, tho you, unlike the forward youth of this Age, so nicely pursue the quarry, it is not all, or any Game you fly at, not every Bird that comes to Net can please your delicate Appetite; tho you are young as new desire, as beautiful as Light, as amorous as a God, and wanton as a *Cupid*, that smiles and shoots, and

plays,

plays, and mischiefs all his fond hours away: Pray Heaven you be not reserv'd like our Hero for some Sister; 'tis an ill sign when so much Beauty passes daily unregarded, that your love is reserv'd to an end as malicious as that of our *Philander's*.

Perhaps you'll be out of humour and cry, why the Devil didst thou dedicate the Letters of a

Whig to mend. But to make you amends Sir, pray take notice, *Silvia* is true Tory in every part; if but to love a Whig be not Crime enough in your opinion to pall your appetite, and for which even her youth and beauty cannot make an attonement, commodity which rarely fails in the Trade of love, tho never was so low a Market for Beauty

of

of both Sexes, yet he that's fortified and stor'd like happy you, need never fear to find his price; for wit and good humour bear still a rate, and have an intrinsick value, while the other is rated by opinion, and is at best but a curious picture, where one and the same dull silent Charms make up the day, while the other is always new, and (to use your own expression)

is

is a Book, where one turns over a new leaf every Minute, and finds something diverting, in eternal new Discoveries; it elevates ones Spirits, charms the Soul, and improves ones Stock, for every one has a longer date of hearing than seeing, and the eyes are sooner satiated than the ear; therefore do not depend too much on Beauty, 'tis but a half Conquest

quest you will make when you shew the Man only, you must prove him too; give the soft Sex a sight of your fine Mind as well as your fine Person; but you are a lazy Lover, and lie fallow for want of Industry; you rust your stock of hoarded Love, while you gaze only and return a single sigher; believe me Friend, if you continue to fight at that single Weapon, there will be no great store of Wounds given or taken on either side; you must speak and write if you would be happy, since you can do it so infinitely to purpose; who

can

can be happy without Love; for me, I never numbred those dull days amongst those of my life, in which I had not my Soul fill'd with that soft passion. To love! why 'tis the only secret in nature that restores Life to all the felicities and charms of living, and to me there seems nothing so strange as to see people walk about, laugh, do the acts of life, and impertinently trouble the world without knowing any thing of that soft, that noble passion, or without so much as having an intrigue or an amusement, (as the French call it) with any

dear

dear the Ideal Love or Concetto, perhaps these Letters may have the good fortune to rouze and make you look into your Heart, turn over your Store and lavish out a little to divert the toils of Life; you us'd to say that even the fatigues of Love had a vast pleasure in 'em; *Philander* was of your mind, and I (whose advice you like that Friend you have honour'd me with the title of) have even prefer'd all the torments of Love, before dully living without it. Live then and love, thou gay, thou glorious young-man, whom

Heaven

Heaven has bleſt with all the
ſweets of Life beſides; live then
and love; and what's an equal
Bleſſing, live and be belov'd
by ſome dear Maid, as nobly
born as *Sabia*, as witty and as
gay and ſoft as ſhe, (to you,
who know no other want,
no other Bleſſing) this is the moſt
advantageous offer heaven can
you, who is, I and I
vice your like that Friend your
have honour, ſis, ſe with the ti-
tle of) have even prefer'd all
the *Your Lordſhip's moſt* before
duly living without it. Live
Humble Servant,
glorious young-man, whom
Heaven

THE ARGUMENT.

IN the time of the Rebellion of the true Proteſtant Hugonots in Paris, *under the Conduct of the Prince of* Condy, (*whom we will call* Cefario) *many Illuſtrious Perſons were drawn into the Aſſociation, amongſt which there was one, whoſe Quality and Fortune, (join'd with his Youth and Beauty) rendred him more elevated in the eſteem of the gay*

part of the World than most of that Age. In his tender Years (unhappily enough) he chanc'd to fall in Love with a Lady, whom we will call Mertilla, who had Charms enough to engage any Heart; she had all the advantages of Youth and Nature; a shape excellent; a most agreeable Stature, not too Tall, and far from Low, delicately Proportion'd, her Face a little enclin'd to round, soft, smooth and white, her Eyes were blew, a little languishing, and full of Love and Wit; a Mouth curiously made, dimpled and full of sweetness; Lips round,

round, soft, plump and red; white Teeth firm and even; her Nose a little Roman; *and which gave a noble grace to her lovely Face; her Hair light brown; a Neck and Bosom delicately turn'd, white and rising; her Arms and Hands exactly shap'd; to this a vivacity of Youth engaging; a Wit quick and flowing; a Humour gay, and an Air unresistablyc harming; and nothing was wanting to compleat the joys of the young* Philander, *(so we call our amorous Hero) but* Mertilla's *Heart, which the illustrious* Cesario *had before possess'd; however, consulting her*

Honour

The Argument.

Honour and her Intereſt, and knowing all the Arts as Women do to feign a tenderneſs, ſhe yields to Marry him: While Philander, *who ſcorn'd to owe his happineſs to the commands of Parents, or to chaffer for a Beauty with her conſent ſteals her away, and Marries her; but ſee how tranſitory is a violent Paſſion; after being ſatiated, he ſlights the Prize he had ſo dearly conquer'd; ſome ſay the change was occaſion'd by her too viſibly continued love to* Ceſario; *but what ever 'twas, this was moſt certain,* Philander *caſt his Eyes upon a young Maid, Siſter to* Mertilla,

The Argument.

Mertilla, *a Beauty, whose early Bloom promis'd wonders, when come to perfection; but I will ſpare her Picture here,* Philander *in the following Epiſtles, will often enough preſent it to your view: He lov'd and languiſh'd long before he durſt diſcover his Pain; her being Siſter to his Wife, nobly Born, and of undoubted Fame, rendred his paſſion too criminal to hope for a return, while the young lovely* Silvia (*ſo we ſhall call the noble Maid*) *ſigh'd out her hours in the ſame pain and languiſhment for* Philander, *and knew not that 'twas Love,*

till

till she betraying it innocently to the o'er-joy'd Lover and Brother, who soon taught her to understand 'twas Love—— he pursues it, she permits it, and at last yields; when being discover'd in the criminal Intrigue, she flies with him; he absolutely quits Mertilla, lives some time in a Village near Paris, call'd St. Denis, with this betray'd unfortunate, till being found out, and like to be apprehended, (one for the Rape, the other for the Flight) she is forc'd to Marry a Cadet, a creature of Philander's, to bear the name of Husband only to her,

her, while Philander *had the intire poſſeſſion of her Soul and Body: Still the League went forward, and all things were ready for a War in* Paris; *but 'tis not my buſineſs here to mix the rough relation of a War, with the ſoft affairs of Love; let it ſuffice, the Hugonots were Defeated, and the King got the day, and every Rebel lay at the Mercy of his Sovereign.* Philander *was taken Priſoner, made his eſcape to a little Cottage near his own Palace, not far from* Paris, *writes to* Silvia *to come to him, which ſhe does, and in ſpight of all the induſtry*

to

to re-seize him, he got away with Silvia.

After their Flight, these Letters were found in their Cabinets, at their House at St. Denis, where they both liv'd together, for the space of a year, and they are as exactly as possible plac'd in the order they were sent, and were those supposed to be written towards the latter end of their Amours.

LETTERS

To *Silvia.*

THough I parted from you resolved to obey your impossible commands, yet know, Oh charming *Silvia!* that after a thousand conflicts between Love and Honour, I found the God (too mighty for the Idol) reign absolute Monarch in my Soul, and soon banish'd that Tyrant thence. That cruel Counsellor that would

 suggest

ſuggeſt to you a Thouſand fond Arguments to hinder my noble purſuit; *Silvia* came in view! her unreſiſtable *Idea!* with all the Charm of blooming youth, with all the Attractions of Heavenly Beauty! looſe, wanton, gay, all flowing her bright Hair, and languiſhing her lovely eyes, her dreſs all negligent, as when I ſaw her laſt, diſcovering a Thouſand raviſhing Graces, round white ſmall Breaſts, delicate Neck, and riſing Boſom, heav'd with ſighs ſhe wou'd in vain conceal; and all beſides, that niceſt Fancy can imagine ſurprizing — Oh! dare not think on, leſt my deſires grow mad and raving; let it ſuffice, Oh adorable *Silvia*, I think and know enough to juſtify that flame in me, which but weak appearance of Brother and Siſter ha render'd to criminal; but he that

adore

adores *Silvia*, should do it at an uncommon rate; 'tis not enough to sacrifice a single heart, to give you a simple Passion, your Beauty should like it self produce wondrous effects; it should force all obligations, all laws, all ties even of Natures self: You, my lovely Maid, were not born to be obtained by the dull methods of ordinary loving; and 'tis in vain to prescribe me measures; and oh much more in vain to urge the nearness of our Relation. What Kin my charming *Silvia* are you to me? No ties of blood forbid my Passion; and what's a Ceremony imposed on man by Custom? what is it to my divine *Silvia*, that the Priest took my hand and gave it to your Sister? what Alliance can that create? why should a trick devised by the wary old, only to make provision for poste-

sterity, tie me to an eternal slavery? No, no, my charming Maid, 'tis nonsense all; let us (born for mightier joys) scorn the dull *beaten road*, but let us love like the first race of men, neareſt allied to God, promiscuously they lov'd, and possess'st, Father and Daughter, Brother and Sister met, and reap'd the joys of Love without controul, and counted it Religious coupling, and 'twas encouraged too by Heaven it self: Therefore start not (too nice and lovely Maid) at shadows of things that can but frighten fools. Put me not off with these delays; rather say you but dissembled Love all this while, than now 'tis born, to die again with a poor fright of nonsense. A fit of Honour! a fantome imaginary and no more; no, no, represent me to your Soul more favourably, think

think you see me languishing at your feet, breathing out my last in sighs and kind reproaches, on the pitiless *Silvia*; reflect when I am dead, which will be the more afflicting object, the Ghost (as you are pleased to call it) of your Murdered Honour, or the pale and bleeding one of

The lost *Philander*.

I have liv'd a whole day and yet no Letter from my Silvia.

To *Philander.*

OH why will you make me own (oh too importunate *Philander!*) with what regret I made you promiſe to prefer my Honour before your Love?

I confeſs with bluſhes, which you might then ſee kindling in my face, that I was not at all pleaſed with the Vows you made me, to endeavour to obey me, and I then even wiſht you would obſtinately have denied obedience to my juſt commands; have purſued your criminal flame, and have left me raving on my undoing: For when you were gone, and I had leaſure to look into my heart, alas! I found whether you obliged or not, whether Love, or Honour were prefer'd, I, unhappy I, was either

either way inevitably loſt. Oh what pitileſs God, fond of his wondrous power, made us the objects of his Almighty vanity? Oh why were we two made the firſt preſidents of his new found revenge? for ſure no Brother ever lov'd a Siſter with ſo criminal a flame before: At leaſt my unexperienced innocence ne're met with ſo fatal a ſtory: And 'tis in vain (my too charming Brother) to make me inſenſible of our Alliance; to perſwade me I am a ſtranger to all but your eyes and ſoul.

Alas, your fatally kind induſtry is all in vain. You grew up a Brother with me; the title was firſt in my heart, when I was too young to underſtand your ſubtle diſtinctions, and there it thriv'd and ſpread; and 'tis now too late to tranſplant it, or alter its Native

Property: Who can graft a flower on a contrary ſtalk? The Roſe will bear no Tulips, nor the Hyacinth the Poppy; no more will the Brother the name of Lover. O ſpoil not the natural ſweetneſs and innocence we now retain, by an endeavour fruitleſs and deſtructive; no, no, *Philander*, dreſs your ſelf in what charms you will, be powerful as Love can make you in your ſoft argument — yet, Oh yet, you are my Brother ſtill. But why, Oh cruel and eternal Powers, was not *Philander* my Lover before you deſtined him a Brother? or why being a Brother did you malicious and ſpightful powers deſtine him a Lover! oh take, either title from him, or from me a life which can render me no ſatisfaction, ſince your cruel laws permit it

it not for *Philander*, nor his to bless thee now.

Unfortunate *Silvia*.

Wednesday Morning.

To *Philander*.

AFter I had dismist my Page this morning with my Letter, I walk'd (fill'd with sad soft thoughts of my Brother *Philander*) into the Grove, and commanding *Melinda* to retire, who only attended me, I threw my self down on that bank of grass where we last disputed the dear but fatal business of our souls: Where our prints (that invited me) still remain on the prest greens: There with Ten thou-

sand sighs; with remembrance of the tender minutes we past then, I drew your last Letter from my Bosom; and often kist, and often read it over; but oh, who can conceive my Torment, when I came to that fatal part of it, where you say you gave your hand to my Sister? I found my soul agitated with a Thousand different passions, but all insupportable, all mad, and raving; sometimes I threw my self with fury on the ground, and prest my panting heart to the earth, then rise in rage and tear my hair, and hardly spare that face that taught you first to love: then fold my wretched Arms to keep down rising Sighs that almost rend my breast, I traverse swiftly the conscious Grove; with my distracted show'ring eyes directed in vain to pitiless Heaven, the lovely silent shade favouring my

my complaints, I cry aloud, Oh God! *Philander*'s married, the lovely charming thing for whom I languish is married to——That fatal word's enough, I need not add to whom. Married's enough to make me curse my Birth, my Youth, my Beauty, and my Eyes that first betray'd me to the undoing Object: Curse on the Charms you have flatter'd, for every fancied Grace has help'd my ruin on; now like flowers that wither unseen and unpossest in shades, they must die and be no more, they were to no end created, since *Philander*'s married: Married! Oh fate, Oh hell, Oh torture and confusion! tell me not 'tis to my Sister, that addition is needless and vain: To make me eternally wretched there needs no more than that *Philander*'s married! than that the Priest

Priest gave your hand away from me; to another and not to me; tir'd out with life I need no other Passport than this Repetition. *Philander's* married Name is that alone is sufficient to lay in her cold Tomb.

Wretched and despairing

SILVIA.

Wednesday night;
Bedford.

To

To *Silvia.*

TWice last night, Oh unfaithful and unloving *Silvia!* I sent my Page to the old place for Letters, but he returned the object of my rage, because without the least remembrance from my fickle Maid: In this Torment, unable to hide my disorder, I suffered my self to be laid in bed; where the restless torments of the night exceeded those of the day, and are not even by the languisher himself to be expresst; but the returning light brought a short slumber on its Wings; which was interrupted by my attoning Boy, who brought two Letters from my adorable *Silvia*: He wak'd me from Dreams more agreeable than all my watchful hours could bring.

bring, for they are all tortured. ---- And even the softest mixt with a Thousand despairs, difficulties and disappointments, but these were all love, which gave a loose to joys undenied by Honour! and this way my charming *Silvia* you shall be mine, in spight of all the Tyrannies of that cruel hinderer; Honour appears not my *Silvia* within the close drawn Curtains, in shades and gloomy light the fantom frights not, but when one beholds its blushes, when its attended and adorned, and the Sun sees its false Beauties; in silent Groves and Grotto's, dark Alcoves, and lonely recesses, all its formalities are laid aside; it was then, and there, methought my *Silvia* yielded, with a faint struggle and a soft resistance; I heard her broken sighs, her tender whispering Voice that trembling cried, -- Oh can you

be

so cruel, --- Have you the heart --- Will you undo a Maid, because she loves you? Oh will you ruine me because you may? --- My faithless --- My unkind, then sigh'd and yielded, and made me happier than a Triumphing God! But this was still a Dream, I wak'd and sigh'd, and found it vanish all! But oh my *Silvia*, your Letters were substantial pleasure, and pardon your Adorer if he tell you, even the disorder you express, is infinitely dear to him, since he knows it all the effects of Love; Love my Soul! which you in vain oppose; pursue it, Dear, and call it not undoing, or else explain your fear, and tell me what your soft, your trembling heart gives that cruel title to? Is it undoing to Love? and love the Man you say has Youth and Beauty to justify that Love? A man

that

that adores you with ſo ſubmiſſive and perfect a reſignation; A man that did not only Love firſt, but is reſolved to die in that agreeable flame; in my Creation I was formed for Love, and deſtined for my *Silvia*, and ſhe for her *Philander*: And ſhall we, can we diſappoint our Fate? no, my ſoft Charmer, our ſouls were toucht with the ſame ſhafts of Love before they had a being in our Bodies, and can we contradict Divines Decree?

Or is it undoing, Dear, to bleſs *Philander* with what you muſt ſome time or other ſacrifice to ſome hated loath'd object, (for *Silvia* can never love again) and are thoſe Treaſures for the dull conjugal Lover to rifle? Was the beauty of Divine ſhape created for the cold Matrimonial imbrace? And ſhall the eternal

joys

joys that *Silvia* can dispence, be returned by the clumsey Husband's careless forc'd insipid duties; Oh my *Silvia* shall a Husband (whose insensibility will call those Raptures of joy! those Heavenly Blisses! the drudgery of life) shall he I say receive 'em? While your *Philander* with the very thought of the excess of pleasure, the least possession would afford, faints o're the Paper that brings hers his eternal Vows.

Oh where my *Silvia* lies the undoing then? My Quality and Fortune are of the highest rank amongst men. My Youth gay and fond, my Soul all soft, all Love and all *Silvia*'s! I adore her, I am sick of Love and sick of Life, till she yields she is all mine!

You say my *Silvia* I am married, and there my happiness is

shipwrack'd; but *Silvia* I deny it, and will not have you think it; no, my Soul was married to yours in its first Creation; and only *Silvia* is the Wife of my sacred, my everlasting Vows; of my solemn considerate Thought, of my ripen'd Judgment, my mature Considerations. The rest are all repented and forgot, like the hasty follys of unstaid Youth, like Vows breath'd in Anger, and die perjur'd as those vows used, and unregarded either of Heaven or Man. Oh why should my Soul suffer for ever, why eternal pain for the [illegible] of my unwilling Love? besides, this fatal thing called Wife, this unlucky Sister, this *Mertilla*, this stop to all my Heaven, that breeds such fatal differences in our softer Affairs, this *Mertilla* I say, first broke her Marriage Vows to me;

I blame her not, nor is it reasonable I should, she saw the young *Cesario*, and Lov'd him. *Cesario*, whom the envying World in spight of prejudice must own, has unresistable Charms, that God-like form, that sweetness in his face, that softness in his Eyes and delicate Mouth; and every Beauty besides that Women doat on, and Men envy: That lovely composition of Man and Angel! with the addition of his eternal Youth and illustrious Birth, was form'd by Heaven and Nature for universal Conquest! and who can love the charming Hero at a cheaper rate than being undone? And she that would not venture Fame, Honour, and a Marriage Vow for the Glory of the young *Cesario*'s heart, merits not the noble Victim; Oh! wou'd I cou'd say so much for the young *Philander*, who

who wou'd run a Thousand times more hazards of Life and Fortune for the Adorable *Silvia*, than that amorous *Hero* ever did for *Mertilla*, though from that Prince I learn't some of my disguises for my thefts of Love, for he like *Jove* courted in several shapes; I saw 'em all and suffer'd the delusion to pass upon me; for I had seen the lovely *Silvia*; Yes, I had seen her, and I lov'd her too: But Honour kept me yet Master of my Vows; but when I knew her false, when I was once confirm'd,--- When by my own Soul I found the dissembl'd Passion of her's, when she cou'd no longer hide the blushes or the paleness that seiz'd at the approaches of my disorder'd Rival, when I saw Love dancing in her Eyes, and her false heart beat with nimble motions, and soft trembling seiz'd

every

every Limb, at the approach or touch of the Royal Lover, then I thought my self no longer obliged to conceal my flame for *Silvia*; nay, e're I broke silence, e're I discover'd the hidden Treasure of my heart, I made her falsehood plainer yet: Even the time and place of the dear assignations I discover'd; certainty! happy certainty! broke the dull heavy chain, and I with joy submitted to my shameful freedom, and caress'd my generous Rival, nay and by Heaven I lov'd him for't, pleas'd at the resemblance of our Souls, for we were secret Lovers both, but more pleas'd that he Lov'd *Mertilla*, for that made way to my passion for the adorable *Silvia*!

Let the dull hot-brain'd jealous Fool upbraid me with cold Patience; Let the fond Coxcomb whose Honour depends on the

frail

frail Marriage Vow, reproach me, or tell me that my Reputation depends on the feeble constancy of a Wife, perswade me 'tis Honour to fight for an untrievable and unvalu'd Prize, and that because my Rival has taken leave to Cuckold me, I shall give him leave to kill me too; unreasonable nonsense grown to custom. No by Heaven! I had rather *Marilla* prov'd false, (as she) than wish and languish for the happy occasion; the Sin's the same, only the Act's more generous: Believe me, my *Silvia*, we have all false notions of Vertue and Honour, and surely this was taken up by some despairing Husband in Love with a fair Jilting Wife, and then I Pardon him; I should have done as much: for only she that has my Soul, can only ingage my Sword; she that I love and

my

my self only commands and keeps my stock of Honour: For *Silvia!* she Charming, she distracting *Silvia!* I could fight for a glance, or smile, expose my heart for her dearer fame, and wish no recompence, but breathing out my last gasp into her soft white delicate Bosom. But for a Wife! that stranger to my Soul, and whom we Wed for Interest and Necessity; A Wife, a light loose unregarding Property, who for a momentary Appetite will expose her fame, without the noble end of loving on, she that will abuse my Bed, and ever return again to the loath'd dull Conjugal imbraces, back to the Arms so hated, that even strong fancy of the absent Youth belov'd, cannot for much as render supportable. Curse on her, and yet the kisses, frawns and dissembles on, hangs on his Neck, and

makes

makes the Sot believe.—— Damn her, Brute; I'll whittler off, and let her down the wind, as *Othello* says. No, I adore the Wife, that when the Heart is gone, boldly and nobly pursues the Conqueror, and generously owns the Whore, —— Not poorly adds the the nauseous sin of jilting to't: That I could have born, at least commended; but this can never Pardon; at worst then the world had said her Passion had undone her, she lov'd, and Love at worst is worthy of pity. No, no, *Mervilla*, I forgive your Love, but never can your poor dissimulation. One drives you but from the Heart you value not; but t'other to my eternal contempt. One deprives me but of thee *Mervilla*, but t'other intitles me to a beauty more surprizing, renders thee no parrot me; and so leaves the

the Lover free to *Silvia*, without the Brother.

Thus my excellent Maid I have ſent you the ſenſe and truth of my Soul, in an affair you have often hinted to me, and I take no pleaſure to remember; I hope you will at leaſt think my averſion reaſonable; and that being thus indiſputably freed from all obligations to *Mertilla* as a Husband, I may be permitted to lay claim to *Silvia*, as a Lover, and marry my ſelf more effectually by my everlaſting Vows, than the Prieſt by his common method could do to any other Woman leſs beloved, there being no other way at preſent left by Heaven, to render me

Silvia's

Eternal happy Lover, and

PHILANDER.

to ſee you

To *Silvia*.

WHen I had sealed the in-
closed, *Brilliard* told me
you were this Morning come from
Belfont, and with Infinite impa-
tience have expected seeing you
here; which defer'd my sending
this to the old place; and I am
vain (Oh adorable *Silvia!*) a
to believe my fancied silence ha
given you disquiet; but sure my
Silvia, could not charge me wi
neglect; no, she knows my Soul
and lays it all to chance, or som
strange accident, she knows n
business could divert me. No
were the Nation sinking, the gre
Senate of the World confounde
our Glorious Designs betray'd an
ruined, and the vast City all
flame; like *Nero* unconcern'd
wou

wou'd ſing my everlaſting Song of Love to *Silvia*; which no time or Fortune ſhall untune. I know my Soul, and all its ſtrength, and how it is fortified, the charming *Idea* of my young *Silvia* will for ever remain there; the original may fade, time may render it leſs fair, leſs blooming in my Arms, but never in my Soul; I ſhall find thee there the ſame gay glorious creature that firſt ſurpriſed and enſlaved me, believe me, raviſhing Maid I ſhall. Why then, Oh why, my cruel *Silvia!* are my joys delayed? Why am I by your rigorous commands kept from the ſight of my Heaven, my eternal bliſs? An age my fair Tormentor's paſt; four tedious live long days are numbered o're, ſince I beheld the object of my laſting Vows, my eternal wiſhes, how can you think, Oh unreaſonable

Silvia ! that I could live so long without you, and yet I am alive I find it by my pain, by torments of fears and jealousies insupportable; I languish and go downward to the Earth, where you will shortly see me laid without your recalling mercy; 'tis true I move about this unregarded world, appear every day in the great Senate-House at Clubs, Cabals, and private Consultations (for *Silvia* knows all the business of my Soul, even its Politicks of State as well as Love) I say I appear indeed, and give my Voice in publick business; but oh my Heart more kindly is imployed that, and my Thoughts are *Silvia*'s ! Ten thousand times a day I breath that name, my busie Fingers are eternally tracing out those Six mystick Letters; a thousand ways on every thing I touch form

form words, and make them ſpeak a Thouſand things, and all are *Silvia* ſtill; my melancholy change is evident to all that ſee me, which they interpret many miſtaken ways; our Party fancy I repent my League with them, and doubting I'ſe betray the Cauſe, grow jealous of me, till by new Oaths, new Arguments I confirm them, then they ſmile all, and cry I am in Love; and this they would believe, but that they ſee all Women that I meet or converſe with are indifferent to me, and ſo can fix it no where; for none can gueſs it *Silvia*; thus while I dare not tell my Soul, no not even to *Ceſario*, the ſtifled flame burns inward, and torments me ſo, that (unlike the thing I was) I fear *Silvia* will loſe her Love, and Lover too; for thoſe few Charms ſhe ſaid I had, will

fade; and this fatal distance will destroy both Soul and Body too; my very reason will abandon me, and I shall rave to see thee; restore me, Oh restore me then to *Bellfont*, happy *Bellfont*, still blest with *Silvia*'s presence! Permit me, Oh permit me into those sacred Shades, where I have been so often (too innocently) blest! Let me survey again the dear Characters of *Silvia* on the smooth Birch; Oh when shall I sit beneath those Boughs, gazing on the young Goddess of the Grove, hearing her sigh for Love; touching her glowing small white hands, beholding her killing Eyes languish, and her Charming bosom rise and fall with short-breath'd uncertain breath; breath as soft and sweet as the restoring breeze that glides o're the new-blown Flowers: But oh what is it? what

Heaven

Heaven of Perfume, when it inclines to the ravisht *Philander*, and whispers Love, it dare not name aloud?

What power with-holds me then from ru[illegible] ported Arms and [illegible] dict without respect or Awe! What is it, Oh my *Silvia* can detain a Love so violent and raving, and so wild; admit me [illegible] Ma[illegible] admit me again to those soft [illegible] nights; that I may find, if possible, what Divinity (envious of my [illegible] checks my eager joys; my raging flame; while you too make an experiment (worth the Trial) what 'tis makes *Silvia* deny her

Impatient Adorer

PHILANDER.

My Page is ill, [illegible] obliged to trust Philland with these to the [illegible] Cottage of their rendevouz; send me your Opinion of his fidelity: and ah! remember I die to see you,

To *Philander.*

NOt yet? -- Not yet? Oh ye dull tedious Hours, whe[re] will you glide away? and bring [...] in which I shall at leas[t] Fight and [...] are past, and I am [...] gotten still; Forlorn, impatient, re[st]less every where; not one of a[ll] your little moments (ye undiver[ting] hours) can afford me repose. [...] ye on, a heavy Load; [...] coune ye on, and glide ye whe[re] you are gone; but trouble [...] the approaching ones, and [...] dread expect you; and nothin[g] willing will divert me now; m[y] Couch is tiresome, and my Gla[ss] betrays me, my Books are dull, an[d] conversation insupportable; th[e] Grove affords me no relief; no [...] eve

even those Birds to whom I have so often breath'd *Philander's* name, they sing it on their perching Boughs; no nor the reviewing of his dear Letters, can bring me any ease. Oh what Fates is reserv'd for me! for thus I cannot live; nor surely thus I shall not die. Perhaps *Philander's* making a trial of Vertue by this silence. Pursue it, call up all your reason my lovely Brother to your aid, let us be wise and silent, let us try what that will do towards the cure of this too infectious flame; let us, Oh let us, my Brother sit down here, and pursue the crime of Loving on no further. Call me Sister.--Swear I am so, and nothing but your Sister: and forbear; Oh forbear, my Charming Brother to pursue me farther with your soft bewitching Passion; let me alone, let me be ruin'd with Honour, if

I must be ruin'd. --For oh! 'twere much happier I were no more than that I should be more than *Philander's* Sister; or be than *Silvia's* Brother: Oh let me ever call you by that cold name, till that of Lover be forgotten; --- Ha! - Methinks on the suddain a fit of Vertue informs my Soul, and bids me ask you for what sin of mine, my Charming Brother you still pursue a Maid that cannot fly: Ungenerous and unkind! Why did you take advantage of those Freedoms I gave you as a Brother? I smil'd on you, and sometimes kist you too; -- But for my Sisters sake, I play'd with you, suffer'd your Hands and Lips to wander where I dare not now; all which I thought a Sister might allow a Brother, and knew not all the while the Treachery of Love: Oh none, but under

that

that intimate title of a Brother, could have had the opportunity to have ruin'd me: that that betray'd me; I [illegible] away my Heart at a Game I [illegible] stands not knew I when 'twas lost, by degrees so subtil, and an authority so powerful, [illegible] me out of all. Nay then too, even when all was lost, I [illegible] not think of Love, [illegible] what my [illegible] looking Journal thoughts [illegible] Visions of my lovely [illegible] meant: I wonder'd why my soul was continually [illegible] and [illegible] and concluded 'twas for my Sister all, till I discover'd the cheat by jealousie; for when my Sister hung upon your neck, kist, and careſt that face that I ador'd. Oh how I found my Colour change, my Limbs all trembled, and my blood inrag'd, and

[illegible]

and I could scarce forbear reproaching you: Or crying out, Oh why this to me Brother? Sometimes you perceived my concern, at which you'd smile; for you who had been before in Love, (a curse upon the fatal time) could guess at my disorder; then wou'd you turn the wanton play and when stolen with my jealousie and disquiet, for your sport, with you wou'd pursue and overtake me, which you're said to do, where after a kind quarrel all was pardon'd, and love was well again: While the poor innocent my Sister, made her self sport at our delusive Wars; still I was ignorant, till you in a most fatal hour inform'd me I was a Lover. Thus was it with my heart in those blest days of innocence; thus it was won and lost; nor can all my

my ſtars in Heaven prevent, I doubt prevent my ruin. Now you are ſure of the fatal conqueſt, you ſcorn the trifling Glory, you are ſo now; Oh I am inevitable [illegible], or with you, or without you: And I find by this little ſilence and abſence of yours, that 'tis moſt certain I muſt either die or be *Phil[illegible]*.

SILVIA.

If Dorillus *come not with a Letter, or that my Page whom I have ſent to his Cottage for me, bring it not, I cannot ſupport my Life; for Oh* Philander, *I have a Thouſand wild diſtracting fears knowing how you are involv'd in the Intereſt you have eſpouſed with the young* Ceſario: *how danger ſurrounds you, how your life and glory depends on the frail ſecreſie of Villains and Rebels: Oh give me leave to fear eternally your fame and life, if not your Love; if* Silvia *could command,* Philander *ſhould be Loyal as he's Noble; and what generous Maid would not ſuſpect his Vows to a Miſtreſs who breaks 'em with his Prince and Maſter; Heaven preſerve you and your Glory.*

To

To *Philander*.

ANother Night, Oh Heavens, and yet no [illegible]
Where are you, my *Philander*? What happy place contains you! if in Heaven, why does not some posting Angel bid me haste after you? if on Earth, why does not some little God of Love bring the grateful tidings on his painted Wings! if sick, why does not my own fond Heart by sympathy inform me? but that is all active, vigorous, willing, impatient of delaying, silence, and cold in imagination; if you are safe, if you have forgotten your poor believing and distracted *Silvia*, why does not that kind Tyrant Death, that meager welcome Vision of the despairing, old and wretched, approach in dead of Night, approach

reach my reſtleſs Bed, and tole the diſmal tidings in my frighted liſtning Ears, and ſtrike me for ever ſilent; lay me for ever quiet, loſt to the world, loſt to my faithleſs Charmer! But if a ſenſe of Honour in you, has made you reſolve to prefer mine before your Love, made you take up a noble fatal reſolution never to tell me more of your Paſſion; this were a Trial, I fear my fond Heart wants courage to bear; or is it a trick, a cold fit only aſſum'd to try how much I love you? I have no Arts Heaven knows, no guile or double meaning in my ſoul, 'tis all plain native ſimplicity, fearful and timerous as Children in the Night, trembling as Doves purſued; born ſoft by Nature, and made tender by Love; What, Oh! what will become of me then? Yet wou'd I were confirmed

med in all my fears: For as I am, my condition is yet more deplorable, for I'm in doubt, and doubt is the worst torment of the Mind: Oh *Philander*, be merciful, and let me know the worst; do not be cruel while you kill, do it with pity to the wretched *Silvia*; Oh let me quickly know whether you are at all, or are the most impatient and unfortunate.

SILVIA.

I rave, I die for some Relief.

To

To *Philander*.

AS I was going to send away this enclosed, *Dorillus* came with two Letters; Oh, you cannot think *Philander* with how much [illegible] you call me fickle Maid; [illegible] you but imagine how I am tormentingly divided, how unresolved between violent Love, and cruel Honour, You would say 'twere impossible to fix me any where; or be the same thing for a moment together. There is [illegible] short hour past through the [illegible] Time, since I was all [illegible] Love, jealous, [illegible] now, [illegible] those tormenting Councellers, and given a little respit, a little tranquility

lity of my Soul; like States luxurious grown with ease, it ungratefully rebels against the Sovereign power that made it great and happy; and now that Traytor Honour heads the mutineers within; Honour whom my late mighty fears had almost [illegible] and brought to nothing [illegible] and reviv'd by thy new protected flame, makes war against Almighty Love! And I, who but now nobly resolved for Love, by an inconstancy natural to my Sex, or rather my fears, am turn'd over to Honour's side; So the declining man stands on [illegible]s Back, desig[illegible] the [illegible] fear[illegible] [illegible] Victo[illegible] [illegible] ers Plains, and [illegible] wishing Eyes back to the Groves, then sighing stops, and cries I was too

too rash, forsakes the dangerous shore, and hastes away. Thus indiscreet was I, was all for Love, fond and undoing Love! But when I saw it with full Tide flow in upon me, one glance of Glorious Honour, makes me again retreat. I will -- I am resolved --- And must be brave! I cannot forget, I am Daughter to the great *Beralti*, and Sister to *Mertilla*, a yet unspotted Maid, fit to produce a race of Glorious Hero's! and can *Philander*'s Love set no higher value on me than base poor prostitution? Is that the price of his Heart? -- Oh how I hate thee now! or would to Heaven I could. -- Tell me not, thou charming Beguiler, that *Mertilla* was to blame; was it a fault in her, and will it be vertue in me; and can I believe the crime that made her lose your Heart, will

will make me Mistress of it? No if by any action of hers, the noble House of the *Beralti* be dishonoured, by all the Actions of my Life it shall receive Additions of Luster and Glory! nor will I think *Mertilla's* Vertue lessened for your mistaken opinion of it, and she may be as much in vain pursued perhaps, by the Prince *Cæsario* as *Silvia* shall be by the young *Philander*; the envying world talks loud 'tis true, but oh if all were true that busie Babler says, what Lady has her fame? What Husband is not a Cuckold? Nay and a friend to him that made him so? And it is in vain, my too subtle Brother, you think to build the Trophies of your Conquests on the ruin of both *Mertilla's* fame and mine; Oh how dear would your inglorious passion cost the great

great unfortunate House of the *Beralti*, while you poorly ruin the fame of *Mertilla* to make way to the Heart of *Silvia*! Remember, Oh remember once your Passion was as violent for *Mertilla*, and all the Vows, Oaths, Protestations, Tears and Prayers you make and pay at my feet, are but the faint Repetitions, the feeble Eccho's of what you sigh't out at hers. Nay like young *Paris*, fled with the fair Prize; your fond, your eager Passion made it a Rape: Oh perfidious!--Let me not call it back to my remembrance.---Oh let me die rather than call to mind a time so fatal; when the lovely false *Philander* vowed his Heart, his faithless heart away to any Maid but *Silvia*;--- Oh let it not be possible for me to imagine his dear Arms ever grasped any body with joy but *Silvia*!

--And

And yet they did, with Transport of Love! Yes, yes, you loved by Heaven you loved this false this perfidious *Mirtilla*; for false she is; you loved her, and I'll have it so; nor shall the Sister in me plead her Cause. She is false beyond all Pardon; for you are beautiful as Heaven it self can render you, a shape exactly formed, not too low, nor too tall, but made to beget soft desire and everlasting wishes in all that look on you; but your face! your lovely face! inclining to round, large piercing languishing black Eyes, delicate proportioned Nose, charming dimpled Mouth, plump red Lips, inviting and swelling white Teeth, small and even, fine Complexion, and a beautiful Turn! All which you had an Art to order in so engaging a manner that it charmed all the beholders, both Sexes were

undone

undone with looking on you; and I have heard a witty man of your Party swear your face gained more to the League and Association than the Cause, and has curst a Thousand times the false *Mertilla*, for preferring *Cæsario* (less beautiful) to the adorable *Philander*; to add to this, Heav'n! how you spoke, when e're you spoke of Love! in that you far surpast the young *Cæsario*! as young as he, almost as great and glorious; Oh perfidious *Mertilla*. Oh false, Oh fooliſh and ingrate!--that you abandoned her was juſt, ſhe was not worth retaining in your heart, nor could be worth defending with your Sword; --But grant her falſe; Oh *Philander!* How does her perfidy intitle you to me? Falſe as ſhe is, you ſtill are married to her; inconſtant as ſhe is, ſhe is ſtill your Wife; and no

breach

Breach of the Nuptial Vow can unty the fatal Knot; and that is a Myſtery to common Senſe; ſure ſhe was born for miſchief, and Fortune when ſhe gave her you, deſigned the ruin of us all; but moſt particularly

The Unfortunate

SILVIA.

To

To *Silvia.*

MY Souls eternal joy, my *Silvia!* what have you done; and oh how durſt you, knowing my fond Heart, try it with ſo fatal a ſtroke? what means this ſevere Letter? and why ſo eagerly at this time? Oh the day! is *Mertilla's* Vertue ſo defended? is it a queſtion now whether ſhe be falſe or not? Oh poor, Oh frivolous excuſe! you love me not, by all that is good you love me not; to try your power you have flatter'd and feigned, Oh Woman! falſe Charming Woman! you have undone me, I rave, and ſhall commit ſuch extravagance that will ruin both: I muſt upbraid you, fickle and inconſtant, I muſt, and this diſtance will not ſerve,

'tis too great; my reproaches los
their force; I burst with resent
ment with injur'd Love and yo
are either the most faithless o
your Sex, or the most malicio
and tormenting: Oh I am pa
tricks, my *Silvia*, your little ar
might do well in a beginnin
flame; but to a settled Fire th
is arrived to the highest degree
it does but damp its fierceness, an
instead of drawing me on, woul
lessen my esteem, if any such d
ceit were capable to harbour
the Heart of *Silvia*; but she is
Divine, and I am mistaken in t
meaning of what she says. O
my Adorable, think no more o
that dull false thing a Wife; l
her be banisht thy thoughts,
she is my Soul; let her never ap
pear though but in a Dream,
fright our solid Joys, or true Hap
pines; no, let us look forwar

to Pleasures vast and unconfined,
to coming Transports, and leave
all behind us that contributes not
to that Heaven of Bliss: Remem-
ber, Oh *Silvia*, that five tedious
days are past since I sign'd at your
dear feet; and five days to a
Man so madly in Love as your
Adorer, is a tedious Age; 'tis
now six a Clock in the Morning,
Brilliard will be with you by
Night, and by Ten I may have
your permission to see you, and
then I need not say how soon I
will present my self before you at
Bellfont; for Heavens sake, my
Eternal Blessing, if you design me
this Happiness, contrive it so, that
I may see no body that belongs to
Bellfont, but the fair, the lovely
Silvia; for I must be more mo-
ments with you, than will be con-
venient to be taken notice of, lest

they suspect our be[illegible] to b
Love, and that [illegible], yo
may ruin us: O[illegible] will del
no longer, my Soul is impatie
to see you, I cannot live) an
ther Night without it; I die, h
Heaven, I languish for the ap
pointed Hour; you will belie
when you see my languid Fac
and dying Eyes, how much a
great a sufferer in Love I am.

My Soul's Delight, you m
perhaps deny me from your sea
but oh, do not, though I ask
mighty Blessing; *Silvia's* Comp
ny alone, silent, and perhaps b
dark:-- Oh though I faint wi
the thought only of so blest a
opportunity, yet you shall secu
me, by what Vows, what Impr
cations or ties you please; bin
my busie Hands, blind my ravish
ed Eyes, command my Tongue
do what you will; but let me hea

your

your Angel's Voice, and have the ransported joy of throwing my lf at your feet; and if you leaſe give me leave (A man con-mned eternally to Love) to ead a little for my Life and paſ-on; let me remove your fears; d tho that mighty Task ne-er make me intirely happy, at eaſt it will be a great ſatisfaction o me to know, that 'tis not rough my own fault that I am

Moſt Wretched

PHILANDER.

I have ordered Brilliard *to wait your com-nds at* Dorillus's *Cottage, that he may not ſeen at* Bellfont: *Reſolve to ſee me to Night, I ſhall come without order, and injure both: dear damn'd Wife is diſpoſed of at a Ball ſario makes to Night; the opportunity will lucky, not that I fear her jealouſie, but the ſts of it.*

To *Philander.*

I Tremble with the apprehen-
sion of what you ask; Ho
shall I comply with your fond d
sires? My Soul bodes some di
effect of this bold Enterprize, fo
I must own (and blush while I d
own it) that my Soul yields obe
dience to your soft Request, an
even whilst I read your Letter
was diverted with the contrivanc
of seeing you; For thouh as m
Brother you have all the free
doms imaginable at *Bellfont* to en
tertain and walk with me, ye
it would be difficult and prejudi
cial to my Honour, to receiv
you alone any where without m
Sister, and cause a suspicion, whic
all about me now are very fa
from conceiving, except *Melinda*
o

my faithful Confident, and too fatal Councellor; and but for this fear, I know my charming Brother, three little Leagues should not five long days separate *Philander* from his *Silvia*; But my lovely Brother, since you beg it so earnestly, and my Heart consents so easily, I must pronounce my own Doom, and say, Come my *Philander*, whither Love or fair Desire invites you; and take this direction in the management of this mighty Affair. I would have you as soon as this comes to your hands, to haste to *Dorillus*'s Cottage, without your Equipage, only, *Brilliard*, whom I believe you may trust both from his own discretion, and your vast bounties to him; wait there till you receive my Commands, and *I* will retire betimes to my Apartment, pretending not to be well; and

as soon as the Evenings obscurity will permit, *Melinda* shall let you in at the *Garden Gate*; that next the *Grove*, unseen and unsuspected; but oh thou powerful Charmer, have a care, *I* trust you with my All: My dear, dear my precious Honour guard it well for oh *I* fear my Forces are too weak to stand your Shock of Beauties; you have Charms enough to justify my yielding; but yet by Heaven, *I* would not for an Empire: But what is dull Empire to Almighty Love? The God subdues the Monarch; 'tis to your strength *I* trust, for *I* am a feeble Woman; a Virgin quite disarm'd by two fair Eyes, an Angel's Voice and form; but yet *I'll* die before *I'll* yield my Honour; no, though our unhappy Family have met reproach from the imagined levity of my Sister; 'tis *I'll* redeem the

bleeding

bleeding Honour of our Family, and my great Parent's Vertues shall shine in me; I know it, for if it passes this Test, if I can stand this Temptation, I am proof against all the World; but I conjure you aid me if I need it: If I incline but in a Languishing look, if but a wish appear in my Eyes, or I betray consent but in a sigh; take not, Oh take not the opportunity, lest when you have done I grow raging mad, and discover all in the wild fit; Oh who would venture on an Enemy with such unequal force? What hardy Fool would hazard all at Sea, that sees the rising Storm come rouling on? Who but fond Woman, giddy heedless Woman, would thus expose her Vertue to Temptation? I see, I know my danger, yet I must permit it; Love, soft bewitching Love will have it so, that cannot

deny what my feebler Honour forbids; and though I tremble with fear, yet Love suggests, it will be an Age to Night: I long for my undoing; for oh I cannot stand the batteries of your Eyes and Tongue; these fears, these conflicts I have a Thousand times a day, it is pitiful sometimes to see me, on one hand a Thousand *Cupids* all gay and smiling present *Philander* with all the Beauties of his Sex, with all the softness in his looks and language those Gods of Love can inspire, with all the Charms of Youth adorned, bewitching all, and all transporting; on the other hand, a poor lost Virgin languishing and undone, sighing her willing rape to the deaf shades and Fountains, filling the Woods with cries, swelling the murmuring Rivulets with Tears, her noble Parents with a

generous

generous Rage reviling her, and her betrayed Sister, loading her bow'd Head with Curses and Reproaches; and all about her looking forlorn and sad. Judge, Oh judge my adorable Brother, of the vastness of the Courage and Passion, when even this deplorable prospect cannot defend me from the resolution of giving you admittance into my Apartment this night, nor shall ever drive you from the Soul of your

SILVIA.

To Silvia.

I Have obeyed my *Silvia*'s dear Commands, and the Dictates of my own impatient Soul; as soon as I received them, I immediately to Horse for *Bedford*, tho I knew I should not see my Adorable *Silvia* till Night or Nine at Night; but oh 'tis wondrous pleasure to be so much more near my eternal Joy: I wait at *Dorillus*'s Cottage the tedious approaching Night that must shelter me in its kind Shades, and conduct me to a pleasure I faint but with imagining; 'tis now my Lovely Charmer Three a Clock, and Oh how many tedious hours I am to languish here before the blessed One arrive! I know you Love, my *Silvia*, and therefore must

guess

gueſs at ſome part of my Torment, which yet is mixt with a certain trembling Joy not to be imagined by any, but *Silvia*, who ſurely loves *Philander*; if there be truth in Beauty, faith in Youth, ſhe ſurely loves him much, and much more above her Sex ſhe is capable of Love, by how much more her Soul is formed of a ſofter and more delicate Compoſition, by how much more her Wit's refined and elevated above her duller Sex, and by how much more ſhe is obliged; if Paſſion can claim Paſſion in return, ſure no Beauty was ever ſo much indebted to a Slave, as *Silvia* to *Philander*; none ever lov'd like me: Judge then my pains of Love, my Joys, my Fears, my Impatience and Deſires; and call me to your ſacred preſence with all the ſpeed of Love, and as ſoon as it is duskiſh, imagine me

in the Meadow behind the Grove till when think me imploy'd in eternal thoughts of *Silvia*; restless and talking to the Trees of *Silvia*, sighing her charming Name, circling with folded Arms my panting Heart, (that beats and trembles the more, the nearer it approaches the happy *Bellfont*) and fortifying the feeble trembler against a sighe so ravishing and surprizing, I fear to be sustain'd with Lilies; but if I faint in *Silvia*'s Arms, it will be happier far than all the Glories of Life without her.

Send my Angel something from you to make the Hours less tedious; consider me, love me, and be as impatient as I, that you may the sooner find at your feet your everlasting Lover

PHILANDER

From Dorillus's *Cottage.*

To

To *Philander.*

I Have at last recovered sense enough to tell you, I have received your Letter by *Dorillis*, and which had like to have been discover'd; for he prudently enough put it under the Strawberries he brought me in a Basket, fearing he should get no other opportunity to have given it me; and my Mother seeing them look so fair and fresh, snatcht the Basket with a greediness I have not seen in her before; while she was calling to her Page for a Porcellane Dish to put them out, *Dorillus* had opportunity to hint to me what lay at the bottom: Heavens! had you seen my disorder and confusion; what should I do? Love had not one invention in store,

ſtore, and here it was that all the ſubtilty of Women abandoned me. Oh Heavens, how cold and pale I grew, leſt the moſt important buſineſs of my Life ſhould be betrayed and ruined! But not to terrify you longer with fears of my danger, the Diſh came, and out the Strawberries were pour'd, and the Basket thrown aſide on the Bank where my Mother ſat (for we were in the Garden when we met accidentally *Dorillus* firſt with the Basket) there were ſome Leaves of Fern put at the bottom between the Basket and Letter, which by good fortune came not out with the Strawberries, and after a Minute or two, I took up the Basket, and walking careleſſly up and down the Garden, gathered here and there a Flower, Pinks and Jeſſamine, and filling my Basket, ſat down again till my

Mother

Mother had eat her fill of the Fruit, and gave me an opportunity to retire to my Apartment, where opening the Letter, and finding you so near, and waiting to see me, I had certainly sunk down on the Floor had not *Melinda* supported me, who was only by; something so new, and till now so strange, seized me at the thought of so secret an interview, that I lost all my senses, and Life, wholly departing, I rested on *Melinda* without breath or motion; the violent effects of Love and Honour, the impetuous meeting Tides of the extreams of Joy and Fear, rushing on too suddenly overwhelmed my senses; and it was a pretty while before I recovered strength to get to my Cabinet, where a second time I opened your Letter, and read it again with a Thousand changes of Countenance

tenance; my whole mass of Blood was in that moment so discomposed, that I changed from an Ague to a Fever, several times in a Minute; Oh what will all this bring me to? And where will the raging fit end? I die with that thought, my guilty Pen slackens in my trembling Hand, and I languish and fall over the unimployed Paper;--- Oh help me, some Divinity,-- Or if you did,-- I fear I should be angry; Oh *Philander*, a Thousand Passions and distracted thoughts crowd to get out, and make their sost Complaints to thee: but oh they lose themselves with mixing; they are blended in a confusion together, and Love nor Art can divide them, to deal them out in order; sometimes I would tell you of my Joy at your Arrival, and my unspeakable Transports at the thought of seeing

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ing you so soon, that I shall hear your charming Voice, and find you at my feet making soft Vows anew, with all the Passion of an impatient Lover, with all the eloquence that sighs and cries, and tears from those lovely can express, and sure that is enough to conquer any where, and to which course vulgar Words are dull. The Rhetorick of Love is half-breath'd, interrupted words, languishing Eyes, flattering Speeches, broken Sighs, pressing the Hand, and falling Tears: Ah how do they not perswade, how do they not charm and conquer; 'twas thus with these soft easy Arts, that *Silvia* first was won; for sure no Arts of speaking could have talked my Heart away, though you can speak like any God: Oh whither am I driven? What do I say? 'Twas not my purpose, not my business here, to give a character of

of *Philander*, honor to speak of Love; but oh like *Cowley's* Lute, my Soul will sound to nothing but to Love: talk what you will, begin what Discourse you please, I end it all in Love, because my Soul is ever fixt on *Philander*, and insensibly its bias leads to that Subject; no, I did not when I began to write, think of speaking one word of my own weakness; but to have told you with what resolv'd Courage, Honour and Vertue, I expect your coming; and sure so sacred a thing as Love was not made to ruin these, and therefore in vain my lovely Brother you will attempt it; and yet, Oh Heavens, I give a private Assignation, in my Apartment, alone and at night; where silence, Love and Shades are all your friends, where opportunity obliges your Passion, while Heaven knows,

not one of all these, nor any kind power is friend to me; *I* shall be left to you, and all these Tyrants, exposed without other Guards than this boasted Vertue, which had need be wonderous to resist all these powerful Enemies of its purity and repose: Alas *I* know not its strength, *I* never tried it yet; and this will be the first time it has ever been exposed to your Power; the first time *I* ever had courage to meet you as a Lover, and let you in by stealth, and put my self unguarded into your hands; Oh *I* die with the apprehension of approaching danger; and yet *I* have not power to retreat; *I* must on, Love compels me, Love holds me fast; the smiling flatterer promises a Thousand joys, a Thousand Ravishing Minutes of delight; all innocent and harmless as his Mothers Doves:

But

But oh they bill and kiss, and do a Thousand things *I* must forbid *Philander*; for *I* have often heard him say with sighs, that his Complexion rendered him less capable of the soft play of Love, than any other Lover: *I* have seen him fly my very touches, yet swear they were the greatest joy on Earth: *I* tempt him even with my looks from Vertue; and when *I* ask the Cause, or cry he is cold, he vows 'tis because he dares not endure my Temptations; says his Blood runs hotter and fiercer in his Veins than any others does; nor has the oft repeated joys reap'd in the Marriage Bed, any thing abated that which he wishe, but he fear'd would ruin me: Thus, thus whole days we have sat and gaz'd and sigh'd; but durst not trust our Vertues with fond Dalliance.

My

My Page is come to tell me that Madam the Dutcheſs of --- is come to *Bellfont*, and I am obliged to quit my Cabinet, but with infinite regret, being at preſent much more to my Soul's content imployed; but Love muſt ſometimes give place to *Devoir*, and reſpect. *Dorillus* too waits, and tells *Melinda*, he will not depart without ſomething for his Lord, to entertain him till the happy hour. The Ruſtick pleaſed me with the concern he had for my *Philander*; Oh my Charming Brother, you have an Art to tame even Salvages, a Tongue that would charm and ingage wildneſs it ſelf, to ſoftneſs and gentleneſs, and give the rough unthinking Love; 'tis a tedious time to night, how ſhall I paſs the Hours?

To *Silvia.*

SAY fond Love, whither wilt thou lead me? Thou hast brought me from the noisy Hurries of the Town, to Charming solitude; from crowded Cabals, where mighty things are resolving, to lonely Groves; to thy own Abodes where thou dwellest; gay and pleased amongst the Rural Swains in shady homely Cottages; thou hast brought me to a Grove of Flowers, to the brink of Purling Streams, where thou hast laid me down to contemplate on *Silvia*, to think my tedious hours away in the softest imagination a Soul inspir'd by Love can conceive, to increase my Passion by every thing I behold; for every sound that meets the sense is thy proper Musick;

sick, Oh Love, and every thing
inspires thy Dictates; the Winds
round me blow soft, and mix-
ing with wanton Boughs, conti-
nually play and kiss; while those,
like a coy Maid in Love resist, and
comply by Turns; they like a ra-
sher, vigorous Lover, rush on
with a transported violence; rude-
ly imbracing its Spring-dress Mi-
stress, ruffling her Native Order;
while the pretty Birds on the dan-
cing Branches incessantly make
Love; upbraiding duller Man
with his defective want of Fire:
Man the Lord of all! He to be
stinted in the most valuable joy of
Life; Is it not pity? Here is no
troublesome Honour, amongst the
pretty Inhabitants of the Woods
and Streams, fondly to give Laws
to Nature, but uncontroul'd they
play, and sing, and love; no Pa-
rents checking their dear delight;

no slavish Matrimonial ties to re
strain their nobler Flame. N
spies to interrupt their blest Ap
pointments; but every little Ne
is free and open to receive th
young fletch'd Lover; ever
Bough is conscious of their Pas
on, nor do the generous pair La
guish in tedious Ceremony; bu
meeting look, and like, and lov
imbrace with their wingy Arms
and salute with their little open
ing Bills; this is their Courtship
this the amorous Complement
and this only the introduction t
all their following happiness; an
thus it is with the Flocks an
Herds, while scanted Man, bor
alone for the fatigues of Love
with industrious Toil, and all h
boasting Arts of Eloquence, h
God-like Image, and his nobl
Form, may labour on a tedio
term of Years, with pain, expenc
an

nd hazard, before he can arrive
happineſs, and then too per-
aps his Vows are unregarded,
nd all his Sighs and Teats are
ain. Tell me, Oh you Fellow-
overs; ye amorous, dear Bruits,
ell me, when ever you lay Lan-
iſhing beneath your Coverts,
ns for your fair She; and durſt
approach for fear of Honour?
ell me, by a gentle Bleat, ye lit-
burting Rams, do you ſigh
us for your ſoft, white Ews? Do
lie thus concealed, to wait
coming Shades of Night, till
the curled Spies are folded?
; no, even you are much more
eſt than Man, who is bound up
Rules, fetter'd by the nice De-
ncies of Honour.

My divine Maid, Thus were my
oughts employed, when from
farthest end of the Grove,
ere I now remain; I ſaw *Doril-*

lus approach with thy welcom
Letter; he tells you had like
have been surprised in making
up; and he received it with mu
difficulty: Ah *Silvia*, should a
accident happen to prevent
seeing you to Night, I were
done for ever, and you must
pect to find me stretch'd out, de
and cold under this Oak, wh
now I lie Writing on its knot
Root; thy Letter, I confess,
dear; it contains thy Soul, and
Happiness; but this after St
of the Surprize, I long to be
formed of, for from thence
may gather part of my Fortu
I rave and die with Fear of a
appointment; not but I wo
undergo a thousand Torments
Deaths for *Silvia*; but oh consi
me, and let me not suffer if
sible; for know my charming
gel, my impatient Heart is alm
bro

broke, and will contain it self without being nearer my adorable Maid, without taking in at my Eyes a little comfort, no; I am resolved; put me not off with tricks, which foolish Honour invents to jilt Mankind with; for if you do, By Heaven, I will forget all considerations and respect, and force my self with all the violence of raging Love, into the presence of my cruel *Silvia*; own her mine, and ravish my delight; nor shall the happy Walls of *Bellfont* be of strength sufficient to secure her, my, perswade me not; for if you make me mad and raving, this will be the effects on't:---Oh pardon me, my sacred Maid, pardon the wildness of my frantick Love ... I paused, took a turn or two in the lone path; considered what I had said, and found it was too much; too bold, too rude to ap-

proach, my ſoft, my tender Maid
I am calm, my Soul, as thy bewitch-
ing Smiles; Huſh, as thy ſecret Sigh
and will reſolve to die rather tha
offend my adorable Virgin; onl
ſend me word what you think o
my Fate, while I expect it here o
this kind Moſſy Bed where I no
lie; which I would not quit for
Throne, ſince here I may hope th
News may ſooneſt arrive to mak
me happier than a God! whic
that nothing on my part may pre
vent, I here vow in the face of Hea
ven, I will not abuſe the freedo
my *Silvia* bleſſes me with; nor ſha
my Love go beyond the limits o
Honour. *Silvia* ſhall command wit
a frown, and fetter me with a ſmile
preſcribe rules to my longing, ra
viſht Eyes, and pinion my buſy,
fond, roving Hands, and lay at he
Feet like a tame Slave, her Adorin

PHILANDER

To

To *Philander.*

APproach, approach, you sacred Queen of Night, and bring *Philander* veil'd from all eyes but mine; Approach at a fond Lovers call, behold how I lie panting with expectation, hir'd out with your tedious Ceremony to the God of Day; be kind, Oh lovely Night, and let the Deity descend to his beloved *Thetis's* Arms, and I to my *Philander's*; The Sun and I must watch our joys in the same happy hours; favoured by thee, Oh sacred, silent Night! See, see, the inamoured Sun is hasting on apace to his expecting Mistress, while thou dull Night art slowly lingring yet. Advance, my Friend! my Goddess! and my Confident!

hide all my Bluſhes; all my ſoft Confuſions, my Tremblings, Tranſports, and Eyes all Languiſhing.

Oh *Philander!* a Thouſand things I have done to divert the tedious Hours, but nothing can; all things are dull without thee. I am tired with every thing, impatient to end, as ſoon as I begin them; even the Shades and ſolitary Walks afford me now no eaſe, no ſatisfaction and thought, but afflict me more, that uſed to relieve. And I at laſt have recourſe to my kind Pen: For while I Write, methinks I am talking to thee; I tell thee thus, my Soul, while thou, methinks, art all the while ſmiling and liſtening by; this is much eaſier than ſilent thought, and my Soul is never weary of this converſe; and thus I would ſpeak a Thouſand things

but

but that ſtill, methinks, words do not enough expreſs my Soul; to underſtand that right, there requires looks; there is a Rhetorick in Looks; in Sighs and ſilent Touches that ſurpaſſes all; there is an Accent in the Sound of Words too, that gives a Senſe and ſoft Meaning to little things, which of themſelves are of trivial value, and inſignificant; and by the Cadence of the Utterance may expreſs a Tenderneſs which their own Meaning does not bear; by this I would inſinuate, that the Story of the Heart cannot be ſo well told by this way, as by Preſence and Converſation; Sure *Philander* underſtands what I mean by this, which poſſibly is nonſenſe to all but a Lover, who apprehends all the little fond prattle of the thing belov'd, and finds an Eloquence in it, that to

a Senſe unconcern'd would appear even approaching to Folly: But *Philander*, who has the true Notions of Love in him, apprehends all that can be ſaid on that dear Subject; to him I venture to ſay any thing, whoſe kind and ſoft imaginations can ſupply all my wants in the deſcription of the Soul: Will it not *Philander*, Anſwer me? --- But oh, where art thou? I ſee thee not, I touch thee not; but when I haſte with tranſport to imbrace thee, 'tis ſhadow all, and my poor Arms return empty to my Boſom; Why, Oh why comeſt thou not? Why art thou cautious, and prudently waiteſt the ſlow-paced Night: Oh cold, Oh unreaſonable Lover why? --- But I grow wild, and know not what I ſay: impatient Love betrays me to a thouſand Follies, a thouſand Raſhneſſes

I:

I die with Shame; but I must be undone, and it is no matter how, whether by my own weakness, *Philander*'s Charms, or both; I know not, but so it is destined, —Oh *Philander*, it is tedious Hours Love has counted, since you writ to me, yet are but a Quarter of a Mile distant; What have you been doing all that live-long while? Are you not unkind? Does not *Silvia* lie neglected and unregarded in your Thoughts? Hudled up confusedly with your graver Business of State, and almost lost in the ambitious Crowd? Say, say my lovely Charmer, Is she not? Does not this fatal Interest you espouse? Rival your *Silvia*; Is she not too often removed thence to let in that haughty Tyrant, Mistress? Alas *Philander*, I more than fear she is? and oh my Adorable Lo-

ver, when I look forward on our coming Happiness, when ever I lay by the thoughts of Honour, and give a loose to Love; I run not far in the pleasing Carier, before that dreadful Thought stops me on my way: I have a fatal prophetick Fear, that gives a check to my soft pursuit, and tells me that thy unhappy ingagement in this League; this accursed Association, will one day undo us both, and part for ever thee and thy unlucky *Silvia*; Yes, yes, my dear Lord; my Soul does presage an unfortunate event from this dire Ingagement; nor can your false reasoning, your fancied advantages reconcile it to my honest, good natur'd Heart; and surely the design is inconsistent with Love, for two such mighty contradictions and Enemies, as Love and Ambition, or Revenge, can never

ver ſure abide in one Soul together, at leaſt Love can but ſhare *Philander's* Heart; when Blood and Revenge (which he miſcalls Glory) rivals it, and has poſſibly the greateſt part in it; Methinks, this Notion inlarges in me, and every word I ſpeak, and every Minutes thought of it, ſtrengthens its reaſon to me; and give me leave (while I am full of the Jealouſy of it) to expreſs my Sentiments, and lay before you thoſe Reaſons, that Love and I think moſt ſubſtantial ones; what you have hitherto deſired of me, Oh unreaſonable *Philander*; and what (I out of Modeſty and Honour denied) I have reaſon to fear (from the abſolute conqueſt you have made of my Heart) that ſome time or other the charming Thief may break in and rob me of; for Fame and Vertue Love

begins to laugh at. My dear unfortunate Condition being thus, it is not impossible, Oh *Philander*, but I may one Day in some unlucky Hour, in some soft, bewitching Moment, in some spightful, critical, ravishing Minute, yield all to the Charming *Philander*; and if so, Where, Oh where is my security, that I shall not be abandoned by the lovely Victor? For it is not your Vows which you call sacred (and I alas believe so) that can secure me, tho I, Heaven knows believe them all, and am undone; you may keep them all too, and I believe you will; but oh *Philander* in these fatal circumstances you have ingaged your self in; Can you secure me my Lover? Your Protestations you may; but not the dear Protestor. Is it not enough, Oh *Philander*, for my eternal unquiet, and undoing

to

to know that you are married, and cannot therefore be intirely mine; Is not this enough, Oh cruel *Philander*? But you must espouse a fatal Cause too, more pernicious than that of Matrimony, and more destructive to my Repose: Oh give me leave to reason with you, and since you have been pleased to trust and afflict me with the Secret; which honest, as I am, I will never betray; yet, yet give me leave to urge the danger of it to you, and consequently to me, if you pursue it; when you are with me, we can think and talk, and argue nothing but the mightier Business of Love; and it is fit that I, so fondly, and fatally loved you, should warn you of the danger. Consider, my Lord, you are born Noble, from Parents of untainted Loyalty; blest with a Fortune few Princes beneath Sovereignty

vereignty are Masters of? blest with all gaining Youth, commanding Beauty, Wit, Courage, Bravery of Mind, and all that renders Men esteemed and adored; What would you more? What is it, O my Charming Brother then, that you set up for, Is it Glory? O mistaken, lovely Youth, that Glory is but a glittering Light, that flashes for a Moment, and then it disappears; it is a false Bravery, that will bring an eternal Blemish upon your honest Fame and House; render your honourable Name, hated, detested, and abominable in Story to after Ages; a Traytor? the worst of Titles, the most inglorious and shameful; What has the King, our good, our Gracious Monarch done to *Philander*? How disobliged him? Or indeed, what injury to Mankind? Who has he oppress? Where played the

the Tyrant, or the Raviſher? What one cruel or angry thing has he committed in all the time of his fortunate and peaceable Reign over us? Whoſe Ox, or whoſe Aſs has he unjuſtly taken? What Orphan wrong'd, or Widows Tears neglected? But all his Life has been one continued Miracle; all good, all gracious, calm and merciful: And this good, this God-like King is mark'd out for ſlaughter, deſigned a Sacrifice to the private revenge of a few ambitious Knaves and Rebels, whoſe pretence is the publick good, and doom'd to be baſely Murder'd; A Murder! even on the worſt of Criminals, carries with it a Cowardiſe ſo black and infamous, as the moſt abject Wretches, the meaneſt ſpirited Creature has an abhorrence for; what to murder a Man unthinking, unwarned, unprepared

prepared and undefended! Oh barbarous! Oh poor and most unbrave! What Villain is there lost to all humanity, to be found upon the face of the Earth, that when done, dare own so hellish a Deed, as the Murder of the meanest of his Fellow Subjects, much less the sacred Person of the King; The Lord's Anointed; one whose awful Face 'tis impossible to look without that Reverence wherewith one would behold a God! For 'tis most certain, that every Glance from his piercing, wondrous Eyes, begets a trembling Adoration; for my part I swear to you, *Philander*, I never approach his Sacred Person, but my Heart beats, my Blood runs cold about me, and my Eyes overflow with Tears of Joy, while an awful Confusion seizes me all over; and I am certain should the most hard-

hardened of your bloody Rebels look him in the Face; the deviliſh inſtrument of Death would drop from his ſacrilegious Hand, and leave him confounded at the feet of the Royal forgiving Sufferer, his Eyes have in them ſomething ſo fierce, ſo Majeſtick commanding, and yet ſo good and merciful, as would ſoften Rebellion it ſelf into repenting Loyalty; and like *Cajus Marius* ſeem to ſay, —Who is it dares hurt the King? —They alone, like his guardian Angels defend his Sacred Perſon; Oh! What pity it is, unhappy young Man, thy Education was not near the King.

'Tis plain, 'tis reaſonable, 'tis honeſt great and glorious to believe, what thy own Senſe (if thou wilt but think and conſider) will inſtruct thee in, that Treaſon, Rebellion and Murder, are far from the

the Paths that lead to Glory, which are as distant as Hell from Heav'n. What is it then to advance (since I say 'tis plain, Glory is never this way to be atchiev'd) Is it to add more thousands to those, Fortune has already so lavishly bestow'd on you? Oh my *Philander*, that's to double the vast Crime, which reaches already to Damnation: Wou'd your Honour, your Conscience, your Christianity, or common Humanity suffer you to inlarge your Fortunes at the Price of another's ruin; and make the spoils of some honest, noble, unfortunate Family, the Rewards of your Treachery? Would you build your Fame on such a Foundation? Perhaps on the destruction of some Friend or Kinsman. Oh barbarous and mistaken Greatness; Thieves and Robbers would scorn such Outrages, that had but Souls and Sense.

Is

Is it for addition of Titles? What elevation can you have much greater than where you now ſtand fixt? If you do not grow giddy with your fancied falſe hopes, and fall from that glorious height you are already arriv'd to, and which with the honeſt addition of Loyalty, is of far more value and luſtre, than to arrive at Crowns by Blood and Treaſon. This will laſt; to Ages laſt; in Story laſt. While t'other will be ridicul'd to all poſterity, ſhort liv'd and reproachful here, infamous and accurſed to all Eternity. Is it to make *Cæſario* King? Oh what is *Cæſario* to my *Philander*? If a Monarchy you deſign; then why not this King, this great, this good, this Royal Forgiver? This who was born a King and born your King; and holds his Crown by right of Nature, by right of Law, by right of Heaven it ſelf; Heaven who has preſerv'd him,

and

and confirm'd him ours, by a thousand miraculous escapes and sufferings, and indulged him ours by Ten thousand acts of Mercy, and indear'd him to us by his wondrous care and conduct, by securing of Peace, plenty, ease and luxurious Happiness, o're all the fortunate limits of his blessed Kingdoms; And will you? Would you destroy this wondrous gift of Heaven? This Godlike King, this real good we now possess, for a most uncertain one; and with it the repose of all the happy Nation? To establish a King without Law, without Right, without Consent, without Title, and indeed without even competent Parts, for so vast a Trust, or so glorious a Rule? One who never obliged the Nation by one single act of goodness, or valour in all the course of his Life; and who never signaliz'd either to the advantage of one Man of all the

the Kingdom: A Prince unfortunate in his Principles and Morals: And whose sole single Ingratitude to his Majesty, for so many Royal Bounties, Honours, and Glories heap'd upon him, is of its self enough to set any honest, generous Heart against him; What is it bewitches you so? Is it his Beauty? Then *Philander* has a greater Title than *Cesario*; and not one other Merit has he; since in Piety, Chastity, Sobriety, Charity and Honour; he as little excels, as in Gratitude, Obedience and Loyalty. What then, my dear *Philander*? Is it his weakness? Ah, there's the Argument: You all propose, and think to govern so soft a King: But believe me, Oh unhappy *Philander*! Nothing is more ungovernable than a Fool; nothing more obstinate, wilful, conceited and cunning; and for his gratitude, Let

the

the World judge what he must prove to his Servants, who has dealt so ill with his Lord and Master? How he must reward those that present him with a Crown, who deals so ungraciously with him who gave him Life, and who set him up an happier object than a Monarch: No, no, *Philander*; he that can cabal, and contrive to dethrone a Father, will find it easy to discard the wicked and hated instruments, that assisted him to mount it: decline him then, O fond and deluded *Philander*; decline him early, for you of all the rest ought to do so; and not to set a helping hand to load him with Honours, that chose you out from all the World to load with Infamy: Remember that; remember *Mertilla*, and then renounce him; do not you contribute to the adorning of his unfit Head with a Diadem,

the

moſt glorious of Ornaments,
unadorn'd yours with the
inglorious of all reproaches.
nk at this, Oh thou unconſider-
noble Youth; lay thy Hand
thy generous Heart, and tell
the fears, all the reaſonings of
that loves thee more than Life,
ouſand Arguments I could bring,
theſe few unſtudied (falling in
ngſt my ſofter thoughts) I beg
wilt accept of, till I can more
rge deliver the glorious Argu-
nt to your Soul; let this ſuf-
to tell thee, that like *Caſ-*
ra, I rave and propheſy in
; this Aſſociation will be the
al Ruin of *Philander*; let it ſucceed or not, either thou art undone; if thou purſ it, I muſt infallibly fall with if I reſolve to follow thy or ill Fortune; for you can- intend Love and Ambition,

Silvia and *Cæsario* at once: No, pe
ſuade me not; the Title to one o
t'other muſt be laid down, *Silv*
or *Cæsario* muſt be abandoned
this is my fixt resolve, if thy
powerful Arguments con
not in ſpight of reaſon; for th
can do't; thou haſt the tongue
an Angel, and the Eloquence o
God, and while I liſten to
Voice, I take all thou ſayeſt
wondrous Senſe — Farewell;
bout two Hours hence I ſhall
pect you at the Gate that leads
to the Garden Grove — Adie
remember

SILV

To *Silvia*.

HOW comes my Charming *Silvia* so skill'd in the Mysteries of State? Where learnt her tender Heart the Notions of rigid Business? Where her soft Tongue, form'd only for the dear Language of Love, to talk of the concerns of Nations and Kingdoms? 'Tis true, when I gave my Soul away to my dear Councellor, I reserv'd nothing to my self, not even that Secret that so concern'd my Life, but laid all at her Mercy; my generous Heart could not love at a less rate, than to lavish all, and be undone for *Silvia*; 'tis glorious ruin, and it pleases me, if it advance one single joy, or add one demonstration of my Love to *Silvia*; 'tis not enough that we tell those we love how they love to hear, but one ought

to tell 'em too, every ſecret that we know; and conceal no part of that Heart one has made at preſent to the Perſon one loves; 'tis a Treaſon in Love not to be pardoned; I am ſenſible that when my Story is told (and this happy one of my Love ſhall make up the greateſt part of my Hiſtory) those that love not like me, will be apt to blame me, and charge me with weakneſs, for revealing ſo great a Truſt to a Woman, and amongſt all that I ſhall do to arrive at Glory, that will brand me feebleneſs; but *Silvia* when Love ſhall read it, the Men will excuſe me, and the Maids bleſs me! I ſhall be a fond, admir'd preſident for them to point out to their remiſs reſerving Lovers, who will be reproached for not purſuing my example. I know not what opinion on Men generally have of this

weakneſs

weakneſs of Women; but 'tis ſure a vulgar error, for were they like my adorable *Silvia!* Had they had her wit, her vivacity of ſpirit, her Courage, her generous Fortitude, her Command in every graceful look and action, they were moſt certainly fit to rule and reign; and Man was only born robuſt and ſtrong, to ſecure them on thoſe Thrones they are formed (by Beauty, Softneſs, and a thouſand Charms which Men want) to poſſeſs. Glorious Woman was born for Command and Dominion; and tho Cuſtom has giv'n us the name of Rule over all; we from the beginning found our ſelves (in ſpight of all our boaſted prerogative) Slaves and Vaſſals to the Almighty Sex. Take then my ſhare of Empire, ye Gods! and give me Love! Let me toil to gain, but let *Silvia* triumph and

reign, I ask no more than the led
ſlave at her Chariot Wheels, to
gaze on my Charming Conquer-
eſs, and wear with joy her Fetters!
Oh how proud I ſhould be to ſee
the dear Victor of my Soul ſo eleva-
ted, ſo adorn'd with Crowns and
Sceptersat her Feet, which I had
won; to ſee her ſmiling on the a-
doring Crown, diſtributing her
Glories to young waiting Princes;
there dealing Provinces, and there
a Coronet. Heavens! methinks, I
ſee the lovely Virgin in this ſtate,
her Chariot ſlowly driving
through the multitude that preſs
to gaze upon her, ſhe dreſt like
Venus, richly, gay and looſe, her
Hair and Robe blown by the fly-
ing Winds, diſcovering a houſand
Charms to view; thus the young
Goddeſs lookt, then when ſhe
drove her Chariot down, deſcend-
ing Clouds to meet the Love-ſick

God

God in cooling Shades; and so would look my *Silvia*! Ah my Soft, lovely Maid; such thoughts as these fir'd me with Ambition. For me, I swear by every power that made me love, and made thee wondrous fair; I design no more by this great enterprize, than to make thee some glorious thing, elevated above what we have seen yet on Earth: to raise thee above Fate or Fortune, beyond that pity of thy duller Sex, who understand not thy Soul, nor can never reach the flights of thy generous Love! No, my Soul's Joy, I must not leave thee liable to their little natural Malice and Scorn, to the impertinence of their Reproaches. No, my *Silvia*, I must on, the great design must move forward; though I abandon it, 'twill advance; it is already too far to put a stop to it; and now I am en-

tred, it is in vain to retreat, if we
are prosperous, it will to all Ages
be call'd a glorious Enterprize; but
if we fail, it will be base, horrid
and infamous; for the World
judges of nothing but by the suc-
cess; that Cause is always good
that is prosperous, that is ill that
unsuccesful. Should I now retreat, I
run many hazards; but to go on
I run but one; by the first I shall a-
larm the whole Cabal with a je-
lousy of my discovering, and those
are Persons of too great Sense and
Courage, not to take some private
way of revenge, to secure their own
Stakes; and to make my self uncer-
tainly safe by a discovery indeed,
were to gain a refuge so ignoble, as
a Man of Honour would scorn to
purchase life at; nor won'd that base-
ness secure me. But in going on, Oh
Silvia! When three Kingdoms shall
lie unpossest, and be exposed, as it
were,

were, amongſt the raffling Crowd, who knows but the chance may be mine, as well as any others, who has but the ſame hazard, and throw for it? If the ſtrongeſt Sword muſt do it (as that muſt do it) Why not mine ſtill? Why may not mine ſtill? Why may not mine be that fortunate one? *Ceſario* has no more right to it than *Philander*; 'tis true, a few of the Rabble will pretend he has a better title to it, but they are a ſort of eaſy Fools, laviſh in nothing but noiſe and nonſenſe; true to change and inconſtancy, and will abandon him to their own fury for the next that cries Haloo: Neither is there one part of fifty (of the Fools that cry him up) for his Intereſt, tho they uſe him for a Tool to work with, he being the only great Man that wants ſenſe enough to find out the Cheat;

which they dare impose upon. Can any body of reason believe if they had designed him good, they would let him bare fac'd have owned a party so opposite to all Laws of Nature, Religion, Humanity and common Gratitude? When his Interest, if designed, might have been carried on better, if he had still dissembled and stayed in Court: No, believe me, *Silvia*, the Politicians shew him, to render him odious to all Men of tolerable sense of the party; for what reason soever they have who are disobliged (or at least think themselves so) to set up for Liberty, the World knows *Cesario* renders himself the worst of Criminals by it; and has abandoned an Interest more glorious and easy than Empire to side with, and aid People that never did, or ever can oblige him; and he is so dull as

to

to imagine that for his ſake, who never did us ſervice or good (unleſs Cuckolding us be good) We ſhould venture life and fame to pull down a true Monarch, to ſet up his Baſtard over us. *Ceſario* muſt pardon me, if I think his Politicks are ſhallow as his Parts, and that his own Intereſt has undone him; for of what advantage ſoever the deſign may be to us, it really ſhocks one's Nature to find a Son engaged againſt a Father, and to him ſuch a Father: Nor when time comes, ſhall I forget the ruin of *Mertilla*. But let him hope on -- and ſo will I, as do a thouſand more for ought I know; I ſet out as fair as they, and will ſtart as eagerly; if I miſs it now, I have Youth and Vigour ſufficient for another Race, and while I ſtand on Fortunes Wheel as ſhe rouls it round, it may be my turn

to

to be o'th top; for when 'tis set in motion, believe me, *Silvia*, it is not easily fixt; however let it suffice, I am now in, past a retreat, and to urge it now to me, is but to put me into inevitable danger; at best it can but set me where I was; that is worse than death, when every Fool is aiming at a Kingdom. What Man of tolerable Pride and Ambition can be unconcern'd, and not put himself into a posture of catching, when a Diadem shall be thrown among the Crowd? It were insensibility, stupid Dulness, not to lift a Hand, or make an effort to snatch it as it flies: tho the glorious falling weight should crush me, it is great to attempt, and if Fortune do not favour Fools, I have as fair a Grasp for it; as any other adventurer.

This, my *Silvia*, is my Sense of a business you so much dread; I may rise,

rise, but I cannot fall; therefore, my *Silvia*, urge it no more; Love gave me ambition, and do not divert the glorious effects of your wonderous Charms, but let them grow, and spread, and see what they will produce for my lovely *Silvia*, the advantages will most certainly be hers:--But no more: How came my Love so dull to entertain thee so many minutes thus with reasons for an affair, which one soft hour with *Silvia* will convince to what she would have it; believe me, it will, I will sacrifice all to her repose, nay, to her least command, even the Life of

(*My Eternal Pleasure*)

Your PHILANDER.

I have no longer patience, I must be coming towards the Grove, tho it will do me no good, more than knowing I am so much nearer my Adorable Creature.

I conjure you burn this, for writing in haste, I have not counterfeited my Hand.

To

To *Silvia.*

Writ in a Pair of Tablets.

MY Charmer, I wait your Commands in the Meadow behind the Grove, where I saw *Dorinda*, *Dorillus* his Daughter, entring with a Basket of Cowslips for *Silvia*, unnecessarily offering sweets to the Goddess of the Groves, from whence they (with all the rest of their gaudy Fellows of the Spring) assume their ravishing Odours. I take every opportunity of telling my *Silvia* what I have so often repeated, and shall be ever repeating with the same Joy while I live, that I love my *Silvia* to Death and Madness; that my Soul is on the Wrack, till she send me the happ dvancing Wor d. And yet believe

believe me, lovely Maid, I could grow old with waiting here the bleſſed moment, though ſet at any diſtance (within the compaſs of Life, and impoſſible to be ſtill than arrived to) but when I am ſo near approacht it, Love from all parts rallies and haſtens to my Heart for the mighty incounter, till the poor panting overloaded Victim dies with the preſſing weight. No more, ----- You know it, for it is, and will be eternally *Silvia's*.

POSTSCRIPT.

Remember, my Adorable, it is now ſeven a Clock: I have my Watch in my Hand, waiting and looking on the ſlow-pac'd Minutes. Eight will quickly arrive I hope, and then it is dark enough to hide me: think where I am, and who I am, waiting near Silvia, *and her* Philander.

I think, my dear Angel you have the other Key of these Tablets, if not they are easily broke open: you have an Hour good to write in, *Silvia*; and I shall wait unimployed by any thing but thought. Send me word how you were like to have been surprized; it may possibly be of advantage to me in this Night's dear Adventure. I wondered at the Superscription of my Letter indeed, of which *Dorillus* could give me no other Account, than that you were surprized, and he received it with difficulty; give me the Story now, do it in Charity, my Angel. Besides, I would imploy all thy Moments, for I am jealous of every one that is not dedicated to *Silvia's Philander*.

To *Philander.*

I Have received your Tablets, of which I have the Key, and Heaven only knows (for Lovers cannot, unleſs they lov'd like *Silvia*, and her *Philander*) what pains and pantings my Heart ſuſtained at every thought that brought me of thy near approach; every Moment I ſtart, and am ready to faint with Joy, Fear, and ſomething not to be expreſt that ſeizes me. To add to this, I have buſied my ſelf with dreſſing my Apartment up with Flowers, ſo that I fancy the ceremonious Buſineſs of the Light looks like the preparations for the dear Joy of the Nuptial Bed; that too is ſo adorn'd and deck'd with all that's ſweet and gay; all which poſſeſſes me with ſo raviſhing and ſolemn

a Confusion, that it is even approaching to the most profound sadness it self. Oh *Philander*, I find I am fond of being undone; and unless you take a more than mortal Care of me, I know this Night some fatal mischief will befall me; what it is I know not, either the loss of *Philander*, my Life, or my Honour, or all together, which a discovery only of your being alone in my Apartment, and at such an Hour, will most certainly draw upon us: Death is the least we must expect, by some surprize or other, my Father being rash, and extreamly jealous, and the more so of me, by how much more he is fond of me, and nothing would inrage him like the discovery of an enterview like this; though you have Liberty to range the House of *Bellfont* as a Son, and are indeed

deed at Home there; but when you come by ſtealth; when he ſhall find his Son and Virgin Daughter, the Brother and the Siſter ſo retired; ſo entertained. —What but Death can enſue? Or what is worſe, eternal ſhame? Eternal confuſion on my Honour? What Excuſe, what Evaſions, Vows and Proteſtations will convince him, or appeaſe *Mertilla*'s Jealouſy; *Mertilla*, my Siſter, and *Philander*'s Wife? Oh God! that cruel thought will put me into ravings; I have a thouſand ſtreams of killing reflection that flow from that original Fountain! Curſe on the Alliance that gave you a welcome to *Bellfont*. Ah *Philander*, Could you not have ſtayed ten ſhort Years longer? Alas, you thought that was an Age in Youth, but it is but a Day in Love: Ah Could not your

eager

eager Youth have led you to a thousand Diversions, a thousand times have baited in the long Journey of Life without hurrying on to the last Stage, to the last Retreat, but the Grave; and to me seem as irrecoverable as impossible to retrieve thee? -- Could no kind Beauty stop thee on thy way, in Charity or Pity? *Philander* saw me then. And though *Mertilla* was more fit for his Caresses, and I but capable to please with Childish Prattle; Oh could he not have seen a promising Bloom in my Face, that might have foretold the future Conquest I was born to make? Oh was there no prophetick Charm that could bespeak your Heart, ingage it, and prevent that fatal Marriage? You say, my Adorable Brother, we were destined from our Creation for one another; that the Decrees

of

of Heaven, or Fate, or both, designed us for this mutual Passion? Why then, Oh why did not Heaven, Fate, or Destiny, do the mighty work, when first you saw my Infant Charms? But oh *Philander*, Why do I vainly rave? Why rail in vain on time that's is fled and gone? Why idly wish for ten Year's Retribution? That will not yield a Day, an Hour, a Minute; no, no, 'tis past, 'tis past and flown for ever, as distant as a thousand Years to me, as irrecoverable. Oh *Philander*, What hast thou thrown away? Ten glorious Years of ravishing Youth, of unmatched heavenly Beauty, on one that knew not half the value of it! *Silvia* was only born to set Rate upon it, was alone capable of Love, such Love as might deserve it: Oh why was that Charming Face ever laid on any Bosom

that

that knew not how to sigh and
pant, and heave at every touch of
so much distracting Beauty! O
why were those dear Arms, whose
soft pressings that ravish when
they circle; destined for a Body
cold and dull, that could sleep in
sensibly there, and not so much
dream the while what the tran
porting pleasure signified; but
unconcerned received the won
drous Blessings, and never knew
the Price, or thanked her Star
She has thee all the day, to gaz
upon, and yet she lets thee pal
her careless sight, as if there were
no Miracles in view: She does
not see the little Gods of Love
that play eternally in thy Eyes
and since she never received a
Dart from thence, believes there's
no Artillery there. She plays not
with thy Hair, nor Weaves her
snowy fingers in thy Curls of
Jet,

[illegible] in order, and adorn its beauty? The Fool with Saxon [illegible] had done as well for her; a dull white Coxcomb had made as good a Property; a Husband is no more, at best no more. Oh thou Charming Object of my eternal wishes, Why wert thou thus disposed? Oh save my Life, and tell me what indifferent impulse obliged thee to these Nuptials: Had *Mertilla* been recommended or forced by the Tyranny of a Father into thy Arms, or for base Lucre thou hadst chosen her, this had excused thy Youth and Crime; obedience or vanity I could have pardoned, ---- But oh ---'twvas Love! Love, my *Philander*! Thy raving Love, and that which has undone thee was a Rape rather than a Marriage; you fled vvith her. Oh Heavens, mad to possess, you stole the unloving Prize!

Prize I — Tis, you loved her
dilt as you are you did; Fa
and faithless. Loved her —
and Confusion on the World,
was so —. Oh *Philander*, I am
loft —

Tis Love that fights
the fiercest fight.

To

To *Monsieur* the Count of--

My Lord,

THese Pieces of Paper which I have put together as well I could, were writ by my Lady have been sent by *Dorinda*, hen on a sudden she rose in rage m her Seat, tore first the Pa-r, and then her Robes and Hair, d indeed nothing has escap'd e Violence of her Passion; nor uld my Prayers or Tears re-eve them or calm her: 'tis how-er chang'd at last to mighty ssions of Weeping, in which ployment I have left her on her pose, being commanded away. To thought it my Duty to give ur Lordship this account, and send the pieces of Paper, that ur Lordship may guess at the

occaſion of the ſudden ſtorm which ever riſes in that fatal quarter; but in putting them in order, I had like to have been ſurpriz'd by my Lady's Father, for my Lord the Count having long ſolicited me for Favours, and taking all Opportunities of entertaining me, found me alone in my Chamber, imployed in ſerving your Lordſhip; I had only time to hide the Papers, and to get rid of him, having given him an Aſſignation to night in the Garden Grove to give him the hearing to what he ſays he has to propoſe to me. Pray Heaven all things go right to your Lordſhip's Wiſh this Evening, for many ominous things happen'd to day. Madam, the Counteſs had like to have taken a Letter writ for your Lordſhip to day; for the Ducheſs of— coming to make her a Viſit, came

unforbidden with her in my La-
dy's Apartment, and surpriz'd
writing in her Dressing Room,
ving her only time to slip the
per into her Comb-box. The
Ceremonies being past, as
adam the Duchess uses not
ch, she fell to Commend my
dy's Dressing Plate, and taking
the Box and opening it, found
Letter, and Laughing, cry'd,
have I found you making
? At which my Lady, with
infinite Confusion, would have
riev'd it, —— But the Duchess
quitting her hold, cry'd, ——
y, I am resolv'd to see in what
nner you write to a Lover, and
hether you have a Heart ten-
or cruel; at which she be-
n to read aloud, My Lady to
sh and change Colour a Hun-
ed times in a Minute; I ready
dye with fear; Madam the

Countess in infinite Amazement, my Lady interrupting every word the Duchess read by Prayers and Intreaties, which heighten'd her Curiosity, and being Young and Airy, regarded not the Indecency, to which she prefer'd her Curiosity, who still Laughing, cry'd, She was resolved to read it out, and know the Constitution of her Heart; when my Lady, whose W never fail'd her, cry'd, I beseech you Madam, let us have so much Complisance for *Melinda* to ask her Consent in this Affair, and then I am pleas'd you should see wh Love I can make upon occasion I took the Hint, and with a re Confusion, cry'd—I implore yo Madam, not to discover my weak nesse to Madam the Duchess; would not for the World——— B thought to love so passionately a your Ladiship in favour of *Alex* has

has made me profess under the name of *Silvia* to *Philander*. This encourag'd my Lady, who began to say a thousand pleasant things of *Alexis*, *Dorillus* his Son, and my Lover, as your Lordship knows, and who is no inconsiderable Fortune for a Maid, inrich'd only by your Lordship's Bounty. My Lady after this, took the Letter, and all being resolved it should be read, she her self did it, and turn'd it so prettily into Burlesque Love by her manner of Reading it, that made Madam the Duchess Laught extremely; who, at the end of it, cry'd to my Lady--Well, Madam, I am satisfied you have not a heart wholly insensible of Love, that could so well express it for another. Thus they rallied on, 'till careful of my Lover's Repose, the Duchess urg'd the Letter might be immediately sent away, at

which my Lady readily folding up the Letter, writ, *For the Constant Alexis*, on the out-side: I took it, and beg'd I might have leave to retire to write it over in my own Hand, they permitted me, and I carried it after Sealing it to *Dorillus*, who waited for it, and wondering to find his Son's name on it, cry'd, —Mistress *Melinda*, I doubt you have mistook my present Business, I wait for a Letter from my Lady to my Lord, and you give me one from your self to my Son *Alexis*, 'twill be very welcome to *Alexis*, I confess, but at this time I had rather oblige my Lord than my Son; I laughing, reply'd, He was mistaken, that *Alexis*, at this time, meant no other than my Lord, which pleas'd the good Man extremely, who thought it a good Omen for his Son, and so went his way satisfied; as every Body was,

 — except

except the Countess, who fancy'd something more in it than my Lady's Inditing for me; and after, Madam, the Duchess was gone, she went ruminating and pensive to her Chamber, from whence I am confident she will not depart to Night, and will possibly set Spies in every corner; at least 'tis good to fear the worst, that we may prevent all things that would hinder this nights Assignation: As soon as the Coast is clear, I'll wait on your Lordship, and be your Conductor, and in all things else am ready to shew my self,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most humble and most obedient Servant,

MELINDA.

Silvia has order to wait on your Lordship as soon as all is clear.

To *Melinda.*

OH *Melinda*, what have you told me? Stay me with an immediate account of the recovery and calmneſs of my Adorable Weeping *Silvia*, or I ſhall enter *Belfont* with my Sword drawn, bearing down all before me 'till I make my way to my Charming Mourner: Oh God! *Silvia* in a Rage! *Silvia* in any Paſſion but that of Love? I cannot bear it, no, by Heaven I cannot; I ſhall do ſome Outrage either on my ſelf or at *Belfont*. Oh thou dear Advocate of my tendereſt Wiſhes, thou Confident of my never dying Flame, thou kind adminiſtring Maid, ſend ſome relief to my breaking Heart---Haſte and tell me, *Silvia* is calm, that her bright Eyes ſparkle with Smiles, or if they

Languish, say 'tis with Love, with expecting Joys; that her dear Hands are no more imployed in Exercises too rough and unbecoming their Native Softness. Oh Eternal God! tearing perhaps her Divine Hair, brighter than the Sun's reflecting Beams, injuring the heavenly Beauty of her Charming Face and Bosom, the Joy and Wish of all Mankind that look upon her: Oh Charm her with Prayers and Tears, stop her dear Fingers from the rude Assaults, and her fair Hands: Repeat *Philander* to her, tell her he's Fainting with the news of her Unkindness and Outrage on her lovely Self, but tell her too, I die adoring her; tell her I rave, I tear, I curse my self,——For so I do; tell her I would break out into a Violence that should set all *Belfont* in a Flame, but for my Care of her.

Heaven and Earth should not re-
ſtrain me,---No, they ſhould not.
But her leaſt Frown ſhould ſtill
me, tame me, and make me
calm Coward: Say this, ſay all
ſay any thing to charm her Rage
and Tears. Oh I am mad, ſtark
mad, and ready to run on that
frantick Buſineſs I die to think
her guilty of. Tell her how it
would grieve her to ſee me torn
and mangled; to ſee that Hair
ſhe loves, ruffl'd and diminiſh'd
by Rage, violated by my inſup-
portable Grief, my ſelf quite be-
reft of all Senſe but that of Love
but that of Adoration for my
charming, cruel, inſenſible, who
is poſſeſt with every Thought,
with every Imagination that can
render me unhappy, born away
with every Fancy that is in diſa-
vour of the wretched *Philander*.
Oh *Melinda*, write immediately,

or

you will behold me enter a most deplorable object of Pity.

When I receiv'd yours, I fell into such a Passion that I forc'd my self back to *Dorillus* his House, left my Transports should hurry me to *Belfont*, where I should have undone all. But as I can rest no where, I am now returning to the Meadow again, where I will expect your aid or die.

Dorillus his Courage almost nine a Clock.

To *Philander.*

I Must own my Charming *Philander*, that my Love is now arrived to that Excess, that every Thought which before but discompos'd me, now puts me into a Violence of Rage unbecoming my Sex

Sex; or any thing but the mighty occasion of it, Love, and which only had power to calm what it had before ruffled into a destructive Storm; but like the angered Sea, which pants and heaves and remains still an uneasie Motion long after the rude Winds are appeas'd and hush'd to silence. My Heart beats still, and heaves with the sensible remains of the late dangerous Tempest of my Mind, and nothing can absolutely calm me but the approach of the all-powerful *Philander*; though that Thought possesses me with ten thousand Fears, which I know will vanish all at thy appearance, and assume no more their dreadful Shapes till thou art gone again: bring me then that kind Cessation, bring me my *Lysander* and set me above the Thoughts of Cares, Frights or any other Thoughts but those

those of tender Love: haste then thou Charming Object of my Eternal Wishes, and of my new Desires, haste to my Arms, my Eyes, my Soul,——But oh be wondrous careful there, do not betray the easie Maid that trusts thee amidst all her sacred store.

'Tis almost dark, and my Mother is retir'd to her Chamber, my Father to his Cabinet, and has left all that Apartment next the Garden wholly without Spies. I have, by trusty *Silvia*, sent you a Key, *Melinda* got made to the Door, which leads from the Garden to the Back-stairs to my Apartment, so carefully lock'd, and the original Key so closely guarded by my jealous Father: that way I beg you to come a way; but too well known to *Lysander*, and by which he has made many an Escape to and from *Mertilla*.

Oh

Oh Damn that Thought, what makes it torturing me, Let me change it for those of *Lysander*, the advantage will be as great as bartering Hell for Heaven; haste then, *Lysander*. But, what need I bid thee, Love will lend thee his Wings; thou who commandest all his Artillery, put them on, and fly to thy Languishing

SILVIA.

O I faint with the dear thought of thy Approach.

To the Charming Silvia.

WIth much ado, with many a Sigh, a panting Heart, and many a languishing Look back, towards happy *Belfont*, I have recover'd *Dorillus* his Farm,

where

where I threw me on a Bed, and lay without Motion, and almost without Life for two Hours; 'till at last, through all my Sighs, my great Content, my Torment, my Love and Rage broke silence, and burst into all the different complaints both soft and mad by turns, that ever possest a Soul extravagantly seiz'd with frantick Love. Ah *Silvia*, what did I not say? How did I not Curse, and why, except my Charming Maid? For yet my *Silvia* is a Maid; Yes, yes, ye Envying Powers, she is, and yet the sacred and inestimable Treasure was offer'd a trembling Victim to the overjoy'd and fancy'd Deity, for then and there, I thought my self happier than a Triumphing God; but having overcome all Difficulties, all the Fatigues and Toils of Loves long Sieges, vanquish'd the mighty Phantom of the Fair,

Fair, the Giant Honour, and routed all the numerous Host of Women's little Reasonings, past all the bounds of peevish Modesty: Nay, even all the loose and silken Countrescarps that fenc'd the Sacred Fort, and nothing stop'd my glorious pursuit: Then, then, ye Gods, just then, by an over Transport, to fall just fainting before the surrendering Gates, unable to receive the yielding treasure! Oh *Silvia!* what *Demon*, malicious at my Glory, seiz'd my Vigor? What God, envious of my mighty Joy, rendred me a shameful Object of his Raillery? Snatcht my (till then) never failing Power, and left me dying on thy Charming Bosom. Heavens, how I lay! Silent with wonder, rage and extasie of Love, unable to complain, or rail or storm, or seek for ease, but with my Sighs alone, which made up all my breath; my mad desires

desires remain'd, but all unactive, as Age or Death it self, as cold and feeble, as unfit for Joy, as if my Youthful Fire had long been past, or *Silvia* had never been bleft with Charms. Tell me, thou wondrous perfect Creature, tell me, where lay the hidden Witchcraft? Was *Silvia*'s Beauty too Divine to mix with Mortal Joys? Ah no, 'twas Ravishing, but Humane all. Yet sure 'twas so approaching to Divinity, as chang'd my Fire to awful Adoration, and all my wanton Heat to reverend Contemplation. —But this is Nonsense all, 'twas something more that gave me Rage, Despair and Torments insupportable: No, 'twas no dull Devotion, tame Divinity, but mortal killing Agony, unlucky Disappointment, unnatural Impotence. Oh I am lost, enchanted by some Magick Spell: Oh what can *Silvia* say?

ſay? What can ſhe think of my fond Paſſion; She'll ſwear 'tis all a Cheat, I had it not. No, it could not be, ſuch Tales I've often heard, as often laugh at too; of diſappointed Lovers; wou'd *Silvia* wou'd believe (as ſure ſhe may) mine was exceſs of Paſſion; What! my *Silvia* being arriv'd to all the Joy of Love, juſt come to reap the glorious Recompence, the full reward the Heaven for all my Sufferings, do I lie gazing only and no more? A dull, a feeble unconcern'd Admirer! Oh my Eternal Shame! Curſe on my Youth, give me, ye Powers, Old Age, for that has ſome excuſe, but Youth has none: 'Tis Dullneſs, Stupid Inſenſibility. Where ſhall I hide my head, when this dewd Story's told? When ſhall be confirm'd, *Philander* the Young, the Brisk and Gay *Philander*, who never fail'd the Woman he

scarce wisht for, never bauk'd the Amorous conceated Old, nor the Ill-favour'd Young; yet when he had extended in his Arms the Young, the Charming Fair and Longing *Silvia*, the untouch'd, unspotted, and till then, unwishing lovely Maid, yielded, defenceless, and unguarded all; he wanted Power to seize the trembling Prey: Defend me Heaven from Madness. O *Silvia*, I have reflected on all the little Circumstances that might occasion this Disaster, and damn me to this degree of Coldness, but can fix on none: I had, 'tis true, for *Silvia*'s sake, some apprehensions of Fear of being surpriz'd, for coming through the Garden, I saw at the farther end a Man, at least I fancy'd by that light it was a Man, who perceiving the glimps of something approach from the Grove, made softly towards me, but

but with ſuch Caution, as if he feared to be miſtaken in the Perſon, as much as I was to approach him: and reminding what *Melinda* told me of an Aſſignation ſhe had made to *Monſieur* the Count--Imagin'd it him; nor was I miſtaken when I heard his voice calling in low tone--*Melinda*,--At which I mended my pace, and e'er he got half way the Garden recover'd the Door, and ſoftly unlocking it, got in unperceiv'd and faſten'd it after me, well enough aſſur'd that he ſaw not which way I vaniſh'd: however it fail'd not to alarm me with ſome Fears on your dear account, that diſturb'd my Repoſe, and which I thought then not neceſſary to impart to you, and which indeed all vaniſh'd at the ſight of my Adorable Maid: When entering thy Apartment, I beheld thee extended on a Bed of Roſes, in Garments

and

ents which, if possible, by their anton loose Negligence and dety, augmented thy natural Charms; I trembling, fell on my nees by your Bed-side, and gaz'd while, unable to speak for Transorts of Joy and Love: You too ere silent, and remain'd so, so ng that I ventur'd to press your ps with mine, which all their ger Kisses could not put in moon, so that I fear'd you fainted; sudden Fright that in a Moment ang'd my Fever of Love into cold Ague fit; but you reviv'd e with a Sigh again, and fired e anew, by pressing my Hand, nd from that silent soft Incouragement, I, by degrees, ravish'd thousand Blisses; yet still between your tempting Charming Kisses, you would cry----Oh my *Philander*, do not injure me,-----Be sure you press me not to the last

Joys

Joys of Love; —Oh have a Care or I am undone for ever; restrain your roving Hands, —Oh whether would they wander, —My Soul, my Joy, my everlasting Charmer, Oh whether would you go. —Thus with a Thousand Cautions more, which did but raise what you design'd to calm, you made me, but the madder to possess; not all the Vows you bid me call to mind, could now restrain my wild and head-strong Passion, my raving Raging (but my soft) desire: No, *Silvia*, No, it was not in the power of feeble Flesh and Blood to find resistance against so many Charms; yet still you made me swear, still I protested, but still burnt on with the same torturing Flame, till the vast Pleasure even became a Pain: To add to this, I saw (Yes, *Silvia*, not all your Art and Modesty could hide it) I saw

the

the Raviſhing Maid as much in-flam'd as I; ſhe burnt with e-qual Fire, with equal Languiſh-ment: Not all her care could keep the Sparks concealed, but it broke out in every word and look; her trembling Tongue, her feeble faint-ing Voice betray'd it all; Sighs in-terrupting every Syllable; a Lan-guiſhment I never ſaw till then dwelt in her Charming Eyes, that contradicted all her little Vows; her ſhort and double Breathings heav'd her Breaſt, her ſwelling ſnowy Breaſt, her Hands that graſp'd me trembling as they doſ'd, while ſhe permitted mine unknown, unheeded to traverſe all her Beauties, till quite forget-ting all I'd faintly promiſed, and wholly abandoning my Soul to Joy, I ruſht upon her, who all fainting lay beneath my uſeleſs weight, for on a ſudden all my power was fled

ſwifter

swifter than Lightning hurried through my infeebled Veins, and vanisht all: Not the dear lovely Beauty which I prest, the Dying Charms of that fair Face and Eye, the Clasps of those soft Arms, nor the bewitching accent of her Voice, that murmur'd Love half smother'd in her Sighs, nor all my Love, my vast, my mighty Passion, could call my fugitive Vigor back again: Oh no, the more I look—The more I touch'd and saw, the more I was undone. Oh pity me, my too too lovely Maid, do not revile the Faults which you alone create. Consider all your Charms at once expos'd, consider every Sense about me ravish'd, o'ercome with Joys too mighty to be supported: No wonder if I fell a shameful Sacrifice to the fond Deity, consider how I waited, how I strove, and still burnt on, and every tender

der

touch ſtill added Fuel to the
rous Fire; which by your
y conſum'd it ſelf in burning,
ant Philoſophy to make this
on Faith to fix my Unhappi-
on any Chance or natural Ac-
nt, but this, my Charming
a, I am ſure, that had I lov'd
leſs, I'd been leſs wretched:
had we parted *Silvia*, on ſo ill
s, nor had I left you with an
ion ſo diſadvantagious for *Ly-*
r; but for that unhappy noiſe
your Chamber Door, which
ming your Fear, occaſion'd
recovery from that dear
nce, to which Love and ſoft
ce had reduc'd you and me
the moſt tormenting ſilent
ony that diſappointed Joy ever
ſta fond expecting heart with.
Heavens! to have my *Silvia* in
power, favor'd by ſilence, night
ſafe retreat! then, then, to lie

a tame cold sigher only, as if
Silvia gave that Assignation
lone by stealth, undrest, all
and languishing, fit for the
ty Business of the Night, only
hear me prattle, see me gaze,
tell her what a pretty sight it
to see the Moon shine thro
the dancing Boughs. O Da
my harden'd dullness, —— But
more, —— I am all fire and
ness at the thought, But I was
ing, *Silvia*, we have both recov
then when the Noise alarm'd
I long to know whether you
we were betray'd, for on
knowledge rests almighty pa
my Destiny: I hope we are no
an Accident that befel me a
going away, which (but for
untimely force of leaving my lo
ly *Silvia*, which gave me pa
insupportable) would have gi
me great diversion. You know o

fea

of being discover'd, occasion'd
disguise, for you found it ne-
ry I should depart, your fear
so prevail'd, and that in *Melin-*
Night-gown and Head-dress;
hard with much ado, I went
left my Soul behind me, and
ing no body all along the Gal-
nor in my passage from your
ment into the Garden, I was
sand times about to return
my Joys; when in the midst
his almost ended dispute, I saw
the light of the Moon (which
by good fortune under a
d and could not distinctly
b the light) a Man talking to-
ds me with cautious speed;
oh madame advance with the
haste to recover the Grove,
ving to have escap'd him un-
the Covert of the Trees; for
at I could not without betray-
which way I went; but just at

the entrance of the Thicket, turning ſhort made up to me, a I perceiv'd it *Monſieur* the Cou who taking me for *Melinda*, w it ſeems he expected, caught h of my Gown as I would h paſs'd him, and cry'd, Now *linda*, I ſee you are a Maid of nour,—Come retire with me the Grove where I have a pre of a Heart and ſomething el make you, that will be of mor vantage to you than that of *A* though ſomething younger.— all confounded knew not wha reply, nor how, leſt he ſhould his miſtake, at leaſt if he di ver'd not who I was: Which lence gave him occaſion to go which he did in this man What not a word, *Melinda*, o you deſign I ſhall take your ſil for conſent? If ſo, come my pr Creature, let us not loſe the h

Lo

ove has given us; at this he uld have advanc'd, leading me the hand which he preſt and very amorouſly: Judg my A- able *Silvia* in what a fine con- on your *Lyſander* then was in. hat ſhould I do? to go had diſ- ointed him worſe than I was h thee before; not to go, be- y'd me: I had much ado to d my Countenance, and unwil- to ſpeak. While I was thus im- y'd in thought, *Monſieur*--Pull- me (eager of joys to come,) I holding back, he ſtop'd and 'd, ſure, *Melinda*, you came not her to bring me a denial. I then ly'd, whiſpering,--Softly, Sir Heavens ſake (ſweetning my ce as much as poſſible) conſider a Maid, and would not be diſ- er'd for the world. Who can cover us? reply'd my Lover, hat I take from thee ſhall never

bd miſt, not by *Alexis* himſelf o
on thy Wedding Night; —— Co
——Sweet Child come: —— W
that I pull'd back and whiſper'd
Heavens would you make a M
ſtreſs of me? —— Says he —— A M
ſtreſs, what wouldſt thou be a Ch
cabin? Then I replied as before
I am no Whore, Sir, —— No cry
he, but I can quickly make th
one, I have my Tools about m
Sweet-heart, therefore let's l
no time but fall to work: this l
raillery from the brisk old Gent
man, had in ſpight of Reſoluti
almoſt made me burſt out in
loud Laughter, when he to
more gravity upon him, and cry'
——Come, come, *Melinda*, why a
this fooliſh argument at this ho
in this place, and after ſo much f
rious Courtſhip, believe me I'll b
kind to thee for ever; with that h
clapt fifty Guineas in a Purſe int

hand, and something else that
be nameless into the other,
ents that had been both worth
Linda's acceptance: All this
le was I studying an evasion; at
, to shorten my pleasant adven-
looking round, I cry'd softly,
you sure, Sir, we are safe. For
avens sake step towards the
rden Door and see, for I would
be discover'd for the World,
r I, cry'd he, but do not fear
safe: However see (what-
'd I) that my Fear may not
urb your Joys. With that he
nt toward the House, and I slip-
g into the Grove, got immedi-
ly into the Meadow, where
Lettis waited my coming with
illiard, so I left the expecting
ver, I suppose, ranging the
ove for his fled Nimph, and I
ubt will fall heavy on poor *Me-*
, who shall have the Guineas

either to restore or keep as sh
and the angry Count can agree
I leave the Management of it t
her Wit and Conduct.

This account I thought necessa-
ry to give my Charmer, that she
might prepare *Melinda* for the as-
sault, who understanding all that
pass'd between us, may so dispos
of matters, that no discovery may
happen by mistake, and I know
my *Silvia* and she can find a
thousand excuses for the suppos'd
Melinda's flight. But my Ado-
rable Maid, my business here
was not to give an account of
my Adventure only, nor of my
ravings, but to tell my *Silvia*,
on what my Life depends; which
is, in a Permission to wait on her
again this insuing Night; make
no excuse, for if you do, by all
I adore in Heaven and Earth, I'll
end my Life here where I receiv-
ved

ed it. I'll say no more, nor ive your Love Instructions, but wait impatiently here the Life or Death of your

LYSANDER.

'Tis Six a Clock, and yet my Eyes have not clos'd themselves to sleep: Alexis and Brilljard *gives me hopes of a kind return to this and have brought their Flute and Violin to charm me into a slumber: If* Silvia *love, as I am sure she does, she'll make me with a dear Consent to see her, if not, I only wake to sleep for ever.*

To my fair Charmer.

WHen I had seal'd the inclosed, my Page whom I had order'd to come to me with an account of any business extraordinary, is this Morning arriv'd with a Letter from *Cesario*, which I have sent here inclos'd, that my *Silvia* may see how little I regard the World, or the mighty Revolution in hand, when set in Competition with the least hope of beholding her adorable Face, or hearing her Charming Tongue when it whispers the soft Dictates of her tender Heart into my ravish'd Soul; one moments Joy like that surmounts an Age of dull Empire. No, let the busie unreguarded Rout perish, the Cause fall or

ſtand alone for me: Give me but Love, Love and my *Silvia*; I ask no more of Heaven; to which vaſt Joy could you but imagine (Oh wondrous Miracle of Beauty!) how poor and little I eſteem the valued Trifles of the World, you would in return contemn your part of it, and Live with me in ſilent Shades for ever. Oh! *Silvia*, what haſt thou this Night to add to the Soul of thy

PHILANDER.

To

To the Count of——

I'Le allow you my dear, to be very fond of so much Beauty as the World must own adorns the lovely *Silvia*: I'll permit Love too to Rival me in your Heart, but not out-rival Glory; haste then, my Dear, to the advance of that, make no delay, but with the Mornings dawn, let me find you in my Arms, where I have something that will surprize you to relate to you: You were last Night expected at—— It behoves you to give no Umbrage to Persons who's Interest renders them enough jealous. We have two new Advancers come in of Youth and Mony, teach them not negligence;

gligence; be careful and let nothing hinder you from taking Horse immediately, as you value the Repose and Fortune of

My Dear,

Your CESARIO.

I call'd last Night on you, and your Page following me to my Coach, whisper'd me if I had any earnest business with you, he knew where to find you; I soon imagin'd where, and bid him call within an hour for this, and post with it immediately, though dark.

To

To *Philander.*

AH! what have I done *Philander*, and where shall I hide my guilty blushing Face? Thou hast undone my Eternal Quiet; Oh thou hast ruin'd my everlasting Repose, and I must never, never look abroad again: Curse on my Face that first debauch'd my Virtue, and taught thee how to Love! Curse on my tempting youth, my shape, my air, my eyes, my voice, my hands, and every Charm that did contribute to my fatal love, a lasting Curse on all. But those of the adorable *Philander*, and those even in this raging Minute, my furious Passion dares not approach with an indecent Thought: No, they are sacred all, Madness it self would spare 'em, and shouldst thou now behold me

as

I sit, my Hair dishevel'd, ruffl'd and disorder'd, my eyes bedewing every word I write, when for each letter I let fall a tear; then (prest with thought) starting, I drop my Pen, and fall to rave anew, and curse those Garments whose loose negligence help'd to betray me to my shameful ruin, wounding my Breast, but want the Resolution to wound it as I ought; which when I but propose, Love lays the Thought, raging and wild as it is, the Conqueror checks it, with whispering only *Philander* to my Soul; that dear Name calms me to an extasie, gives me the Pen into my trembling Hand, and I purfue my silent soft complaint: Oh! should'st thou see me thus, in all these sudden different change of Passions, thou would'st say *Philander*, I were mad indeed. Madness it self can find no stranger motions:

motions: And I would calmly ask thee, for I am calm again, how comes it my Adorable *Philander*, that thou canst possess a Maid with so much Madness? who art thy self a Miracle of softness, all sweet and all serene, the most of Angel in thy Composition that ever mingled with Humanity; the very words fall so gently from thy Tongue,—are utter'd with a Voice so ravishingly soft, a tone so tender and so full of Love, 'twould charm even frenzy, calm rude distraction, and wildness would become a silent Listener; there's such a sweet serenity in thy Face, such innocence and softness in thy Eyes, should desart Savages, but gaze on thee, sure they would forget their native Forest wildness, and be inspir'd with easie Gentleness: Most certainly this God-like power thou hast.

Why

Why then? Oh tell me in the Agony of my Soul, why muſt thoſe Charms that bring Tranquility and Peace to all, make me alone a wild, unſeemly raver? Why has contrary effects on me? Oh! all fact and fay is perfect madneſs; yet this is the leaſt unaccountable part of my moſt wretched Story;——Oh! I muſt ne'er behold thy lovely Face again, for if I ſhould, ſure I ſhould bluſh my Soul away; no, no, I muſt not, nor ever more believe thy dear deluding Vows: Never thy charming perjur'd Oaths, after a Violation like to this. Oh Heaven, what have I done? Yet by that Heaven I ſwear I dare not ask my ſoul, leſt it inform me how I was to blame, unleſs that fatal Minute would inſtruct me how to Revenge my wrongs upon my heart, my fond betraying heart,——Deſpair

ſpair and Madneſs ſeize me; darkneſs and horror hide me from human Sight, after an eaſineſs like this;——What to yield,——To yield my honour! Betray the ſecrets of my Virgin wiſhes—My new deſires, my unknown ſhameful Flame,——Hell and Death! Where got I ſo much confidence? Where learnt I the harden'd and unblushing Folly? To wiſh was ſuch a fault, as is a crime unpardonable to own; to ſhew deſire is ſuch a Sin in Virtue as muſt deſerve reproach from all the world but I, unlucky I, have not only betray'd all theſe, but with a tranſport void of ſenſe and ſhame, I yield to thy Arms,——I'll not indure the thought,——By Heaven! I cannot; there's ſomething more than Rage that animates that thought; ſome Magic Spell, that in the midſt of all my

ſenſe

fear of Shame keeps me from Repentance; this angers me, and makes me know my Honour but a fantom: Now I could curse again my Youth and Love; but Oh! when I have done, alas *Philander*, I find my self as guilty as before; I cannot make one firm resolve against thee, or if I do, when I consider thee, they weigh not all one lovely Hair of thine. 'Tis all in vain, the Charming Cause remains, *Philander*'s still as lovely as before, 'tis him I must remove from my fond Eyes and Heart, him I must banish from my touch, my smell, and every other sense; by Heaven! I cannot bear the mighty pressure, I cannot see his Eyes, and touch his Hands, smell the Perfume every Pore of his breaths forth, taste thy soft Kisses, hear thy Charming Voice, but I am all on a flame: No, 'tis these I

must

muſt exclaim on, not my Youth, 'tis they debauch my Soul, no natural propenſity in me to yield, or to admit of ſuch deſtructive fires. Fain I would put it off, but 'twill not do, I am the Aggreſſor ſtill, elſe, why is not every living Maid undone, that does but touch or ſee thee? Tell me why? No, the fault's in me, and thou art innocent.——Were but my Soul leſs delicate, were it leſs ſenſible of what it loves and likes in thee, I yet were dully happy; but Oh there is a nicety there ſo charm'd, ſo apprehenſive of thy Beauties, as has betray'd me to unreſt for ever:——Yet ſomething I will do to tame this lewd Betrayer of my right, and it ſhall plead no more in thy behalf; no more, no more diſperſe the Joys which it conceives through every Vein, (cold and inſenſible by Nature)

to kindle new Desires there.—No more shall fill me with unknown Curiosity; no, I will in spight of all the Perfumes that dwell about thee, in spight of all the Arts thou hast of Looking, of Speaking and of Touching; I will I say assume my native Temper, I will be calm, be cold, and unconcern'd, as I have been to all the World,——But to *Philander*,——The Almighty Power he has is unaccountable;—By yonder breaking day that opens in the East, opens to see my shame,—I swear——By that great Ruler of the Day, the Sun, by that Almighty Power that rules them both, I swear——I swear *Philander*, charming lovely Youth! Thou art the first e'er kindl'd soft Desires about my Soul, thou art the first that ever did inform me that there was such a sort of wish about

me.

me. I thought the vanity of being below'd, made up the greatest part of the Satisfaction; 'twas joy to see my Lovers sigh about me, adore and praise me, and increase my Pride by every look, by every word and action; and him I fancied best I favour'd most, and he past for the happy fortune; him I have suffer'd too, to kiss and press me, to tell me all his Tale of Love, and sighs which I would listen to with Pride and Pleasure, permitted it, and smil'd him kind returns; nay, by my life, then thought I lov'd him too, though I could have been content to have past my life at this gay rate, with this fond hoping Lover, and thought no farther than of being great, having rich Coaches, shewing Equipage, to pass my hours in dressing, in going to the Opera's and the Tower, make Visits where

[illegible], be seen at Balls; and having [illegible] the vanity to think the Men would Gaze and Languish where I came; and all the Women envy me, I thought no farther on [illegible]. But thou *Philander* hast made me take new measures, I now think of nothing but of thee, [illegible] hath the sound of Love from any other Voice, and Conversation makes my Soul impatient, and does not only cast me into Melancholy, but perplexes me out of all Humour, out of all Patient Sufferance, and I am never well pleas'd when from [illegible], as when I am retir'd and curse my Character and Figure in the World, because it permits me not to prevent being visited; one Thought of thee, is worth the Worlds Injoyment. I hate to dress, I hate to be agreeable to any Eyes but thine, I hate the

[illegible]

the noise of Equipage and Crowds, and would be more content to live with thee in some lone shaded Cottage, than be a Queen, and hinder'd by that Grandure one moments Conversation with *Philander*; Maist thou despise and loath me, a Curse the greatest that *I* can invent, if this be any thing but real honest truth. No, no, *Philander*, *I* find *I* never lov'd till now, *I* understood it not, nor knew not what those Sighs and Pressings meant which others gave me; yet every speaking glance thy Eyes put on, inform my Soul what 'tis they plead and languish for: If you but touch my hand, my breath grows faint and short, my blood glows in my Face, and runs with an unusual warmth through every Vein, and tells my heart what 'tis *Philander* ails, when he falls sighing on my

Bosom;

my oh then I fear, I answer
Look, and every Sigh and
ch, in the same silent but in-
ible Language, and under-
I fear too well by thee.
now I never fear a Love as
minal. Oh tell me not mi-
n foolish Maids, true Love
nocent, ye cold, ye dull, ye
nsidering Lovers; though I
e often heard it from the
e and Wise, and preacht my
that Doctrine I now re-
ce it all, 'tis false, by Heaven!
lse, for now I love, and know
pretion; yes, and love so,
ever any Woman can equal
in Love, my Soul being all
pos'd (as I have often said)
fter Materials. Nor is it an-
fers my Rates on Beauty,
e's an intrinsick value in thy
ms, which surely none but I
able to understand, and to

those that view thee, with
judging Eyes, Ugliness fancy
would appear fine, fame
pleas'd as well. If all could
as judge like me, why does
fancy pass th unregarded
thousand Women, whom
sighed for many? What
Mevilla who possesses all
on thee, feels thy kisses, c
thee speak, and yet wants
to know how blest she is
want of judgment all, and
and how can she that judge
Love well?

Granting my Passion equal
its Object, you must allow
finite, and more in me than
other Woman, by how
more my Soul is compos'd
derness; and yet I say I own,
I may own it, now Heaven
you are Witness of my Sh
I own with all this Love, wi

Paſſion, ſo vaſt, ſo true and
unchangeable, that I have
hes, new unwonted Wiſhes;
ery Thought of thee, I find
urge Diſorder in my Blood,
pants and burns in every
and makes me bluſh, and
and grow impatient, a-
'd and angry; but when I
it the effects of Love, I am
oil'd, and wiſh and ſigh
; but when I ſit and gaze
thy Eyes, thy Languiſhing
lovely dying Eyes; play
thy ſoft white hand, and
my glowing Cheek to thine.
Oh God! What Language
expreſs my Tranſport, all that
nder, all that is ſoft deſire
s every trembling Limb,
'tis with pain conceal'd.——
yes, *Philander*, 'tis the fatal
h, ſince thou haſt found it,
nfeſs it too, and yet I love

thee dearly; long, long it w
that I essay'd to hide the gui
flame, if Love be guilt; fo
confess I did dissemble a cold
which I was not. Mistress
there lies a Woman's Art, t
all her boasted Virtue, it is
well dissembling, and no m
——But mine alas is gone,
ever fled; this, this feeble gu
that should secure my Hon
thou hast betray'd and le
quite defenceless. Ah what
Woman's Honour when 't
poorly guarded! No wonder
you conquer with such e
when we are only safe by
mean arts of base Dissimula
an Ill as shameful as tha
which we fall. Oh silly
fuge! What foolish Nons
fond Custom can perswade
so it is, and she that breaks
Laws, loses her Fame, her

and Eſteem. Oh Heavens!
quickly loſt it is! Give me,
owers, my Fame, and let
be a Fool; let me retain my
ue and my Honour, and
dull inſenſible——But Oh
e is it? I have loſt it all;
recoverably loſt: Yes, yes,
harming perjur'd Man, 'tis
and thou haſt quite undon

——

What though I lay extended
my Bed, undreſt, unapprehen-
of my fate, my Boſom looſe
eaſie of acceſs, my Gar-
s ready, thin, and wanton-
ut on, as if they would
little force ſubmit to the
ſtraying Hand: What then,
ander, muſt you take the ad-
age? Muſt you be perjur'd
uſe I was tempting? 'Tis
I let you in by ſtealth by
t, whoſe ſilent darkneſs fa-

vour'd your Treachery; but
Philander were not your Ve
as binding by a glimmering
per, as if the Sun with all
Awful Light had been a loo
on? I urg'd your Vows as
preſt on,——but Oh I fea
was in ſuch a way ſo fai
and ſo feebly, I upbraided
as did but more advance y
Perjuries. Your ſtrength encrea
but mine alas declin'd; t
quite fainted in your Arms,
you triumphant Lord of all:
more my faint denials do p
ſwade, no more my tremb
hands reſiſt your force, ungu
ed lay the treaſure which
toil'd for, betray'd and yiel
to the lovely Conqueror.—
But Oh tormenting,——W
you ſaw the ſtore, and fo
the Prize no richer, with w
contempt, (yes, falſe dear Ma
w

[illegible] you view'd
[illegible] What
[illegible] was all your call'd Hea-
[illegible] Joy and Beauty expos'd
[illegible] neglected?
[illegible] your Prayers heard,
[illegible] granted, and your
[illegible] rewarded, the trembling
[illegible] ready for the Sacrifice,
did you want Devotion to
form it, and did you thus re-
ve the expected Bleſſing——
——By Heaven I'll never ſee
e more, and 'twill be Charity
[illegible] for thou haſt no excuſe
ſtore that can convince my
inion that I am hated, loath-
——I cannot bear that
ought,——Or if I do, it ſhall
ly ſerve to fortifie my fixt
ſolve never to ſee thee more,—
nd yet I long to hear thy
ſe Excuſe, let it be quickly
en; 'tis my diſdain invites

ther. ——— To free against which
there needs no more than th
you let me hear your pe
defence. ——— But 'tis a tedio
time, or than how hour, when
I dare permit thee, but ho
me to incline my soul to for
Now I am safe, if I can
but here, but here be safe, refo
and be my self.

Stro

To *Philander.*

S my Page was coming with
the inclos'd he met *Alexis* at
Gate with yours, and who
uld not depart without an an-
er to it;——to go or ſtay is the
eſtion. Ah, *Philander!* why
you preſs a heart too ready to
eld to love and you! alas, I fear
u gueſs too well my anſwer,
d your own Soul might ſave me
e bluſhing trouble of a reply.
m plung'd in paſt hope of a re-
at, and ſince my fate has poin-
d me out for ruin, I cannot fall
ore glorioufly. Take then, *Phi-*
nder, to your dear Arms, a Maid
at can no longer reſiſt, who is
farm'd of all defenſive Power:
e yields, ſhe yields, and does
nfeſs it too; and ſure ſhe muſt
e more than mortal that can hold

out against thy Charms and Vow
Since I must be undone and g
all away, I'll do it generou
and scorn all mean reserves: I
be brave in Love, and lavish a
nor shall *Philander* think I Lo
him well unless I do. Take, ch
ming Victor, then, what yo
own Merits, and what Love
given you; take, take at last
dear reward of all your sighs a
tears, your vows and sufferin
But since, *Philander*, 'tis an
to night, and till the approach
those dear silent hours, th
knowst I dare not give thee
mittance: I do conjure thee, g
to *Cesario*, whom I find too pr
ing, not to believe the concer
great; and so jealous I am of th
dear safety, that every thing
larms my fears; oh! satisfie 'em
then and go, 'tis early yet, and
if you take Horse immediately,
you

you will be there by eight this morning; go, I conjure you; though 'tis an unspeakable satisfaction to know you are so near me, yet I prefer your safety and welfare to all considerations else. You may soon dispatch your Affairs, and render your self time enough on the place appointed, which is where you last night were; and 'twill be at least eight at night before 'tis possible to bring you to my Arms. Come in your Chariot, and do not hear your self with riding; have a care of me and my life in the preservation of all I love. Be sure you go, and do not, my *Philander*, out of a punctilio of Love, neglect your dear safety. — Go then, *Philander*, and all the Gods of love preserve and attend thee on thy way, and bring thee safely back to *Silvia*.

To

To *Silvia*.

O thou most charming
the Sweetness lovely de
delight of my transported Sou
thou everlasting treasure of m
heart! what hast thou done? giv
me an over joy, that fails but v
ry little of perfecting what grie
excess had almost slain'd before
Eternal blessings on thee, for
Goodness so Divine, Oh, tho
most excellent and dearest of th
Sex! I know not what to do o
what to say. I am not what
was, I do not speak, nor walk
nor think as I was wont to do,
sure the excess of joy is far above
dull sense, or formal thinking, it
cannot stay for ceremonious me-
thods. I rave with pleasure, rage
with the dear thought of coming
Extasie. Oh *Silvia*, *Silvia*, *Sil-*
via!

my Soul, my vital Blood,
without which I could as well
[illegible] Oh, my adorable, my
[illegible] methinks I preſs thee,
thee, hear thee ſigh, behold
Eyes, and all the wondrous
eauty of thy face; a ſolemn joy
ſpread it ſelf through every
through every ſenſible arte-
of my heart, and I can think
nothing but of *Silvia*, the love-
Silvia, the blooming flowing
via; and ſhall I ſee thee? ſhall I
uch thy hands, and preſs thy
r, thy charming body in my
ms, and taſte a thouſand joys,
thouſand raviſhments? oh God!
all I? oh *Silvia*, ſay; but thou
ſt ſaid enough to make me mad,
and I forgetting of thy ſafety and
my own, ſhall bring thy wild a-
ring ſlave to *Belfont*, and throw
im at thy feet, to pay his humble gratitude for this great con-

deſcen-

desolation; this vast country

Ah, *Silvia*, how shall I live a night? and you impose too much upon me in conjuring me to go *Cesario*; alas! does *Silvia* know so what she exposes her *Philander* whose joy is so transporting great, that when he comes into the grave Cabal he must bear up the glory of his heart, and in lieu of the mighty business there in hand be raving still on *Silvia*, telling his joy to all the amazed listeners, and answering questions that concern our great affair, with something of my love; all which will pass for madness and undo me? no, give me leave to rave in silence and unseen among the trees, they humour my disease, answer my murmuring joy, and Echo's flatter it, repeat thy name, repeat that *Silvia*'s mine! and never hurt her fame; while the Cabals, bus-

nels

ness and noise Town will add con-
fusion to my present transport, and
make me mad indeed: no, let me
alone, thou sacred lovely creature,
let me be calm and quiet here,
and tell all the insensibles I meet
in the woods what *Silvia* has this
happy minute destin'd me: Oh,
let me record it on every bark, on
every Oak and Beech, that all the
world may wonder at my fortune,
and bless the generous Maid; let
it grow up to Ages that shall come,
that they may know the story of
our loves, and how a happy youth,
they call'd *Philander*, was once so
blest by Heaven as to possess the
charming, the ador'd and lov'd
by all, the glorious *Silvia!* a
Maid, the most divine that ever
grac'd a Story; and when the
Nymphs would look for an Ex-
ample of Love and Constancy,
let them point out *Philander* to
their

their doubted Swains, and cry, ah!
love but as the young *Philander*
did, and then be fortunate, & then
reap all your wishes: and when the
Shepherd would upbraid his
Nymph, let him but cry, — see
here what *Silvia* did to save the
young *Philander*; but oh! there
never will be such another Nymph
as *Silvia*; Heaven form'd but one
to shew the World what Angels
are, and she was form'd for me,
yes she was — in whom I would
not quit my glorious interest to
reign a Monarch here, or any boa-
sted gilded thing above! take all,
take all, ye Gods, and give me
but this happy coming night! oh
Silvia, Silvia! by all any promis'd
joys I am undone if thy accident
should ravish this night from me:
this night! no not for a lease of
years to all eternity would I throw
thee away: Oh! I am all flame,
all

...ful fire and softness, *methinks*
...Heaven where ever I look a-
...nd me, air where I tread, & ra-
...shing Musick when I speak, be-
...sets us all of *Silvia*—let me alone,
...let me cool a little, or I shall by
... excess of joyful thought lose
... my hop'd for bliss. Remove a
...tle from me, go, my *Silvia*, you
... so excessive sweet, so wondrous
...ling, you pass my senses even
...pain—away!—let me take air,—
...let me recover breath: oh let me
...y me down beneath some cool-
...g shade, near some refreshing
...ystal murmuring spring, and
...n the gentle air about me. I suf-
...ocate, I faint, with this close lo-
...ng, I must allay my joy or
...e undone——I'll read thy
...ruel Letters, or I'll think of
...some sad melancholy hour
...wherein thou hast dismiss'd me
...sparing from thy Presence, or

while

while you presume never to be gone
with so much ease those
have some Lover to accompany
entertain; perhaps 'tis only for
vanity to hear him tell his hallo
outs Passion to you, breath on you
lovely face, and dash your Ga
ments with his fulsome embrac
but oh, by Heaven I cannot
that though it and thou hast sw
thou canst not forbear
should find those false
impossible — dost thou
Earls visit thee, when
Parents favor, I should
by Heaven I should — but
hast sworn, what needs
more? yes, Sworn, thou hast sworn
and call'd Heaven's Vengeance
down when-e'er thou gavest
look, or a dear smile in love to
pretending Fop; yet from
mighty fortune there is danger
him — what makes that
torment

ment me now?—be gone, for *Belfont* loves me, and will preserve my Life——

I am not able, my adorable charmer, to obey your commands of going from the sight of happy *Belfont*; no, let the great wheel of the vast design roul on—or for ever stand still, for I'll not aid its motion to leave the mightier business of my love unfinish'd: no, let fortune and the duller Fools toil on—for I'll not bate a minute of my joys with thee to save the world, much less so poor a parcel of it, and sure there is more solid pleasure even in these expecting hours I wait to snatch my bliss, than to be Lord of all the universe without it: then let me wait, my *Silvia*, in those melancholy shades that part *Belfont* from *Dorillus*'s farm; perhaps my *Silvia* may walk that way so unattended, that we might meet and love

our

our selves for a few Moments in those intricate retreats: Ah, *Silvia*, I am dying with that thought—Oh Heavens! what cruel destiny is mine? whose fatal circumstances do not permit me to own my passion, and lay claim to *Silvia*, to take her without control to shades or Palaces, to live for ever with her, to gaze for ever on her, to eat, to loll, to rise, to play, to sleep, to act o'er all the pleasures and the joys of life with her—But 'tis in vain I rave, in vain employ myself in the fools barren business, wishing, this thought has made me sad as death: Oh, *Silvia*! I can ne'er be truly happy,—adieu, employ thy self in writing to me, and remember my life bears date but only with thy Faith and Love.

Philander.

Try, my Adorable, what you can do to meet me in the Wood this afternoon, for there I'll live to day.

To

To *Philander*.

OBstinate *Philander*, I conjure you by all your Vows, by all your sacred love, by those dear hours this happy night design'd in favour of you, to go without delay to *Cesario*; 'twill be unsafe to disobey a Prince in his jealous circumstances. The fatigue of the journey cannot be great, and you well know the torment of my fears; oh! I shall never be happy or think you safe till you have quitted this fatal interest: Go, my *Philander*—and remember whatever toils you take will be rewarded at night in the Arms of

Silvia.

To

To Silvia.

WHatever Toils you take shall be rewarded in the Arms of *Silvia!*—By Heaven, I am inspired to act wonders: Yes, *Silvia*, yes, my adorable Maid, I am gone, I fly as swift as lightning, or the soft darts of love that from thy charming Eyes, and I can hardly stay to say—adieu—

To the Lady——

Dear Child,

LONG foreseeing the misery whereto you must arrive by this fatal correspondence with my unhappy Lord, I have often, with tears and prayers, implor'd you to decline so dangerous a passion;

I

Have never yet acquainted our Parents with your misfortunes, but I fear I must at last make use of their Authority for the prevention of your ruin. 'Tis not, my dearest Child, that part of this unhappy story that relates to me, that grieves me, but purely that of thine. Consider, oh young noble Maid, the infamy of being a Prostitute! and yet the act itself in this fatal Amour is not the greatest sin, but the manner which carries an unnatural horrour with it; for 'tis a Brother too, my Child, as well as Lover, you have lain by thy unhappy Sister's side so many tender nights, by whom he has a dear and lovely offspring, by which he has more fixt himself to thee by relation and blood. Consider this, oh fond heedless girl! and suffer not a momentary Joy to rob thee of the eternal Fame, me of my eternal

eternal repose, and fix a brand up-
on our noble house, and so undo
us all.—Alas, consider after
action so shameful, thou must ob-
scure thy self in some remote cor-
ner of the World, where honesty
and honor never are heard of; for
thou canst not shew thy face, but
'twill be pointed at for some thing
monstrous: for a hundred Ages
may not produce a story so lewdly
infamous and loose as thine. Per-
haps (fond as you are) your im-
gin the sole joy of being believ'd
by him, will attone for those af-
fronts and reproaches you will
meet with in the censuring world.
But Child, remember and believe
me, there is no falling falsh in sin,
he that has broke his Vows with
Heaven and me, will be again per-
jur'd to Heaven and thee, and all
the World!——he once thought
me as lovely, lay at my feet, and
sigh'd

h'd away his ſoul, and told ſuch
ious ſtories of his Sufferings,
h ſad, ſuch mournful tales of
departed reſt, his broken heart
d everlaſting Love, that ſure I
ought it had been a ſin not to
ve credited his charming perju-
s; in ſuch a way he ſwore, with
h a grace he ſigh'd, ſo artfully
mov'd, ſo tenderly he look'd.
as, dear Child, then all he ſaid
s new, unuſual with him, ne-
told before, now 'tis a beaten
d, 'tis learn'd by heart, and ea-
addreſt to any fond believing
oman, the tatter'd, worn-out
gments of my Trophies, the
gs of what I long ſince drain'd
m off his fickle heart; then it
s fine, then it was brisk & new,
w pall'd and dull'd by being re-
ted often. Think, my Child,
at your victorious beauty me-
s, the victim of a heart uncon-

quer'd by any but your eyes: Alas, he has been my captive, my humble whining slave, disdain to put him on your fetters now; alas, he can say no new thing of his heart to thee, 'tis love at second hand, worn out, and all its gaudy luster tarnish't; besides, my Child, if thou hadst no Religion binding enough, no Honor that could stay thy fatal course, yet nature should oblige thee, and give a check to the unreasonable enterprise. The griefs and dishonour of our noble Parents, who have been eminent for virtue and piety, oh suffer 'em not to be reguarded in this censuring World as the most unhappy of all the race of old nobility; thou art the darling child, the joy of all, the last hope left, the refuge of their sorrow; for they, alas, have had but unkind stars to influence their unadvis'd off-spring: no want

of

virtue in their Education, but
this last blow of Fate must strike
me dead! Think, think of this,
my Child, and yet retire from
me; haste, fly from destruction
which pursues thee fast; haste,
haste, and save thy Parents and a
Sister, or what's more dear, thy
Fame; mine has already receiv'd
too many desperate wounds,
all through my unkind Lord's
roving Passion for thee, which
was most fatally founded on my
Ruin, and nothing but my ruin
could advance it; and when my
Lord, thou hast run thy race, made
thy self loath'd, undone and infa-
mous as hell, despis'd, scorn'd and
shunn'don'd by all, lampoon'd, per-
haps diseas'd; this faithless Man,
the cause of all will leave thee too,
grow weary of thee, nauseated by
thee, he may perhaps consider what
he has, what evils, and what inconve-

ences and ſhames thou'ſt brought
him to, and will not be the laſt
ſhall loath and hate thee: For
though youth fanſie it have a
mighty race to run of pleaſing
vice and vanity, the courſe will
end, the goal will be arriv'd to at
the laſt, where they will ſighing
ſtand, look back and view the
length of pretious time they've
fool'd away; when travers'd o'er
with honour and diſcretion, how
glorious were the journey, and
with what joy the wearied trave-
ler lies down & basks beneath the
ſhades that ends the happy courſe.

Forgive, dear Child, this advice
and perſue it, 'tis the effect of my
pity, not anger, nor could the
name of rival ever yet have power
to baniſh that of ſiſter from my
Soul—farewel, remember me,
pray Heaven thou haſt not this
night made a forfeit of thy honour
and

and that this which comes from a tender bleeding heart may have the fortune to inſpire thee with grace to avoid all temptations for the future, ſince they muſt end in ſorrow, which is the eternal pray-er of,

Deareſt Child,
Your affectionate Siſter.

To *Philander.*

ASk me not, my deareſt Brother, the reaſon of this ſudden change, ask me no more from whence proceeds this ſtrange coldneſs, or why this alteration; it is enough my deſtiny has not decreed me for *Philander*: Alas, I ſee my errour, and looking round about me, find nothing but approaching horrour and confuſion

in my pursuit of love: Oh whither was I going? to what dark paths, what everlasting shades had smiling love betrai'd me had I pursu'd him farther? but I at last have subdu'd his force, and the fond Charmer shall no more renew his arts and flatteries; for I'm resolv'd as Heaven, as fixt as fate and death, and I conjure you, trouble my repose no more, for if you do (regardless of my honour, which if you lov'd you wou'd preserve) I'll do a deed shall free me from your importunities, that shall amaze and cool your vitious flame: no more — remember you have a noble Wife, companion of your Vows, and I have honour, both which are worth preserving, and for which, though you want generous Love, you'll find neither that nor Courage wanting in

Silvia.

To

To Silvia.

YES, my Adorable *Silvia*, I will purſue you no farther, only for all my pains, for all my ſufferings, for my tormenting ſleepleſs nights, & thoughtful anxious days; for all my faithleſs hopes, my fears, my ſighs, my prayers and my tears, for my unequall'd and unbound paſſion, and my unwearied purſuits in love, my ne'er dying flame, and laſtly, for my death; I only beg in recompenſe for all, this laſt favour from your pity; That you will deign to view the bleeding wound that pierc'd the trueſt heart that ever fell a ſacrifice to love: you'll find my body lying beneath that ſpreading Oak, ſo ſacred to *Philander*, ſince 'twas there he firſt took into his greedy raviſh'd Soul the dear,

the ſoft confeſſion of thy Paſſion, tho now forgotten and neglected all——make what haſte you can, you'll find there ſtretch'd out the mangled Carcaſs of the loſt

Philander.

Ah! *Silvia*, was it for this that I was ſent in ſuch haſte away this morning to *Ceſario?* did I for this neglect the world, our great affair, and all that Prince's intereſt, and fly back to *Belfont*, on the wings of Love, were in lieu of receiving a dear bleſſing from thy hand, do I find——never ſee me more——good Heaven ——but, with my life, all my complaints are ended; only 'twould be ſome eaſe even in death to know what happy Rival 'tis has arm'd thy cruel hand againſt *Philander*'s heart.

To

To *Philander.*

STay, I conjure thee ſtay thy Sacrilegious hand; for the leaſt wound it gives the Lord of all my wiſhes, I'll double on my breaſt a thouſand fold; ſtay then, by all thy vows, thy love, and all the hopes I ſwear thou haſt this night a full recompence of all thy pains from yielding *Silvia*; I do conjure thee ſtay—for when the news arrives thou art no more, this poor, this loſt, abandon'd heart of mine ſhall fall a victim to thy cruelty: no, live, my *Philander*, I conjure thee, and receive all thou canſt ask, and all that can be given by

Silvia.

To Philander.

OH, my charming *Philander*! how very ill have you recompenc'd my last soft commands! which were that you should live: and yet at the same moment, while you are reading of the dear Obligation, and while my Page was waiting your kind return, you desperately expos'd your life to the mercy of this innocent Rival, betraying unadvisedly at the same time, my honour and the secret of your love, & where to kill or to be kill'd, had been almost equally unhappy: 'twas well my Page told me you disarm'd him in this rancounter; yet you he says are wounded, some sacred drops of blood are fallen to the earth and lost, the least of which are pretious enough to ransom captive Queens: oh! haste

Phi-

Philander, to my Arms for cure, I die with fear there may be danger——haſte, and let me bath the dear, the wounded part in floods of tears, lay it to my warm Lips, and bind it with my torn Hair: Oh! *Philander*, I rave with my concern for thee, and am ready to break all laws of decency and duty, and fly, without conſidering, to thy ſuccour, but that I fear to injure thee much more by the diſcovery, which ſuch an unadvis'd abſence would make; pray Heaven the unlucky adventure reach not *Belfont*; *Foſcario* has no reaſon to proclaim it, and thou art too generous to boaſt the conqueſt, and *Silvia* was the only witneſs, and he's as ſilent & as ſecret as the Grave; but why, *Philander*, was he ſent me back without reply? what meant that cruel ſilence——ſay, my *Philander*, will you not

obey,

obey me?——will you abandon me? can that dear tongue be perur'd? and can you this night disappoint your *Silvia?* what have I done, oh obstinately cruel, irreconcilable——what, for my first offence? a little poor resentment and no more? a little faint care of my gasping honour, cou'd that displease so much? besides I had a cause, which you shall see; a Letter that wou'd cool loves hottest fires, and turn it to devotion; by Heaven 'twas such a check—such a surprise——but you your self shall judg it after that, I could say less than bid eternally farewel to love—at least to thee—but I recanted soon; one sad dear word, one soft resenting line from thee, gain'd Love the day again, and I despis'd the censures of the duller world: yes, yes, and I confess'd you had o'er-come, and did this merit

merit no reply? I asked the Boy a thousand times what you said, how and in what manner you receiv'd it, chid him, and laid your silent fault on him, till he with tears convinc'd me, and said he found you hastning to the Grove, —and when he gave you my commands——you look'd upon him with such a stedfast, wild and fixt regard, surveying him all o'er while you were opening it——as argu'd some unusual motion in you; then cried be gone--I cannot answer flattery——good Heaven, what can you mean? but e'er he got to the farther end of the Grove, where still you walk'd a solemn death-like pace, he saw *Fostario* pass him unattended, and looking back, saw your rancounter, saw all that hapned between you, then ran to your assistance, just as you parted; still you were roughly

ly ſullen, and neither took notice of his proffer'd ſervice, nor that you needed it, although you bled apace; he offer'd you his aid to tie your wounds up --but you reply'd---be gone, and do not trouble me---Oh, cou'd you imagin I cou'd live with this neglect? cou'd you, my *Philander*? Oh, what would you have me do? if nothing but my death or ruin can ſuffice for my attonement, I'll ſacrifice either with joy; yes, I'll proclaim my paſſion aloud, proclaim it at *Belfont*, own the dear criminal flame, fly to my *Philander*'s aid and be undone; for thus I cannot, no I will not live, I rave, I languiſh, faint and die with pain; ſay that you live, oh, ſay but that you live, ſay you are coming to the Meadow behind the Garden-grove in order to your approach to my Arms: Oh, ſwear that all

your

your Vows are true; oh, swear that you are *Silvia's*; and in return, I'll swear that I am yours without reserve, whatever Fate is design'd for your

Silvia.

I die with Impatience, either to see or hear from you; I fear 'tis yet too soon for the first——oh therefore save me with the last, or I shall rave, and wildly betray all by coming to Dorillus *his Farm, or seeking you where e'er you cruelly have hid your self from*

Silvia.

To

To Silvia.

AH, *Silvia*, how have you in one day destroy'd that repose I have been designing so many years! oh, thou false—but wondrous fair creature! why did Heaven ordain so much beauty & so much perfidy, so much excellent wit and so much cunning, (things inconsistent in any but in *Silvia*) in one divine frame, but to undo Mankind: yes, *Silvia*, thou wert born to Murther more believing Men than the unhappy and undon *Philander*. Tell me, thou charming Hypocrite, why hast thou thus deluded me? why, oh, why was I made the miserable object of thy fatal Vow breach? What have I done, thou lovely fickle Maid, that thou shouldst be my murtherer? and why dost thou call

call me from the grave with ſuch dear ſoft commands as wou'd awake the very quiet dead, to torture me anew, after my Eyes (curſe on their fatal Senſe) were too ſure witneſſes of thy infidelity? Oh, fickle Maid, how much more kind 't had been to have ſent me down to earth, with plain heart-breaking truth, than a mean ſubtil falſhood, that has undon thy credit in my Soul: Truth, tho 'twere cruel, had been generous in thee, though thou wert perjur'd, falſe, forſworn——thou ſhouldſt not have added to it that yet baſer ſin of treachery: you might have been provok'd to have kill'd your friend, but it were baſe to ſtab him unawares, defenceleſs and unwarn'd; ſmile in my face and ſtrike me to the heart; ſooth me with all the tendereſt marks of paſſion—— nay with an Invitation too, that

wou'd

wou'd have gain'd a credit in one that had been jilted o'er th' world, flatter'd and ruin'd by all thy cozening Sex, and all to send me vain and pleas'd away, only to gain a day to entertain another Lover in. Oh, fantastick Woman! destructive glorious thing, what needed this deceit? hadst thou not with unwonted industry perswaded me to have hasted to *Cesario*, by Heaven, I'd dully liv'd the tedious day in traversing th' flowry Meads and silent Groves, laid by some murmuring spring had sigh'd away the often counted hours, and thought on *Silvia* till the blest minute of my ravishing approach to her; had been a fond believing and impos'd on Coxcomb, and ne'r had dreamt the treachery, ne'er seen the snake that bask'd beneath the gay, the smiling flowers; securely thou hadst cozen'd me, reap'd thy new

joys

joys, and made my Rival sport at the expence of all my happiness; Yes, yes, your hasty importunity first gave me jealousie, made me impatient with *Cesario*, and excuse my self to him by a hundred Inventions; neglected all to hasten back, where all my joys, where all my killing fears and torments resided---but when came---how was I welcom'd? with your confirming Billet; yes, *Silvia*, how! let *Dorillus* inform you, between whose Arms I fell dead, shame on me, dead---and the first thought my Soul conceiv'd when it return'd, was, not to die in jest. I answer'd your commands, and hastned to the Grove, where---by all that's sacred, by thy self I swear (a dearer oath than Heaven and Earth can furnish me with) I did resolve to die; but oh, how soon my soft my silent passion turn'd to

loud

rage, rage easier to be born, to dire despair, to fury and revenge; for there I saw *Foscario*, my young, my fair, my rich and powerful Rival, he hasted through the grove all warm and glowing from the fair false ones Arms; the blushes which thy eyes had kindl'd were fresh upon his cheeks, his looks were sparkling with th'new blown fire his heart so briskly burnt with, a glad, a peaceful smile dress all his face, trick'd like a Bridegroom, while he perfum'd the air as he past through it——none but the Man that loves and dotes like me is able to express my sense of rage: I quickly turn'd the Sword from my own heart to send it to his elevated one, giving him only time to ——draw——that was the word, and I confess your Spark was wondrous ready, brisk with success, vain with your new-given favors

he

he only cry'd——if *Silvia* be the quarrel——I am prepar'd——and he maintain'd your cauſe with admirable Courage, I confeſs, though chance or fortune luckily gave me his ſword, which I wou'd fain have rendred back, and that way wou'd have died, but he refuſed to arm his hand anew againſt th'man that had not took advantage of him, and thus we parted: Then 'twas that malice ſupported me with life, and told me I ſhou'd ſcorn to die for ſo perfidious and ſo ruinous a creature; but charming and bewitching ſtill, 'twas then I borrow'd ſo much calmneſs of my leſſening anger to read the Billet o're your Page had brought me, which melted all the rough remaining part of rage away into tame languiſhment: Ah, *Silvia!* this heart of mine was never form'd by Nature to hold out long in ſtubborn ſullen-

ſullenneſs; I am already on the excuſing part, and fain would think thee innocent and juſt; deceive me prettily, I know thou canſt, ſooth my fond heart, and ask how it could harbour a faithleſs thought of *Silvia*——do—— flatter me, proteſt a little, ſwear my Rival ſaw thee not, ſay he was there by chance——ſay any thing, or if thou ſawſt him, ſay with how cold a look he was receiv'd——oh, *Silvia*, calm my Soul, deceive it, flatter it, & I ſhall ſtill believe and love thee on——yet ſhouldſt thou tell me truth, that thou art falſe, by Heaven I do adore thee ſo, I ſtill ſhould love thee on; ſhou'd I have ſeen thee claſp him in thy Arms, print kiſſes on his Cheeks and Lips and more——ſo fondly and ſo doatingly I love, I think I ſhou'd forgive thee; for I ſwear by all the Powers that pity frail mor-

mortality, there is no joy, no life, no Heaven without thee! Be falſe, be cruel, perjur'd, infamous, yet ſtill I muſt adore thee; my Soul was form'd of nothing but of love, and all that love, and all that Soul is *Silvia*'s, but yet ſince thou haſt fram'd me an excuſe, be kind and carry it on---to be deluded well, as thou canſt do't, will be the ſame to innocence as loving; I ſhall not find the cheat: I'll come then——and lay my ſelf at thy feet, and ſeek there that repoſe, that dear content which is not to be found in this vaſt world beſides; though much of my Heart's joy thou haſt abated, and fixt a ſadneſs in my Soul that will not eaſily vaniſh——Oh *Silvia*, take care of me, for I am in thy power, my life, my fame, my ſoul are in thy hands, be tender of the Victims, and remember if any action

of

of thy life ſhou'd ſhew a fading love, that very moment I perceive the change, you ſhall find dead at your feet the abandoned

Philander.

Sad as Death, I am going towards the Meadow, in order to my approach towards Silvia, *the World affording no repoſe to me, but when I am where the dear Charmer is.*

To Philander *in the Meadow.*

AND can you be jealous of me, *Philander*? I mean ſo poorly jealous as to believe me capable of falſhood, of vow-breach, and what's worſe, of loving any thing but the adorable *Philander*?

Oh,

Oh, I cou'd not once believe so
viel a thought cou'd have entred
to the imaginations of a Soul so
nely poſſeſt with *Silvia*, and ſo
at a judge of Love! Abandon
reproach me, hate me, ſcorn
whenever I harbour any thing
mine ſo deſtructive to my re-
e and thine. Can I *Philander*,
e you a greater proof of my
ſion, of my Faithful never-dy-
paſſion, than being undone for
? Have I any other proſpect
all this ſoft adventure, but
me, diſhonour, reproach, eter-
infamy, and everlaſting de-
ction, even of Soul and Body?
mble with fear of future pu-
ment; but Oh, Love will have
devotion (mixt with his cere-
nies) to any other Deity; and
alas, I might have Lov'd ano-
, and have been fav'd, or any
d but *Silvia*, might have poſ-

fess'd without damnation. But
a Brother I pursue, it is a Sis
gives her Honour up, and no
but *Cassandra* that ever I read in
ry, was ever found so wretched
to love a Brother with so crimi
a flame, and possibly I may me
her Fate. I have a Father too
great as *Æolus*, as angry and
vengeful where his Honour is co
cern'd; and you found, my de
est Brother, how near you w
last night to a discovery in t
Garden: I have some reason t
to fear this night's adventure,
as ill fate would have it, (load
with other thoughts) I told not
linda of your adventure last nig
with *Monsieur* the Count,
meeting her early this morning, h
like to have made a discovery,
he have not really so already;
strove to shun him, but he cr
out —— *Melinda*, you cannot

e by light, as you did laſt night
the dark—ſhe turn'd and beg'd
s pardon for neither coming nor
ſigning to come, ſince ſhe had
olv'd never to violate her vows
Alexis; not coming, cried he,
returning again, you meant
linda, ſecure of my heart and
purſe, you fled with both:
linda, whoſe Honour was now
ncern'd, and not reminding your
ape in her likeneſs, Bluſhing,
ſharply denied the Fact, and
h a diſdain that had laid aſide
reſpect left him; nor can it be
ubted, but he fanſied (if ſhe
ke truth) there was ſome other
rigue of Love carried on at *Bell-*
r. Judge my charming *Phi-*
der, if I have not reaſon to be
rful of thy ſafety and my fame,
d to be jealous that ſo wiſe a
n as *Monſieur*, did not take that
ly to be held with a Spirit laſt

night, or that 'twas an Apparition he courted: But if there be no boldneſs like that of Love, nor courage like that of a Lover; ſure there never was ſo great a Heroine as *Silvia*. Undaunted, I reſolve to ſtand the ſhock of all, ſince 'tis impoſſible for me to leave *Philander* any doubt or jealouſie that I can diſſipate, and Heaven knows how far I was from any thought of ſeeing *Foſcario* when I urg'd *Philander* to depart. I have, to clear my Innocence, ſent thee the Letter I received two hours after thy abſence, which falling into my Mother's hands, whoſe Favourite he is, he had Permiſſion to make his viſit; which within an Hour he did, but how received by me, be thou the judge, whene'er it is thy Fate to be oblig'd to entertain ſome Woman to whom thy Soul has an intire averſion: I

forc'd

forc'd a Complaisance against my nature, indur'd his wrecking courtship with a Fortitude that became the great Heart that bears thy sacred Image, as Martyrs do; I suffer'd without murmuring or the least sign of the pain I endur'd—— 'tis below the dignity of my mighty Passion to justifie it farther, let it plead its own cause, it has a thousand ways to do it, and those all such as cannot be resisted, cannot be doubted, especially this last proof of sacrificing to your repose the never more to be doubted

SILVIA.

About an hour hence I shall expect you to advance.

To the Lady——

Madam,

'TIS not always the divine graces wherewith Heaven has adorn'd your reſplendent beauties, that can maintain the innumerable conqueſts they gain, without a noble Goodneſs, which may make you ſenſibly compaſſionate the poor and forlorn captives you have undone: But, moſt fair of your Sex, 'tis I alone that have a deſtiny more cruel and ſevere, and find my ſelf wounded from your very frowns, and ſecur'd a ſlave as well as made one; the very ſcorn from thoſe triumphant Stars, your Eyes, have the ſame effects as if they ſhin'd with the continual ſplendour of raviſhing Smiles, and I can no more ſhun their killing influence, than their all-ſaving aſpects,

fects, and I shall expire content-
fine I fall by so glorious a
; if you will vouchsafe to pro-
unce my doom from that Store-
se of perfection, your mouth,
lips that open like the blush-
Rose, strow'd o'er with mor-
dew, and from a breath swee-
than holy Incense; in order to
ich, I approach you, most ex-
beauty, with this most hum-
petition, that you will deign
permit me to throw my un-
thy self before the Throne of
Mercy, there to receive the
ntence of my Life or Death, a
ppiness though incomparably
great for so mean a Vassal, yet
ith that reverence and awe
shall receive it, as I wou'd the
ntence of the Gods, and which
will no more resist than I wou'd
the Thunderbolts of *Jove*, or the
revenge of angry *Juno*: For, Ma-

dam, my immense Passion knows no *medium* between life and death, and as I never had the Presumption to aspire to the glory of the first, I am not so abject as to fear I am wholly depriv'd of the glory of the last; I have too long lain convicted, extend your Mercy, and put me now out of pain. You have often wreck'd me to confess my Promethian Sin; spare the cruel Vulture of Despair, take him from my heart in Pity, and either by killing words, or blasting lightning from those refulgent Eyes, pronounce the death of

Madam,

Your admiring Slave,

Fosario.

dam;

To

To Silvia.

My everlasting Charmer,

I Am convinc'd and pleas'd, my fears are vanish't and a Heaven of solid Joy is open'd to my view, and I have nothing now in prospect but Angel-brightness, glittering Youth, dazling Beauty, charming Sounds, and ravishing Touches, and all around me Ecstasies of Pleasure, unconceivable Transports without conclusion; *Mahomet* never fansied such a Heaven, not all his Paradise promis'd such lasting Felicity, or ever provided there the Recompense of such a Maid as *Silvia*, such a bewitching Form, such soft, such glorious Eyes, where the Soul speaks and dances, and betrays Love's-secrets in every killing Glance, a Face,

where every motion, every feature ſweetly languiſhes, a Neck all-tempting——and her lovely Breaſt inviting preſſes from the eager Lips; ſuch Hands, ſuch claſping Arms, ſo white ſo ſoft and ſlender! no, nor one of all his Heavenly enjoyments, though promis'd years of fainting in one continued extaſie, can make one moment's joy with charming *Silvia*. Oh, I am wrapt (with bare imagination) with much a vaſter pleaſure than any other dull appointment can diſpence——Oh, thou bleſſing ſent from Heaven to eaſe my toils of life! thou ſacred dear delight of my fond doating Heart, Oh, whither wilt thou lead me, to what vaſt heights of Love? Into extreams as fatal and as dangerous as thoſe exceſſes were that rendred me ſo cold in your opinion. Oh, *Silvia*, *Silvia*, have a

care

care of me, manage my o'erjoy'd
Soul and all its eager passions, chide
my fond heart, be angry if I faint
upon thy Bosom, and do not with
thy tender voice recall me, a voice
that kills outright, and calls my
fleeting Soul out of its Habitation:
lay not such charming Lips to my
cold Cheeks, but let me lie extended
at thy feet untouch'd, unsigh'd upon,
unpress'd with Kisses. Oh, change
those tender trembling words of
Love into rough sounds and not-
ing unconcern'd, and when you
see me dying, do not call my Soul
to mingle with thy sighs; yet
should'st thou hate one word, one
look or tear, by Heaven, I should
be mad; oh, never let me live to
see declension in thy Love: no, no,
my Charmer, I cannot bear the
least supposed decay in those dear
endearments of thine; and sure none
e'er

ſet became a Maid ſo well, nor ever were receiv'd with Adorations like to mine.

Pardon, my Adorable *Silvia*, the raſhneſs of my Paſſion in this rencounter with *Eſcario*; I am ſatisfied he is too unhappy in your diſfavour to merit the being ſo in mine; but 'twas ſufficient I then ſaw a Joy in his Face, a pleas'd gaiety in his Looks to make me think my Rage reaſonable, and my Quarrel juſt; but by the ſtile he writes, I dread his Senſe leſs than his Perſon; but you, my lovely Maid, have ſaid enough to quit me of my Fears for both——— the night comes on——— I cannot call it envious, though it rob me of the Light that ſhould aſſiſt me to finiſh this, ſince it will more gloriouſly repay me in a happier Place——— come on then, thou bleſt retreat of Lovers, I forgive thy Interruptions here

here, since thou wilt conduct me to the Arms of *Silvia* —— the Adoring *Philander*. Have you any Commands for me, this Weeder of the Gardens, whom I met going in thither, will bring it back. I wait in the Meadow, and date this from the dear Primrose-Bank, where I have sat with Silvia.

To Philander.

After the happy Night.

IS done, yes, *Philander*, is done, and after that what will not Love and Grief oblige me to own to you? Oh, by what insensible degrees a Maid in love may arrive to say any thing in her Love, without blushing? I have

have known the time, the blest innocent time when but to think I lov'd *Philander* wou'd have cover'd my face with shame, and to have spoke it wou'd have fill'd me with Confusion —— have made me Tremble, Blush, and bend my guilty Eyes to Earth, not daring to behold my Charming Conqueror while I made that bashful Confession —— though now I am grown bold in Love, and I have known the time when being at Court, and coming from the Presence, being offered some officious hand to lead me to my Coach, I have shrunk back with my Aversion to your Sex, and have conceal'd my Hands in my Pockets to prevent their being touch'd —— a Kiss would turn my Stomach, and amorous Looks (though they wou'd make me vain) gave me a hate to him that sent

ent 'em, and never any Maid re-
solved so much as I to tread the
Paths of Honour, and I had many
Precedents before me to make me
careful: Thus I was arm'd with re-
solution, pride and scorn, against all
Mankind, but alas, I made no de-
fence against a Brother, but inno-
cently lay expos'd to all his attacks
of Love, and never thought it cri-
minal till it kindled a new Desire
about me. Oh, that I shou'd not
die with shame to own it——yet
see (I say) how from one soft de-
gree to another, I do not only
confess the shameful Truth, but
act it too; what, with a Brother
——Oh Heavens! a Crime so mon-
strous and so new——but by all
thy Love, by those surprising Joys
so lately experienc'd——I never
will——no, no, I never can——re-
pent it: Oh, incorrigible Passion,
oh hardned Love! at least I might
have

have ſome remorſe, ſome ſighing after my poor departed Honour; but why ſhould I diſſemble with the Powers Divine, that know the Secrets of a Soul doom'd to Eternal Love? Yet I am mad, I rave and tear my ſelf, traverſe my guilty Chamber in a diſordred, but a ſoft Confuſion; and often opening the conſcious Curtains, ſurvey the print where thou and I were laſt night laid, ſurveying it with a thouſand tender ſighs, and kiſs and preſs thy dear forſaken ſide, imagin over all our ſolemn joys, every dear tranſport, all our raviſhing repeated bliſſes, then almoſt fainting, languiſhing, cry——*Philander!* oh, my charming little God! then lay me down in the dear place you preſs'd, ſtill warm and fragrant with the ſweet remains that thou haſt left behind thee on the Pillow, oh, my Soul's Joy! my

dear,

dear, eternal pleasure! what softness
hast thou added to my heart with
a few short hours? but oh, *Phi-*
lander—if (as I've oft been told)
possession, which makes Women
cold and Dotting, should make
thee cold and grow indifferent—!
I am fear'd with repeated joy, and
having made a full discovery of all
that was but once imaginary, when
fancy rendred every thing much
fairer than experience, oh, how were
undone! for me, by all the Inha-
bitants of Heaven I swear, by thy
dear Charming self, and by thy
Vows—thou so transcendst all
fancy, all dull Imagination, all
wondring Ideas of what Man was
to me, that I believe thee more
than humane! some charm divine
dwells in thy touches; besides all
these, thy charming look, thy love,
the beauties that adorn thee, and
thy wit, I swear there is a Secret

in Nature that renders thee more dear and fits thee to my Soul; do not ask it me, let it suffice, 'tis so, and is not to be told; yes, by it I know thou art the Man created for my Soul, and he alone that has the power to touch it; my Eyes and Fancy might have been diverted, I might have favour'd this above the other, prefer'd that Face, that Wit, or Shape, or Air, but to concern my Soul to make that capable of something more than Love, 'twas only necessary that *Philander* should be form'd and form'd just as he is, that Shape, that Face, that Height, that dear Proportion; I would not have a Feature, not a Look, not a Hair alter'd, just as thou art, thou art an Angel to me, and I, without considering what I am, what I might be, or ought, without considering the fatal Circumstances of thy be-

ing married (a thought that shocks my Soul when e'er it enters) or whate'er other thought that does concern my Happiness, or Quiet, have fixt my Soul to Love and my *Philander*, to love thee with all thy disadvantages, and glory in my Ruin; these are my firm resolves——these are my thoughts: But thou art gone, with all the Trophies of my Love and Honour, gay with the Spoils, which now perhaps are unregarded: The mystery's now reveal'd, the mighty Secret's known, and now will be no wonder or surprize: But hear my Vows, by all on which my Life depends I swear——if ever I perceive the least decay of Love in thee, if e'er thou breakst an Oath a Vow, a Word, if e'er I see Repentance in thy Face, or Coldness in thy Eyes (which Heaven divert) by that bright Heaven I'll die;

die: you may believe me, since I had the courage and durst love thee, and after that durst sacrifice my Fame, lose all to justifie that Love, will when a Change so fatal shall arrive, find courage too to die; yes, die *Philander*, assure thy self I will, and therefore have a care of

Silvia.

To *Philander.*

OH, where shall I find repose, where seek a silent Quiet, but in my last retreat the Grave! I say not this, my dearest *Philander*, that I do, or ever can repent my Love, though the fatal Source of all: For already we are betray'd, our race of Joys, our course of

stoln

ſoln Delight is ended e'er be-
un. I chid, alas, at Morning's
awn, I chid you to be gone, and
et, Heaven knows, I graſp'd you
ſt, and rather would have died
an parted with you; I ſaw the
ay came on, and curſt its buſie
ght, and ſtill you cried one bleſ-
d minute more, before I part
ith all the joys of life! and hours
ere minutes then, and day grew
ld upon us unawares, 'twas all
broad, and had call'd up all the
houſhould Spies to pry into the ſe-
rets of our Loves, and thou, by
ſome Tale-bearing flatterer, wert
ſeen in paſſing through the Garden;
the news was carried to my Fa-
ther, and a mighty Conſult has
been held in my Mother's Apart-
ment, who now refuſes to ſee me,
while I poſſeſt with Love, and full
of wonder at my new Change,
lull'd with dear Contemplation,

(for

(for I am alter'd much since yester-day, however thou hast charm'd me) imagining none knew our theft of Love, but only Heaven and *Melinda*: But oh, alas, I had no sooner finish'd this inclos'd, but my Father enter'd my Cabinet, but 'twas with such a Look——as soon inform'd me, all was betray'd to him; a while he gaz'd on me with fierceness in his Eyes, which so surpriz'd and frighted me, that I, all pale and trembling, threw my self at his feet; he seeing my disorder, took me up, and fixt so stedfast and so sad a Look on me, as would have broken any heart but mine, supported with *Philander*'s Image; I sighed and wept—— and silently attended when the Storm should fall, which turn'd into a shower so soft and piercing, I almost died to see it; at last delivering me a Paper——here,

(cried

(cried he, with a ſigh and trembling interrupted Voice) read what I cannot tell thee. Oh, *Silvia*, cried he—o—u—thou joy and hope of all my aged years, thou theft of my Dotage, how haſt thou brought me to my Grave with ſorrow? ſo left me with the Paper in my hand: Speechleſs unmov'd a while I ſtood, till he awak'd me by new ſighs and cries; for paſſing through my Chamber by chance, or by deſign, he caſt his melancholy Eyes towards my Bed, and ſaw the dear diſorder there, unuſual—then cried—Oh, wretched *Silvia*, thou art loſt! and left me almoſt fainting; the Letter, I ſoon found, was one you'd ſent from *Dorillus* his Farm this Morning, after you had parted from me, which has betrayed us all, but how it came into their hands I ſince have underſtood,

derſtood, for as I ſaid, you were ſeen paſſing through the Garden, from thence (to be confirm'd) they dogg'd you to the Barn, and waiting there your motions, ſaw *Dorillus* come forth with a Letter in his hand, which though he ſoon conceal'd, yet not ſo ſoon but it was taken notice of, when haſting to *Belfont* the neareſt way, they gave an account to *Monſieur*, my Father, who going out to *Dorillus*, commanded him to deliver him the Letter; his Vaſſal durſt not diſobey, but yielded it with ſuch diſpute and reluctancy as he durſt maintain with a Man ſo great and powerful; before *Dorillus* return'd you had taken Horſe, ſo that you are a ſtranger to our misfortune —What ſhall I do? where ſhall I ſeek a Refuge from the danger that threatens us, a ſad and ſilent Grief appears throughout *Belfont*,

and

d the face of all things are
ang'd, yet none knows the un-
ppy cauſe but *Monſieur* my Fa-
r, and *Madam* my Mother, *Me-*
da, and my ſelf; *Melinda* and
y Page are both diſmiſt from
iting on me, as ſuppoſed con-
dents of this dear ſecret, and
ngers, creatures of *Madam* the
unteſs, put about me. Oh,
ilander, what can I do? thy
vice, or I am loſt; but how, alas,
ll I either convey theſe to thee or
ceive any thing from thee, unleſs
me God of Love in pity of our
ſeries, ſhou'd offer us his aid;
l try to corrupt my new Boy,
ee good nature, pity and gene-
ſity in his looks, he's well-born
o, and may be honeſt.

Thus far *Philander*, I had writ
hen Supper was brought me, for
et my Parents have not deign'd
o let me come into their preſence,

those that serve me tell me *Mertilla* is this Afternoon arriv'd at *Belfont*; all's mighty closely carry'd in the Countesses Apartment. I tremble with the thought of what will be the result of the great Consultation: I have been tempting of the Boy, but I perceive they are strictly charg'd not to obey me; he says, against his will, he shall betray me, for they will have him search'd, but he has promis'd me to see one of the Weeders, who working in the Garden, into which my Window opens, may from thence receive what I shall let down; if it be true, I shall get this fatal knowledg to you, that you may not only prepare for the worst, but contrive to set at liberty

My heart is ready to break, and my eyes are drowned in Tears: Oh Philander, *how much unlike the last will prove this fatal night: farewell and think of* Silvia.

the unfortunate

Silvia.

This

This was Writ in the Cover to both the foregoing Letters to Philander.

Philander, all that I dreaded, all that I fear'd is fallen upon me: have been arraign'd and convi-d, three Judges, severe as the ee infernal ones, sate in condem-lon on me, a Father, a Mother, a Sister; the fact, alas, was too rly prov'd, and too many cir-nstantial truths appear'd against for me to plead, Not guilty. , Oh Heavens! had you seen tears, and heard the Prayers, eats, reproaches and upbraid-gs——these from an injur'd Si-, those my heart-broken Pa-nts; a tender Mother here, a ling and reviling Sister there—— angry Father and a guilty Con-nce——thou wouldst have won-

dred at my fortitude, my courage and my resolution; and all from Love! For surely I had died, had not thy love thy powerful love supported me; through all the accidents of life and fate, that can and will support me; in the midst of all their clamours and their railings I had from that a secret and a soft repose within, that whisper'd me, *Philander* loves me still; disclaided and renounc'd by my fond Parents, Love still replies, *Philander* still will own thee; thrown from thy Mother's and thy Sister's arms *Philander's* still are open to receive thee; And though I rave, and almost dye to see them grieve, to think that I am the fatal cause who makes so sad confusion in our Family: for, oh 'tis pitious to behold my Sister's sighs and tears, my Mother's sad despair, my Father's raging and his weeping, by me-

lancholy

ncholy turns: Yet even theſe de-
orable objects, that wou'd move
e moſt obdurate ſtubborn heart
pity and repentance, render
t mine relenting; and yet I'm
ondrous pitiful by nature, and
an weep and faint to ſee the ſad
ects of my looſe wanton love,
cannot find repentance for
dear charming ſin; and yet,
oud'ſt thou behold my Moterr's
guiſhment, no bitter words pro-
ding from her lips, no tears fall
om her down-caſt eyes, but ſi-
t and ſad as death ſhe ſits, and
ll not view the light; ſhoud'ſt
ou, I ſay, behold it, thou woud'ſt
not repent, yet grieve that thou
dſt lov'd me. Sure love has quite
nfounded nature in me, I cou'd
t elſe behold this fatal ruin with-
t revenging it upon my ſtub-
rn heart, a thouſand times a-day
makenew vows againſt the God

of Love, but 'tis too late, and I'm as often perjur'd——Oh, shou'd the Gods revenge the broken vows of Lovers, what Love-sick man, what Maid betray'd like me, but wou'd be damn'd a thousand times for every little love-quarrel, every kind resentment makes us swear to love no more, and every smile, and every flattering softness from the dear injurer, make us perjur'd. Let all the force of virtue, honour, interest joyn with my suffering Parents to perswade me to cease to love *Philander*, yet let him but appear, let him but look on me with those dear charming eyes, let him but sigh, or press me to his fragant cheek, fold me——and cry——ah, *Silvia*, can you quit me——na, you must not, you shall not, nay, I know you cannot, remember you are mine——there is such eloquence in those dear words

when

when utter'd with a voice so ten-
er and so passionate, that I believe
m irresistable——alas, I find 'em
——and easily break all the feebler
ows I make against thee; yes, I
ust be undone, perjur'd, for-
worn; incorrigible, unnatural,
disobedient, and any thing, rather
an not *Philander*'s——turn then,
y Soul, from these domestick,
elancholy objects, and look a-
oad, look forward for a while on
harming prospects; look on *Phi-
nder*, the dear, the young, the
morous *Philander*, whose very
oks infuse a tender joy through-
ut the Soul, and chase all cares,
l sorrows and anxious thoughts
om thence, whose wanton play
softer than that of young fledg'd
ngels, and when he looks and
ghs, and speaks, and touches, he
a very God: Where art thou,
h thou miracle of youth, thou

charming dear undoer! now thou haſt gain'd the glory of the conqueſt, thou ſlighteſt the rifled captive; What, not a line? two tedious days are paſt and no kind power relieves me with a word of any tidings of *Philander*——— and yet thou mayſt have ſeht—— but I ſhall never ſee it, till they raiſe up freſh witneſſes againſt me ——I cannot think thee wavering, or forgetful; for if I did, ſurely thou knowſt my heart ſo well, thou canſt not think 'twou'd live to think another thought: Confirm my kind belief, and ſend to me ——

There is a Gate well known to thee through which thou paſſeſt to *Bellfont*, 'tis in the road about half a league from hence, an old Man opens it, his Daughter weeds in the Garden, and will convey this to thee as I have order'd her, by the

the same messenger thou may'st return thine, and early as she comes I'll let her down a string, by which (my way unperceiv'd, I shall receive 'em from her: I'll say no more; nor instruct you how you shall preserve your

Silvia.

To Silvia.

That which was left in her hands by Monsieur, her Father in her Cabinet.

Most adorable Silvia,

Can no more describe to thee the torment with which I part from *Bellfont*, than I can that Heaven of joy I was rais'd to last night by the transporting effects of thy wondrous love; both are to excess, and both killing, but in different kinds. Oh, *Silvia*, by all my

unspeakable raptures in thy arms, by all thy charms of beauty, too numerous and too ravishing for fancy to imagin——If swear——by this last night, by this dear new discovery, thou hast increas'd my love to that vast height, it has undone my peace—all my repose is gone——this dear, dear night has ruin'd me, it has confirm'd me now I must have *Silvia*, and cannot live without her, no, not a day, an hour——to save the world, unless I had the intire possession of my lovely Maid: Ah, *Silvia*, I am not that indifferent dull Lover, that can be rais'd by one beauty to an appetite, and satisfie it with another, I cannot carry the dear flame you kindle, to quench it in the imbraces of *Mertilla*; no, by the eternal powers, he that pretends to love, and loves at that course rate, needs fear no danger from that

) passion,

passion, he ne're was born to love or dye for love; *Silvia*, *Mertilla*, and a thousand more were all the same to such a dull insensible; no, *Silvia*, when you find I can return back to the once left matrimonial Bed, despise me, scorn me, swear (as then thou justly may'st) I love not *Silvia*: Let the hot brute drudge on (he who is fir'd by Nature, not by Love, whom any bodies kisses can inspire) and raise the necessary heats of youth; Love is a nobler fire, which nothing can allay but the dear she that rais'd it; no, no, my purer stream shall ne're run back to the fountain whence 'tis parted, nay, it cannot, it were as possible to love again where one has ceas'd to love, as carry the desire and wishes back; by Heaven, to me there's nothing so unnatural; no, *Silvia*, it is you I must possess, you have compleat-

ed

ed my undoing now, and I muſt dye unleſs you give me all——but oh, I am going from thee——when are we like to meet——oh, how ſhall I ſuppport my abſent hours! thought will deſtroy me, for 'twill be all on thee, and thoſe at ſuch a diſtance will be inſupportable—— what ſhall I do without thee? if after all the toils of dull inſipid life I cou'd return and lay me down by thee, *Herculean* labours wou'd be ſoft and eaſie——the harſh fatigues of war, the dangerous hurries of affairs of ſtate, the buſineſs and the noiſe of life, I cou'd ſupport with pleaſure, with wondrous ſatisfaction, cou'd treat *Mertilla* too with that reſpect, that generous care as wou'd become a Husband, I cou'd be eaſie every where, and every one ſhou'd be at eaſe with me; now I ſhall go and find no *Silvia* there, but ſigh and wan-

der

der like an unknown thing, on ſome ſtrange foreign ſhore; I ſhall grow peeviſh as a new wean'd child, no toys, no bauble of the gaudy world will pleaſe my wayward fancy: I ſhall be out of humour, rail at every thing, in anger ſhall demand, and ſullenly reply to every queſtion ask'd and anſwer'd, and when I think to eaſe my Soul by a retreat, a Thouſand ſoft deſires, a Thouſand wiſhes wreck me, pain me to raving, till beating the ſenſeleſs floor with my feet——I cry aloud——my *Silvia*! ——thus, thus, my charming dear, the poor *Philander* is employ'd when baniſh'd from his Heaven! if thus it us'd to be when only that bright outſide was ador'd, judge now my pain, now thou haſt made known a thouſand graces more——oh, pity me——for 'tis not in thy power to gueſs what I

ſhall

shall nowendure in absence of thee; for thou hast charm'd my Soul to an excess too mighty for a patient suffering: Alas, I dye already—— I am yet at *Doralis* his Farm, lingring on from one swift minute to the other, and have not power to go; a thousand looks all languishing I've cast from eyes all drown'd in tears towards *Bellfont*, have sight a thousand wishes to my Angel, from a sad breaking heart——Love will not let me go—and Honour calls me——alas, I must away; when shall we meet again? ah when, my *Silvia*?——oh charming Maid—thou'lt see me shortly dead, for thus I cannot live, thou must be mine, or I must be no more—— I must away—farewell——may all the softest joys of Heaven attend thee——adieu—fail not to send a hundred times a day, if possible; I've order'd *Alexis* to do

nothing

nothing but wait for all that comes, and post a way with what thou send'st to me—again adieu, think on me—and till thou call'st me to thee, imagin nothing upon earth so wretched as *Silvia's* own

Philander.

Dear my Angel, that passing through the Garden this Morning, I met Erasto—I fear, he saw me near enough to know me, and will give an account of it to my Lover, which happens

—adieu half dead, just taking Horse to go from Silvia.

To *Philander.*

Written in a Leaf of a Table-book.

I Have only time to say on *Thursday* I am destin'd a Sacrifice to *Foscario*, which day finishes the life of

Silvia.

To

To Silvia.

From Dorillus *his Farm.*

RAving and mad at the News your Billet brought me, I (without considering the effects that wou'd follow) am arriv'd at *Bellfont*; I have yet so much patience about me, to suffer my self to be conceal'd at *Dorillus* his Cottage; but if I see thee not to night, or find no hopes of it——by Heaven I'll set *Bellfont* all in a flame but I will have my *Silvia*; be sure I'll do't——what? to be married——*Silvia* to be married—and given from *Philander*——Oh, never think it, thou forsworn fair Creature——What? give *Foscario* that dear charming Body? shall he be grasp'd in those dear naked Arms? taste all thy kisses, press thy snowy Breasts, command thy joys

joys and rifle all thy heaven? Furies and Hell environ me if he do ——Oh, *Silvia*, faithless, perjur'd charming *Silvia*——and can'ſt thou ſuffer it——hear my vows, oh fickle Angel——hear me, thou faithleſs Raviſher! that fatal moment that the daring Prieſt offers to joyn your hands, and give thee from me, I'll ſacrifice your Lover; by Heaven I will, before the Altar ſtab him at your feet; the holy place, nor the numbers that attend ye, nor all your prayers nor tears ſhall ſave his heart; look to't and be not falſe——yet I'll not truſt thy Faith; no, ſhe that can think but falſely, and ſhe that can ſo eaſily be perjur'd——for, but to ſuffer it is ſuch a ſin——ſuch an undoing ſin——that thou art ſurely damn'd! and yet, by Heaven, that is not all the ruin ſhall attend thee: no, lovely Miſchief, no——you

ſhall

ſhall not ſcape till the damnation day; for I will rack thee, torture thee and plague thee, thoſe few hours I have to live (if ſpightful Fate prevent my juſt revenge upon *Foſcario*) and when I'm dead——as I ſhall quickly be kill'd by thy cruelty——know, thou fair Murtherer, I will haunt thy ſight, be ever with thee, and ſurround thy bed, and fright thee from the Raviſher; fright all thy looſe delights, and check thy joys——Oh, I am mad!——I cannot think that thought, no, thou ſhalt never advance ſo far in wickedneſs, I'll ſave thee if I can——Oh, my adorable, why doſt thou torture me? how haſt thou ſworn ſo often and ſo loud that Heaven I am ſure has heard thee, and will puniſh thee? how did'ſt thou ſwear that happy bleſſed night, in which I ſaw thee laſt, claſp'd in my arms, weeping with

eager

eager love, with melting ſoftneſs
on my boſome——remember
how thou ſwor'ſt——oh, that
dear night——let me recover
ſtrength——and then I'll tell thee
more——I muſt repeat the ſtory
of that night, which thou perhaps
(oh faithleſs!) haſt forgot——
that glorious night when all the
heavens were gay, and every fa-
vouring power look'd down and
ſmil'd upon our thefts of love, that
gloomy night the firſt of all my
joys, the bleſſed'ſt of my life——
trembling and fainting I approacht
your chamber, and while you met
and graſp'd me at the door, taking
my trembling body in your arms
——remember how I fainted at your
feet, and what dear arts you us'd
to call me back to life——remember
how you kiſs'd and preſs'd my face
——remember what dear charming words you ſpoke——and

when

when I did recover, how I ask'd you with a feeble doubtful voice —Ah, *Silvia*, will you ſtill continue thus, thus wondrous ſoft and fond? will you be ever mine and ever true—what did you then reply, when kneeling on the Carpet where I lay, what, *Silvia*, did you vow? how invoke Heaven? how call its vengeance down if e're you lov'd another man again, if e're you touch'd or ſmil'd on any other, if e're you ſuffer'd words or acts of love but from *Philander*? both Heaven and Hell thou did'ſt awaken with thy oaths, one was an angry liſtener to what it knew thou'dſt break, the other laugh'd to know thou would'ſt be perjur'd, while only I, poor I, was all the while a ſilent fond believer; your vows ſtopt all my language as your kiſſes did my lips, you ſwore and kiſs'd, and vow'd and claſp'd my

neck

neck——oh charming flatterer! oh artful dear beguiler! thus into life and peace, and fond ſecurity you charm'd my willing Soul! 'Twas then, my *Silvia*, (certain of your heart and that it never cou'd be given away to any other) I preſs'd my eager joys, but with ſuch tender caution——ſuch fear and fondneſs, ſuch an awful paſſion; as overcame your faint reſiſtance, my reaſons and my arguments were ſtrong, for you were mine by love, by ſacred vows, and who cou'd lay a better claim to *Silvia*? how oft I cried——Why this riſiſtance, *Silvia*? my charming dear, whoſe are you? not *Philander*'s? and ſhall *Philander* not command his own——you muſt——ah cruel——then a ſoft ſtruggle follow'd with half breath'd words, with ſighs and trembling hearts, and now and then——ah cruel and unrea-

unreasonable was softly——said on both sides: thus strove, thus argued——till both lay panting in each others arms, not with the toil, but rapture; I need not say what after follow'd this——what tender showers of strange indearing mixtures 'twixt joy and shame, 'twixt love and new surprise, and ever when I dried your eyes with kisses, unable to repeat any other language than—oh my *Silvia*! oh my charming Angel! while sighs of joy, and closely grasping thee——spoke all the rest——while every tender word and every sigh, was Eccho'd back by thee; you press'd me——and you vow'd you lov'd me more than ever yet you did; then swore anew and in my bosom hid your charming blushing face, then with excess of love wou'd call on Heaven be witness oh ye powers (a thousand

times

times ye cried) if ever Maid e're loved like *Silvia*——punish me strangely, oh eternal powers, if e're I leave *Philander*, if e're I cease to love him; no force, no art, not interest, honour, wealth, convenience, duty, or what other necessary cause—shall never be of force to make me leave thee——thus hast thou sworn, oh charming, faithless flatterer, thus 'twixt each ravishing minute thou woud'st swear——and I as fast believ'd——and lov'd thee more——hast thou forgot it all, oh fickle charmer, hast thou? hast thou forgot between each awful ceremony of love how you cried out, farewell the world and mortal cares, give me *Philander*, Heaven, I ask no more——hast thou forgot all this? did all the live-long night hear any other sound but those my mutual vows, of invocations, broken sighs, and soft and trembling

trembling whiſpers, ſay had we any other buſineſs for the tender hours? oh, all ye hoſt of Heaven, ye Stars that ſhone, and all ye powers the faithleſs lovely Maid has ſworn by, be witneſs how ſhe's perjur'd; reveng it all ye injur'd powers, revenge it, ſince by it ſhe has undone the faithfulleſt Youth, and broke the tendereſt heart——that ever fell a ſacrifice to love, and all ye little weeping Gods of love, revenge your murther'd victim——your

Philander.

To *Philander.*

In the Leaves of a Table-Book.

OH, my *Philander*, how dearly welcome, and how needleſs were thy kind reproaches? which

which I'll not endeavour to convince by Argument, but such a deed as shall at once secure thy fears now and for the future; I have not a Minute to write in, place my dear *Philander*, your Chariot in St. *Vincent*'s Wood, and since I am not able to fix the hour of my flight, let it wait there my coming, 'tis but a little Mile from *Bellfont*, *Dorillus* is suspected there, remove thy self to the High-way-gate Cottage---there I'll call on thee---'twas lucky, that thy fears, or love, or jealousie brought thee so near me, since I'd resolv'd before upon my flight. Parents and Honor, Interest and Fame, farewell—I leave you all to follow my *Philander*——haste the Chariot to the thickest part of the Wood, for I'm impatient to be gone, and shall take the first opportunity to fly to

my *Philander*——Oh, love me, love me, love me!

Under pretence of reaching the Jesamin which shades my Window, I unperceiv'd let down and receive what Letters you send by the honest Weeder; by her send your sense of my flight, or rather your direction, for 'tis resolv'd already.

To Silvia,

My lovely Angel,

SO carefull I will be of this dear mighty secret, that I will only say *Silvia* shall be obey'd, no more — nay, I'll not dare to think of it, left in my rapture I shou'd name my joy aloud, and busie winds

winds shou'd bear it to some officious listner and undo me; no more, no more, my *Silvia*, extremes of joy (as grief) are ever dumb; Let it suffice, this blessing which you proffer, I had design'd to ask, as soon as you'd convinc'd me of your faith; yes, *Silvia*, I had ask'd it, though 'twas a bounty too great for any Mortal to conceive Heaven shou'd bestow upon him; but if it do, that very moment I'll resign the World, and barter all for love and charming *Silvia*. Haste, haste my life; my arms, my bosome and my Soul are open to receive the lovely fugitive, haste, for this moment I am going to plant my self where you directed.

Adieu.

To Philander.

After her Flight.

AH, *Philander*, how have you undone a harmless poor unfortunate? Alas, where are you? why wou'd you thus abandon me? Is this the Soul, the Bosom, these the Arms that shou'd receive me? I'll not upbraid thee with my love, or charge thee with my undoing; 'twas all my own, and were it yet to do, I shou'd again be ruin'd for *Philander*, and never find Repentance, no not for a thought, a word or deed of love, to the dear false forsworn; but I can dye, yes, hopeless, friendless——left by all, even by *Philander*——all but resolution has abandon'd me, and that can lay me down when e'er I please in safe repose and peace: But oh, thou art not false, or if thou be'st, Oh, let me hear it from

from thy mouth, see thy repented love, that I may know there's no such thing on Earth, as faith, as honesty, as love or truth; however be thou true, or be thou false, be bold and let me know it, for thus to doubt, is torture worse than death. What accident thou dear, dear Man, has hapned to prevent thee from pursuing my directions, and staying for me at the Gate? where have I miss'd thee, thou joy of my Soul? By what dire mistake have I lost thee? And where, Oh, where art thou my charming Lover? I sought thee every where, but like the languishing abandon'd Mistress in the *Canticles*, I sought thee, but I found thee not, no bed of Roses would discover thee; I saw no print of thy dear shape, nor heard no amorous sigh that cou'd direct me—I ask'd the Wood and Springs, complain'd and call'd on

thee through all the Groves, but they confes'd thee not; nothing but Echo's answer'd me, and when I cried *Philander*---cried---*Philander*, thus search'd till the coming night and my increasing fears made me resolve for flight, which soon we did, and soon arriv'd at *Paris*, but whither then to go Heaven knows, I cou'd not tell, for I was almost naked, friendless and forlorn; at last, consulting *Brilliard* what to do, after a thousand revolutions he concluded to trust me with a Sister he had who was Married to a *Gallion* of the *Guard de Corps*, he chang'd my name, and made me pass for a Fortune he had stoln; but oh, no welcomes, nor my safe retreat were sufficient to repose me all the insuing night, for I had no news of *Philander*; no, not a dream inform'd me; a thousand fears and jealousies have kept

me waking, and *Brilliard* who has been all night in purſuit of thee is now return'd ſucceſleſs and diſtracted as thy *Silvia*, for duty and generoſity has almoſt the ſame effects in him, with love and tenderneſs and jealouſie in me; and ſince *Paris* affords no news of thee, (which ſure it wou'd if thou wert in it, for oh, the Sun might hide himſelf with as much eaſe as great *Philander*) he is reſolv'd to ſearch St. *Vincent*'s Wood and all the adjacent Cottages and Groves; he thinks that you, not knowing of my eſcape, may yet be waiting thereabouts; ſince quitting the Chariot for fear of being ſeen, you might be ſo far advanc'd into the Wood, as not to find the way back to the Thicket where the Chariot waited: 'tis thus he feeds my hope and flatters my poor heart, thats fain wou'd think thee true—or if

thou be'ſt not —— but curſt be all ſuch thoughts, and far from *Silvia*'s Soul; no, no thou art not falſe, it cannot be, thou art a God, and art unchangeable; I know by ſome miſtake, thou art attending me, as wild and impatient as I, perhaps thou think'ſt me falſe, and think'ſt I have not courage to purſue my love and fly; and thou perhaps art waiting for the hour wherein thou think'ſt I'll give my ſelf away to *Foſcario*: Oh cruel and unkind! to think I lov'd ſo lightly, to think I would attend that fatal hour; No *Philander*, no faithleſs, dear inchanter: Laſt night, the Eve to my intended Wedding-day, having repos'd my Soul by my reſolves for flight, and only waiting the lucky Minute for eſcape, I ſet a willing hand to every thing that was preparing for the Ceremony of the enſuing Morning; with

with that pretence I got me early to my Chamber, tried on a thousand Dresses, and ask'd a thousand questions, all impertinent, which would do best, which look'd most gay and rich, then dress my Gown with Jewels, deck'd my apartment up, and left nothing undone that might secure 'em both of my being pleas'd, and of my stay; nay, and to give the less suspicion, I undress'd my self even to my linden Petticoat and Night gown; I would not take a Jewel, not a Pistol, but left my Women finishing my work, and carelesly, and thus undress'd, walk'd towards the Garden, and while every one was busie in their office, getting my self out of sight, I posted o'er the Meadow to the Wood as swift as *Daphne* from the God of day, till I arriv'd most luckily where I found the Chariot waiting, attended by

Bridgard, of whom, when I (all fainting and breathless with my swift flight) demanded his Lord, he lifted me into the Chariot, and cried, a little farther, *Madam*, you will find him; for he, for fear of making a discovery took yonder shaded path—towards which we went, but no dear vision of my Love appear'd——and thus, my charming Lover, you have my kind adventure, send me some tidings back that you are found, that you are well, and lastly, that you are mine, or this that thou'd have been my wedding day, will see it self that of the death of

Silvia.

Paris, *Thursday, from my Bed, for want of Cloaths, or rather, news from* Philander.

To

To Silvia.

MY life, my *Silvia*, my eternal joy, art thou then safe? and art thou reserv'd for *Philander*? am I so blest by Heaven, by love, and my dear charming Maid? then let me dye in peace, since I have liv'd to see all that my Soul desires in *Silvia*'s being mine; perplex not thy soft heart with fears or jealousies, nor think so basely, so poorly of my love to need more oaths or vows, yet to confirm thee I wou'd swear my breath away; but oh, it needs not here; —take then no care, my lovely Dear, turn not thy charming eyes or thoughts back on afflicting objects; oh think not on what thou hast abandoned, but what thou art arriv'd to; look forward on the joys of love and Youth, for I will dedi-

dedicate all my remaining life to render thine ſerene and glad; and yet, my *Silvia*, thou art ſo dear to me, ſo wondrous precious to my Soul, that in my extravagance of love, I fear, I ſhall grow a troubleſom and wearying Coxcomb, ſhall dread every look thou giveſt away from me——a Smile will make me rave, a ſigh or touch make me commit a Murther on thee happy ſlave, or my own jealous heart, but all the World beſides is *Silvia*'s, all but another Lover; but I rave and run too faſt away, Ages muſt paſs a tedious term of years before I can be jealous, or conceive thou canſt be weary of *Philander*—I'll be ſo fond, ſo doating and ſo playing, thou ſhalt not have an idle Minute to throw away a look in, or a thought on any other; no, no, I have thee now, and will maintain my right

by

by dint and force of love——Oh, I am wild to see thee----but, *Silvia*, I am wounded--do not be frighted though, for 'tis not much or dangerous, but very troublesom, since it permits me not to fly to *Silvia*, but she must come to me in order to it. *Brilljard* has a Bill on my Goldsmith in *Paris* for a thousand Pistols to buy thee something to put on, any thing that's ready, and he will conduct thee to me, for I shall rave my self into a Fever if I see thee not to day—I cannot live without thee now, for thou art my life my everlasting charmer: I have order'd *Brilljard* to get a Chariot and some unknown Livery for thee, and I think the continuance of passing for what he has already rendred thee, will do very well, till I have taken farther care of thy dear safety, which will be as soon as I am able to rise; for most

unfortu-

fortunately, my dear *Silvia*, quitting the Chariot in the Thicket for fear of being seen with it, and walking down a shaded path that suited with the melancholy, and fears of unsuccess in thy adventure; I went so far, as e're I cou'd return to the place where I left the Chariot, 'twas gone——it seems with thee; I know not how you mist me——but possess'd my self with a Thousand false fears, sometimes that in thy flight thou mightest be pursued and overtaken, seiz'd in the Chariot and return'd back to *Bellfont*, or that the Chariot was found and seiz'd on upon suspicion, though the Coach-man and *Brilliard* were disguis'd past knowledge——or if thou wert gone, alas, I knew not whither, but that was a thought my doubts and fears would not suffer me to ease my Soul with; no,

I

(as jealous lovers do) imagin'd the most tormenting things for my own repose, I imagin'd the Chariot taken, or at least so discover'd as to be forc'd away without thee: I imagin'd that thou wert false— Heaven forgive me, false my *Silvia*, and hadst chang'd thy mind: mad with this thought (which I fansied most reasonable and fixt in my soul) I rav'd about the Wood, making a thousand vows to be reveng'd on all; in order to it I left the Thicket, and betook my self to the high road of the Wood, where I laid me down amongst the Fern, close hid, with Sword ready, waiting for the happy Bridegroom, whom I knew (it being the wedding eve) wou'd that way pass that Evening; pleas'd with revenge which now had got even the place of love. I waited there not above a little hour, but heard the tram-

trampling of a Horse, and looking up with mighty joy, I found it *Foscario*'s; alone he was, and unattended, for he'd outstript his equipage, and with a lover's haste and full of joy, was making towards *Bellfont*; but I (now fir'd with rage) leap'd from my Covert, cried, stay, *Foscario*, e'er you arrive to *Silvia*, we must adjust an odd account between us--at which he stopping, as nimbly alighted: —in fine, we fought, and many wounds were given and received on both sides, till his People coming up, parted us just as we were fainting with lofs of Blood in each others Arms; his Coach and Chariot were amongst his Equipage; into the first his Servants lifted him, when he cried out with a feeble voice, to have me, who now lay bleeding on the Ground, put into the Chariot, and to be safely

safely convey'd whereever I commanded, and so in haste they drove him towards *Bellfont*, and me, who was resolv'd not to stir far from it, to a Village within a Mile of it; from whence I sent to *Paris* for a Surgeon and dismist the Chariot, ordering in the hearing of the Coach-man, a Litter to be brought me immediately, to convey me that Night to *Paris*; but the Surgeon coming, found it not safe for me to be removed, and I am now willing to live, since *Silvia* is mine; haste to me then, my lovely Maid, and fear not being discover'd, for I have given order here in the Cabaret where I am, if any enquiry is made after me, to say, I went last night for *Paris*. Haste my Love, haste to my Arms, as feeble as they are, they'll grasp thee a dear welcome: I'll say no more, nor prescribe rules to thy

love,

love, that can inform thee best what thou must do to save the life of thy most passionate Adorer,

Philander.

To *Philander.*

I Have sent *Brilliard* to see if the Coast be clear that we may come with safety; he brings you instead of *Silvia*, a young Cavalier that will be altogether as wellcome to *Philander*, and who impatiently waits his return at a little Cottage at the end of the Village.

To Silvia.

From the Bastill.

I Know my *Silvia* expected me at home with her at dinner to day, and wonders how I cou'd live so long as since morning without the eternal joy of my Soul; but know, my *Silvia*, that a trivial misfortune is now fallen upon me, which in the midst of all our Heaven of joys, our softest hours of life, has so often chang'd thy smiles into fears and sighings, and ruffled thy calm Soul with cares: Nor let it now seem strange or afflicting, since every day for this three months we have been alarm'd with new fears that have made thee uneasie even in *Philander*'s arms; we knew some time or other the storm wou'd fall on us, though we had for three happy months shel-

tred

tred our ſelves from its threatning rage; but Love I hope, has arm'd us both; for me——let me be depriv'd of all joys, (but thoſe my charmer can diſpenſe) all the falſe World's reſpect, the dull eſteem of Fools and formal Coxcombs, the grave advice of the cenſorious Wife, the kind opinion of ill judging Women, no matter, ſo my *Silvia* remain but mine.

I am, my *Silvia*, arreſted at the ſuit of *Monſieur* the Count, your Father, for a Rape on my lovely Maid; I deſire my Soul, you will immediately take Coach, and go to the Prince *Ceſario*, and he will Bail me out; I fear not a fair triah and *Silvia*, theſts of mutual love were never counted Felony; I may die for Love, my *Silvia*, but not for Loving—go, haſte, my *Silvia*, that I may be no longer detain'd from the ſolid pleaſure and buſi-

neſs

ess of my Soul——haste, my lov'd dear——haste and relieve

Philander.

Come not to me, lest there should be an order to detain my Dear.

To *Philander.*

I Am not at all surpriz'd, my *Philander*, at the accident that has befallen thee, because so long expected, and love and that has so well fortified my heart that I support our misfortune with a courage worthy of her that loves and is belov'd by the glorious *Philander*; I am arm'd for the worst that can befall me, and that is my being ren-

rendred a publick shame, who have been so in the private whispers of all the Court for near these happy three months, in which I have had the wondrous satisfaction of being retir'd from the World with the charming *Philander*; my Father too knew it long since, at least he cou'd not hinder himself from guessing it, though his fond indulgence suffer'd his Justice and his anger to sleep, and possibly had still slept had not *Mertilla*'s spight and rage (I shou'd say just resentment, but I cannot) rouz'd up his drowsie vengeance: I know she has ply'd him with her softning eloquence, her prayers and tears to win him to consent to make a publick business of it; but I am entred, love has arm'd my Soul, and I'll pursue my fortune with that height of fortitude as shall surprise the world; yes *Philander*, since I

have

have loſt my honour, fame and friends, my intereſt and my Parents, and all for mightier love; I'll ſtop at nothing now, if there be any hazards more to run, I'll thank the ſpightful fates that bring 'em on, and will even tire them out with my unwearied paſſion—Love on, *Philander*, if thou darſt, like me; let 'em purſue me with their hate and vengeance, let Prisons, poverty and tortures ſeize me, it ſhall not take one grain of love away from my reſolv'd heart, nor make me ſhed a tear of penitence, for loving thee; no, *Philander*, ſince I know what a raviſhing pleaſure 'tis to live thine I will never quit the glory of dying alſo thy

Silvia.

Cæſario, *my dear is coming to be your Bail; with* Monſieur *the Count of*——*I dy to ſee you after your ſuffering for* Silvia.

To

To Silvia.

BElieve me, charming *Silvia*, I live not those hours I am absent from thee, thou art my life, my Soul and my eternal felicity; while you believe this truth, my *Silvia*, you will not entertain a thousand fears, if I but stay a moment beyond my appointed hour, especially when *Philander*, who is not able to support the thought that any thing shou'd afflict his lovely Baby, takes care from hour to hour to satisfie her tender doubting heart. My dearest, I am gone into the City to my Advocates, my Tryal with *Monsieur* the Count, your Father, coming on to morrow, and 'twill be at least two tedious hours e're I can bring my adorable her

Philander.

To

To Silvia.

I Was call'd on, my deareſt Child, at my Advocates, by *Ceſario*, there is ſome great buſineſs this Evening debated in the Cabal which is at *Monſieur*——in the City; *Ceſario* tells me there is a very diligent ſearch made by *Monſieur* the Count, your Father, for my *Silvia*, I die if you are taken, leſt the fright ſhould hurt thee; if poſſible, I would have thee remove this evening from thoſe Lodgings, leſt the People who are of the Royal party ſhould be induc'd through malice or gain, to diſcover thee; I dare not come my ſelf to wait on thee, leſt my being ſeen, ſhould betray thee; but I have ſent *Brillard* (whoſe zeal for thee ſhall be rewarded) to conduct thee to a little Houſe in the *Fauxburgh* S. *Germans*,

mans, where lives a pretty Woman and Miſtreſs to *Chevalier Tomaſo*, called *Belinda*, a Woman of Wit, and diſcreet enough to underſtand what ought to be paid to a Maid of the quality and character of *Silvia*; ſhe already knows the ſtories of our loves; thither I'll come to thee and bring *Ceſario* to Supper, as ſoon as the Cabal breaks up; Oh, my *Silvia*, I ſhall one day recompence all thy goodneſs, all thy bravery, thy love and thy ſuffering for thy eternal Lover and Slave,

Philander.

To

To *Philander.*

SO hasty I was to obey *Philander's* commands, that by the unwearied care and industry of the faithful *Brilliard*, I went before three a clock disguis'd away to the place whither you order'd us, and was well receiv'd by the very pretty young Woman of the House, who has sense and breeding as well as Beauty: But oh, *Philander*, this slight pleases me not; Alas, what have I done? my fault is only love, and that sure I shou'd boast, as the most divine passion of the Soul; no, no *Philander*, 'tis not my Love's the criminal, no not the placing it on *Philander* the Crime, but 'tis thy most unhappy circumstances, thy being Married, and that was no crime to Heaven

till man made laws, and can laws teach to Damnation? if so, Curse on the fatal hour that thou wert Married, curse on the Priest that joyn'd ye, and curst be all that did contribute to the undoing Ceremony—except *Philander's* Tongue, that answer'd yes.—Oh, Heavens! was there but one dear Man of all your whole Creation that could charm the Soul of *Sabina*? And could ye do it—oh, ye wise all-seeing Powers! that knew my Soul, could ye give him away? How had my Innocence offended ye? our hearts you did create for mutual love, how came the dire mistake; another would have pleas'd the indifferent *Mertilla's* Soul as well, but mine was fitted for no other Man; only *Philander*, the ador'd *Philander*, with that dear form, that shape, that charming face, that hair, those lovely speaking eyes, that

that wounding softness in his tender voice, had power to conquer *Silvia*, and can this be a sin? Oh, Heavens, can it? must laws which Man contriv'd for meer convenience, have power to alter the divine Decrees at our Creation—perhaps they argue to morrow at the Bar, that *Merville* was ordain'd by Heaven for *Philander*; no, no, he mistook the Sister, 'twas pretty near he came, but by a fatal error was mistaken, his hasty Youth made him too negligently stop before his time at the wrong Woman, he should have gaz'd a little further on—and then it had been *Silvia*'s lot—'tis fine Divinity they teach, that cry Marriages are made in Heaven—folly and madness grown into grave custom; should an unheedy youth in heat of Blood take up with the first convenient she that offers, though he

an Heir to some grave Politician, great and rich, and she the outcast of the common Stews, coupled in height of Wine, and sudden Lust, which once allay'd, and that the sober Morning wakes him to see his Error, he quits with shame the Jilt, and owns no more the Folly; shall this be call'd a heavenly Conjunction? Were I in height of youth, as now I am, forc'd by my Parents, oblig'd by Interest and Honor, to Marry the old, deform'd, diseas'd, decrepid Count *Anthonly*, whose person, qualities and principles I loath, and rather than suffer him to consummate his Nuptials, suppose I should (as sure I shou'd) kill my self, 'twere Blasphemy to lay this fatal Marriage to Heaven's charge—curse on your Nonsense, ye imposing Gownmen, curse on your holy cant; you may as well call Rapes and

Murthers,

Murthers, Treason and Robbery, the acts of Heaven; because Heaven suffers 'em to be committed, is it Heaven's pleasure therefore, Heaven's Decree? A trick, a wise device of Priests, no more—to make the nauseated, tir'd out pair drag on the careful business of Life, drudg for the dull got Family with greater satisfaction, because they're taught to think Marriage was made in Heaven; a mighty comfort that, when all the joys of life are lost by it: Were it not nobler far that honor kept him just, and that good nature made him reasonable provision? daily experience proves to us, no couple live with less content, less ease than those who cry Heaven joins; who, is't loves less than those that Marry? and where love is not, there is hate and loathing, at best, disgust, disquiet, noise and repentance: No,

Philander, that's a heavenly match when two Souls toucht with equal paſſion meet, (which is but rarely ſeen)—when willing vows, with ſerious Conſideration, are weigh'd and made, when a true view is taken of the Soul, when no baſe intereſt makes the haſty Bargain, when no conveniency or deſign of drudge, or ſlave ſhall find it neceſſary, when equal Judgments meet that can eſteem the bleſſings they poſſeſs, and diſtinguiſh the good of eithers love, and ſet a value on each others merits, and where both underſtand to take and pay; who find the beauty of each others minds, and rate 'em as they ought, whom not a formal ceremony binds (with which I've nought to do, but dully give a cold conſenting affirmative) but well conſider'd Vows from ſoft inclining Hearts, utter'd with

with love, with joy, with dear delight, when Heaven is call'd to witness; She is thy Wife, *Philander* he is my Husband, this is the match, this Heaven designs and means, how then, oh, how came I to miss *Philander*? or he his

Silvia.

Since I writ this, which I design'd not an invective against Marriage when I began but to inform thee of my being where you directed; but since I writ this, I say the House where I am, is broken open with Warrants and Officers for me, but being all undrest and ill, the Officer has taken my word for my appearance to Morrow; it seems they saw me when I went from my Lodgings and pursued me; haste to me, for I shall need your Counsel.

To

To Silvia.

MY eternal joy, my affliction is inexpreſſible at the news you ſend me of your being ſurpriz'd; I am not able to wait on thee yet——not being ſuffer'd to leave the Cabal, I only borrow this minute to tell thee the ſenſe of my Advocate in this caſe; which was, if thou ſhould'ſt be taken, there was no way, no Law to ſave thee from being raviſh'd from my arms, but that of Marrying thee to ſome body whom I can truſt; this we have often diſcours'd and thou haſt often vow'd thou'lt do any thing rather than kill me with a ſeparation; reſolve then, oh thou charmer of my Soul, to do a deed, that though the name would

would fright thee, only can preſerve both thee and me; it is—— and tho it have no other terrour in it than the name, I faint to ſpeak it——to Marry *Silvia*; yes, thou muſt marry; tho thou art mine as faſt as Heaven can make us, yet thou muſt Marry; I've pitch'd upon the property, 'tis *Brilljard*, him I can only truſt in this affair; it is but joining hands—no more, my *Silvia*,—*Brilljard's* a Gentleman, tho a *Cadet*, and may be ſuppoſed, to pretend to ſo great a happineſs, and whoſe only Crime is want of Fortune; he's handſom too, well made, well bred, and ſo much real eſteem he has for me, and I've ſo oblig'd him, that I'm confident he'll pretend no farther than to the honour of owning thee in Court; I'll tie him from it, nay, he dares not do't, I'll truſt him with my Life—— but

but oh, *Silvia* is more--think of it, and this night we will perform it, there being no other way to keep *Silvia* eternally

Philander's.

To *Silvia.*

NOw, my adorable *Silvia*, you have truly need of all that heroick bravery of mind I ever thought thee Mistress of; for *Silvia*, coming from thee this Morning, and riding full speed for *Paris*, I was met, stopt and seiz'd for High-Treason, by the King's Messengers, and possibly may fall a sacrifice to the anger of an incens'd Monarch; my *Silvia*, bear this last shock of Fate with a cou-

rage

rage worthy thy great and glorious Soul; 'tis but a little Separation, *Silvia*, and we shall one day meet again; by Heaven, I find no other thing in Death but parting with my *Silvia*, and every parting wou'd have been the same; I might have died by thy disdain, thou mightst have grown weary of thy *Philander*, have lov'd another, and have broke thy Vows, and tortur'd me to Death these crueller ways; but fate is kinder to me, and I go blest with my *Silvia*'s Love, for which Heaven may do much, for her dear sake, to recompence her Faith, a Maid so innocent and true to Sacred Love; expect the best, my lovely dear, the worst has this Comfort in't, that I shall die, my Charming *Silvia*'s

Philander.

To

To *Philander.*

I'LL only ſay, thou dear Supporter of my Soul, that if *Philander* dies, he ſhall not go to Heaven without his *Silvia*,—By Heaven and Earth I ſwear it, I cannot live without thee, nor ſhalt thou die without thy

Silvia.

To Silvia.

SEE, ſee, my Adorable Angel, what Cares the Powers Above take of Divine Innocence, true Love and Beauty; oh, ſee what they have done for their darling *Silvia*; could they do leſs?

Know,

Know, my dear Maid, that after being examined before the King, I was found Guilty enough to be committed to the *Baſtile*, (from whence, if I had gone, I never had returned, but to my Death) but the Meſſenger into whoſe hands I was committed refuſing other Guards, being alone with me, in my own Coach, I reſolv'd to kill if I could no other way oblige him to favour my eſcape; I tried with Gold before I ſhew'd my Dagger, and that prevail'd, a way leſs criminal, and I have taken ſanctuary in a ſmall Cottage near the Sea-ſhore, where I wait for *Silvia*; and though my life depend upon my flight, nay, more, the life of *Silvia*, I cannot go without her; dreſs your ſelf then, my deareſt, in your Boys Cloaths, and haſte with *Briljard*, whither this Seaman will conduct thee

thee, whom I have hired to let us on some Shore of Safety; bring what News you can learn of Cæsario; I would not have him die poorly after all his mighty Hopes, nor be conducted to a Scaffold with shouts of Joy, by that uncertain Beast the Rabble, who us'd to stop his Chariot-wheels with fickle Adorations when e'er he look'd abroad ——by Heaven, I pity him; but Silvia's Presence will chase away all Thoughts, but those of Love from

Philander.

I need not bid thee haste.

La Fin.

Love-Letters
FROM A
NOBLEMAN
TO HIS
SISTER:
Mixt with the
HISTORY
OF THEIR
ADVENTURES.

The Second Part, by the same Hand.

LONDON,
Printed for *Jacob Tonson*, at the *Judges Head* in *Chancery-Lane*, and *Joseph Hindmarsh*, at the *Golden Ball* in *Cornhill*, 1693.

TO

Lemuel Kingdon, *Esq;*

SIR,

I *Beg you will give me leave to express my Gratitude in some measure, for the Favours I have received of you, and to make an Acknowledgement where I cannot pay a Debt. 'Tis only what was long since design'd you, when possibly it might have found something a better welcome, by its having made (as then it must have done) a Voyage to have kiss'd your Hands, and might perhaps then have contributed in*

some small degree to your Diversion, in a place where there is found so little—— In order to it I sent you the first part by one of your Officers, of which this is a Continuation. But being oblig'd to lay it by for other more material busines, it has had the misfortune not to approach you till now, and to which Honour it has nothing to intitle it, but that of bearing your Name before it, which will put a value upon it to the World. And since I never was of a Nature to hoard any Good to my peculiar use, 'tis with great satisfaction I am, by this short character of you, distributing a Blessing to that part of Mankind who have not that of knowing you. For there is an unspeakable pow'r and pleasure in obliging; and 'tis a pain to the good-natur'd to conceal any thing, whose Communication may gratifie the World, and I am uneasie when a good Ma[illegible] is not as well

under-

understood by every body as by my self; and I boast that Honour here, with more Vanity than of any other Happiness. Tho' I know, I shall be censur'd by your Lovers for saying so little where so much is due: But since I write to the number that do not know you, rather than those that do, this will at least suffice to shew how fine a thing Man can be, so qualify'd and set out by nature for eternal esteem. For, Sir, there is in you something, besides the common Vertues of your Sex, so engaging, some Art in Nature so peculiar to your self, so insinuating into the Soul, that there is not found any thing so dull in Humankind as not to love, honour, and value you: Nor is that Man born that is your Enemy, no not even amongst those Phanatical Dispositions, whose principles and opinions are so distant from those Honest and Generous

ones of yours; at least they love the Man tho' they rail at his Notions. esteem the Person tho' they abominate the Loyalist; nor can I reflect on the excellency of your Temper, but I think you born to put the ill-natur'd World into good Humour. You are always easie without Affectation, merry without extravagance, generous, liberal, and good without vanity, sedate and even without constraint, cheerful and calm as innocence, tho' the World storm and reel with mad confusion, still from the serenity of your Looks we read the fair weather in your mind, which times or seasons can never discompose, while all goes well with your King and Country. You have a greatness of Soul, which it seems as if fate durst not oppress, and he who is so truly magnificent within, needs not trouble the World for Elbow-room, and who is ambitious of more

than

than you poſſeſs, does but purchaſe an empty name at the expence of his Repoſe and Senſe, and leſſens his Glory by equalling it to a Title. The Sun at noon is no wonder, but to ſee as great an illumination in a Star, tho' of the firſt magnitude, we gaze at with Admiration. Title (that Trifle which you can command when you pleaſe, and which 'tis far greater to merit than to wear,) ſerves rather to render Vice more apparent than to elevate the vertues. Heav'n has made you more truly happy, and has ſet no Bleſſing at too vaſt a diſtance for your reach; but has ſubdued even all your Wiſhes to your Pow'r, and left you almoſt nothing to ask: having ſuited your Fame and Fortune to the greatneſs of your Mind.

How ſoon at the choice of the moſt glorious Senate, that ever bleſt the Land, was your valu'd name ſnatch'd

by

by every glad and giving Voice, and made the Musick of the happy Day, when black Exclusioners were justly damn'd from the Field, and only such untainted Supporters of the Royal Cause, thought worthy to bear a part in so glorious a Concern, as Giving Cæsar his Due. *Here, Sir, you appear'd in your proper Sphere, dispersing that darling vertue of your Soul, lavishly giving, generously disposing and dealing out according to your mighty Mind, and had the glory even of obliging a Monarch, than which nothing could be a greater satisfaction to you. But, Sir, you do all things with a perfect good Grace, and even Business, that toyle of Life, you render soft and easie, and as if you alone were created to manage the Concerns of the world, you make business your pleasure and diversion, and laugh at those that fatigue themselves with mighty affairs,*

affairs, and who assume, like Trincilo, *a dull Gravity, to be esteem'd great, wise, and busie, while you discover only the best and noblest part of business, the effects of it, the rest, the Gentleman so handsomly conceals, we perceive it no more than Fairy Housewifery, which is still acted in the shades and silence of the night, when Mortals are asleep, and who find all fair and clean in the Morning, but cannot guess at the invisible Hand that did it. I am so good a Subject that I wish all his Majesty's work done by such hands, heads and hearts, so effectual and so faithful; and then we shall fear no more Rebellions, but every Man shall bask securely under his own Vine that has one—For my part I have only escap'd fleaing by the Rebels, to starve more securely in my own native Province of* Poetry, *tho' I am as well pleas'd at our late Victory, and*

the

the growing Glories of my King, as he that has got a Commission by it, if I may have this Happiness added to it, of still retaining the Honour of your Friendship, and be still numbred in the Crowd of,

SIR,

Your most Obliged

Humble Servant,

A. B.

Love-

LETTERS FROM A NOBLEMAN TO HIS SISTER

The Second Part by the ſame Hand.

The ARGUMENT.

AT the end of the firſt Part of theſe Letters, we left *Philander* impatiently waiting on the Sea-Shore for the approach of the lovely *Silvia*; who accordingly came to him

dreſt like a Youth, to ſecure her ſelf from a Diſcovery. They ſtaid not long to careſs each other, but he taking the welcome Maid in his Arms with a tranſported joy bore her to a ſmall Veſſel, that lay ready near the Beach; where with only *Brilljard* and two Men Servants, they put to Sea, and paſt into *Holland*, landing at the neareſt Port; where, after having refreſh'd themſelves for two or three days, they paſt forward towards the *Brill*, *Silvia* ſtill remaining under that amiable diſguiſe: but in their paſſage from Town to Town, which is ſometimes by Coach, and other times by Boat, they chanc'd one day to encounter a young *Hollander* of a more than ordinary Gallantry for that Country, ſo degenerate from good Manners and almoſt common Civility,

and

and ſo far ſhort of all the good qualities that made themſelves appear in this young Nobleman. He was very handſom, well made, well dreſt, and very well attended; and whom we will call *Octavio*, and who, young as he was, was one of the States of *Holland*; he ſpoke admirable good French, and had a vivacity and quickneſs of Wit, unuſual with the Natives of that part of the World, and almoſt above all the reſt of his Sex: *Philander* and *Silvia* having already agreed for the Cabin of the Veſſel that was to carry them to the next Stage, *Octavio* came too late to have any place there but amongſt the common crowd; which the Maſter of the Veſſel, who knew him, was much troubl'd at, and addreſt himſelf as civilly as he cou'd to *Philander* to beg permiſſion for one Stranger of quality

to dispose of himself in the Cabin for that day: *Philander* being well enough pleas'd, so to make an acquaintance with some of power of that Country, readily consented; and *Octavio* enter'd with an address so graceful and obliging, that at first sight he inclin'd *Philander*'s Heart to a Friendship with him, and on the other side the lovely person of *Philander*, the quality that appear'd in his Face and Mein oblig'd *Octavio* to become no less his Admirer. But when he saluted *Silvia*, who appear'd to him a Youth of Quality, he was extreamly charm'd with her pretty Gayety, and an unusual Air and Life in her Address and Motion, he felt a secret Joy and Pleasure play about his Soul he knew not why, and was almost angry that he felt such an emotion for a youth, tho' the most lovely that he ever

ver ſaw. After the firſt Compliments, they fell into Diſcourſe of a thouſand indifferent things: and if he were pleas'd at firſt ſight with the two Lovers, he was wholly charm'd by their Converſation, eſpecially that of the amiable Youth; who well enough pleas'd with the young Stranger, or elſe hitherto having met nothing ſo accompliſh'd in her ſhort Travels; and indeed deſpairing to meet any ſuch; ſhe put on all her Gayety and Charms of Wit, and made as abſolute a Conqueſt as 'twas poſſible for her ſuppos'd Sex to do over a Man, who was a great admirer of the other; and ſurely the lovely Maid never appear'd ſo charming and deſirable as that day; they din'd together in the Cabin; and after Dinner repos'd on little Matreſſes by each others ſide, where every Motion, every

Limb as careleſly ſhe lay, diſcover'd a thouſand Graces, and more and more enflam'd the now beginning Lover; ſhe cou'd not move, nor ſmile, nor ſpeak, nor order any charm about her, but had ſome peculiar Grace that begun to make him uneaſie; and from a thouſand little Modeſties both in her Bluſhes and Motions he had a ſecret hope ſhe was not what ſhe ſeem'd, but of that Sex whereof ſhe diſcover'd ſo many Softneſſes and Beauties; tho' to what advantage that hope wou'd amount to his Repoſe, was yet a diſquiet he had not conſider'd nor felt: Nor could he by any fondneſs between them or indiſcretion of Love, conceive how the lovely Strangers were allied; he only hop'd, and had no thoughts of Fear, or any thing that cou'd check his new beginning

ning flame. While thus they pass'd the Afternoon, they ask'd a thousand Questions, Of Lovers, Of the Country and Manners, and their Security and Civility to Strangers; to all which *Octavio* answer'd as a Man, who wou'd recommend the Place and Persons purely to oblige their stay; for now Self interest makes him say all things in favour of it; and of his own Friendship, offers them all the Service of a Man of Power, and who cou'd make an Interest in those that had more than himself; much he protested, much he offer'd, and yet no more than he design'd to make good on all occasions, which they receiv'd with an Acknowledgment, that plainly discover'd a Generosity and Quality above the common rate of Men; so that finding in each other occasions for Love and Friendship,

they mutually profeſt it, and nobly entertain'd it. *Octavio* told his name and quality, left nothing unſaid that might confirm the Lovers of his ſincerity. This begot a confidence in *Philander*, who in return told him ſo much of his Circumſtances as ſuffic'd to let him know he was a perſon unfortunate to have occaſion'd the diſpleaſure of his King againſt him, and that he cou'd not continue with any repoſe in that Kingdom, whoſe Monarch thought him no longer fit for thoſe Honours he had before receiv'd: *Octavio* renew'd his Proteſtations of ſerving him with his int'reſt and fortune, which the other receiving with all the gallant Modeſty of an unfortunate Man, they came a-ſhore where *Octavio*'s Coaches and Equipage waiting his coming to conduct him to his Houſe, he offer'd his new Friends the beſt

of

of 'em to carry them to their Lodging, which he had often preſs'd might be his own Palace; but that being refus'd as too great an honour, he wou'd himſelf ſee them plac'd in ſome one, which he thought might be moſt ſuitable to their Quality; they excus'd the trouble, but he preſs'd too eagerly to be deny'd, and he conducted them to a Merchant's Houſe not far from his own, ſo Love had contriv'd for the better management of this new Affair of his Heart, which he reſolv'd to purſue, be the fair Object of what Sex ſoever: But after having well enough recommended 'em to the Care of the Merchant he thought it Juſtice to leave 'em to their reſt, tho' with abundance of Reluctancy; ſo took his leave of both the lovely Strangers, and went to his own home. And after

a hasty Supper got himself put to Bed: Not to sleep; for now he had other Business: Love took him now to task, and ask'd his heart a thousand Questions. Then 'twas he found the Idea of that fair unknown had absolute possession there: Nor was he at all displeas'd to find he was a Captive; his Youth and Quality promise his Hopes a thousand Advantages above all other Men: but when he reflected on the Beauty of *Philander*, on his Charming Youth and Conversation, and every Grace that adorns a Conqueror, he grew inflam'd, disordered, restless, angry, and out of Love with his own Attractions; consider'd every Beauty of his own Person, and found 'em, or at least thought 'em, infinitely short of those of his now fansi'd Rival; yet 'twas a Rival that he cou'd not hate, nor did his passion

paſſion abate one thought of his Friendſhip for *Philander*, but rather more encreas'd it, inſomuch that he once reſolv'd it ſhou'd ſurmount his Love if poſſible, at leaſt he left it on the upper hand, till time ſhou'd make a better diſcovery. When tir'd with thought we'll ſuppoſe him aſleep, and ſee how our Lovers far'd. Who being lodg'd all on one Stair Caſe (that is *Philander*, *Silvia*, and *Brilljard*) it was not hard for the Lover to ſteal into the longing Arms of the expecting *Silvia*; no Fatigues of tedious Journeys and little Voyages had abated her Fondneſs or his Vigour; the night was like the firſt, all Joy! all Tranſport! *Brilljard* lay ſo near as to be a Witneſs to all their Sighs of Love, and little ſoft Murmurs, who now began from a Servant to be permitted as an humble Com-

panion

panion; ſince he had had the Honour of being married to *Silvia*, though yet he durſt not lift his Eyes or Thoughts that way: yet it might be perceiv'd he was melancholy and ſullen when e'er he ſaw their Daliances; nor cou'd he know the Joys his Lord nightly ſtole, without an Impatience; which if but minded or known perhaps had coſt him his Life. He began from the Thoughts ſhe was his Wife, to fancy fine Enjoyment, to fancy Authority which he durſt not aſſume, and often wiſh'd his Lord wou'd grow cold as poſſeſſing Lovers do, that then he might advance his hope, when he ſhou'd ever abandon or ſlight her: He cou'd not ſee her kiſs'd without bluſhing with Reſentment, but if he has aſſiſted to undreſs him for her Bed, he was ready to die with

with Anger, and wou'd grow ſick, and leave the Office to himſelf: He cou'd not ſee her naked Charms, her Arms ſtretch'd out to receive a Lover with impatient Joy without Madneſs; to ſee her claſp him faſt when he threw himſelf into her ſoft white Boſom, and ſmother him with Kiſſes: No, he cou'd not bear it now, and almoſt loſt his Reſpect when he beheld it, and grew ſawcy unperceiv'd. And 'twas in vain that he look'd back upon the Reward he had to ſtand for that neceſſary Cypher a Husband. In vain he conſider'd the Reaſons why, and the occaſion wherefore: he now ſeeks for Preſidents of uſurp'd Dominion, and thinks ſhe is his Wife, and has forgot that he's her Creature, and *Philander*'s Vaſſal. Theſe Thoughts diſturb'd him all the Night, and

a certain Jealouſie, or rather Curioſity to liſten to every Motion of the Lovers, while they were employ'd after a different manner.

Next Day it was debated what was beſt to be done as to their Conduct in that place: or whether *Silvia* ſhould yet own her Sex or not; but ſhe pleas'd with the Cavalier in her ſelf, begg'd ſhe might live under that diſguiſe. Which indeed gave her a thouſand Charms to thoſe which Nature had already beſtow'd on her Sex; and *Philander* was well enough pleas'd ſhe ſhould continue in that agreeable dreſs, which did not only add to her Beauty, but gave her a thouſand little Priviledges, which otherwiſe wou'd have been deny'd to Women, though in a Country of much Freedom. Every Day ſhe appear'd in the *Tour*, ſhe fail'd

not

not to make a Conqueſt on ſome unguarded Heart of the fair Sex: Nor was it long e'er ſhe receiv'd *Billet Deux* from moſt of the moſt accompliſh'd who cou'd ſpeak and write *French*. This gave them a pleaſure in the midſt of their unlucky Exile; and ſhe fail'd not to boaſt her Conqueſts to *Octavio*, who every day gave all his Hours to Love, under the diſguiſe of Friendſhip, and every Day receiv'd new Wounds, both from her Converſation and Beauty, and every day confirm'd him more in his firſt belief, that ſhe was a Woman: and that confirm'd his Love. But ſtill he took care to hide his Paſſion with a Gallantry that was natural to him, and to very few beſides; and he manag'd his Eyes, which were always full of Love ſo equally to both, that when he was ſoft and fond it

appear'd

appear'd more his natural Humour than from any particular Cauſe; and that you may believe that all the arts of Gallantry, and Graces of good Management were more peculiarly his than anothers, his Race was illuſtrious, being deſcended from that of the Princes of *Orange* and great Birth will ſhine through and ſhow it ſelf in ſpight of Education and Obſcurity: But *Octavio* had all thoſe Additions that render a Man truly Great and Brave; and this is the Character of him that was next undone by our unfortunate and fatal Beauty. At this rate for ſometime they liv'd thus diſguis'd under feign'd Names. *Octavio* omitting nothing that might oblige 'em in the higheſt degree, and hardly any thing was talk'd of but the new and beautiful Strangers, whoſe Conqueſts in all places over

the

the Ladies are well worthy, both for their Rarety and Comedy, to be related intirely by themselves in a Novel. *Octavio* every day saw with abundance of pleasure the little Revenges of Love on those Womens hearts who had made before little Conquests over him, and strove by all the gay Presents he made a young *Fillmond* (for so they call'd *Silvia*,) to make him appear unresistable to the Ladies; and while *Silvia* gave them new Wounds, *Octavio* fail'd not to receive 'em too among the Crowd, till at last he became a confirm'd Slave to the lovely Unknown; and that which was yet more strange, she captivated the Men no less than the Women, who often gave her *Serinades* under her Window, with Songs fitted to the Courtship of a Boy, all which added to their

their Diverſion: But Fortune had ſmil'd long enough, and now grew weary of obliging, ſhe was reſolved to undeceive both Sexes, and let 'em ſee the errors of their love; for *Silvia* fell into a Feaver ſo violent that *Philander* no longer hop'd for her recovery, inſomuch that ſhe was oblig'd to own her Sex and take Women Servants out of decency. This made the firſt diſcovery of who and what they were, and for which every body languiſht under a ſecret Grief. But *Octavio* who now was not only confirm'd ſhe was a Woman, but that ſhe was neither Wife to *Philander*, nor cou'd in almoſt all poſſibility ever be ſo: That ſhe was his Miſtreſs, gave him hope that ſhe might one day as well be conquer'd by him; and he found her Youth, her Beauty, and her Quality, merited all his Pains of laviſh

viſh Courtſhip. And now there remains no more than the fear of her dying to oblige him immediately to a diſcovery of his Paſſion, too violent now by his new Hope to be longer conceal'd, but Decency forbids he ſhou'd now purſue the dear deſign; he waited and made Vows for her recovery; viſited her, and found *Philander* the moſt deplorable Object that Deſpair and Love cou'd render him, who lay eternally weeping on her Bed, and no Coun'el or Perſwaſion cou'd remove him thence; but if by chance they made him ſenſible 'twas for her Repoſe, he wou'd depart to eaſe his Mind by new Torments, he wou'd rave and tear his delicate Hair, ſigh and weep upon *Octavio*'s Boſom, and a thouſand times begin to unfold the Story, already known to the

Generous

generous Rival; despair and hopes of pity from him, made him utter all: And one day, when by the Advice of the Physician he was forc'd to quit the Chamber to give her rest, he carried *Octavio* to his own, and told him from the beginning, all the Story of his Love with the charming *Silvia*; and with it all the Story of his Fate: *Octavio* sighing (tho' glad of the Opportunity) told him his Affairs were already but too well known, and that he fear'd his Safety from that Discovery, since the States had oblig'd themselves to harbour no declar'd Enemy to the *French* King. At this News our young Unfortunate shew'd a Resentment that was so moving, that even *Octavio*, who felt a secret Joy at the Thoughts of his departure, cou'd no longer refrain from Pity and Tenderness,

even

even to a Wiſh that he were leſs unhappy, and never to part from *Silvia*: But Love ſoon grew again triumphant in his heart, and all he cou'd ſay was, that he wou'd afford him the aids of all his Power in this Encounter; which with the acknowledgments of a Lover, whoſe Life depended on it, he receiv'd and parted with him, who went to learn what was decreed in Council concerning him. While *Philander* return'd to *Silvia* the moſt dejected Lover that ever Fate produc'd; where he had not ſigh'd away above an hour but he receiv'd a Billet by *Octavio*'s Page from his Lord; he went to his own Apartment to read it, fearing it might contain ſomething too ſad for him to be able to hold his Temper at the reading of, and which wou'd infallibly have diſturb'd the repoſe of *Silvia*, who

ſhar'd

ſhar'd in every cruel Thought of *Philander*'s: when he was alone he open'd it, and read this.

Octavio *to* Philander.

My Lord,

I Had rather die than be the ungrateful Meſſenger of News, which I am ſenſible will prove ſo fatal to you, and which will be beſt expreſs'd in feweſt Words: 'Tis decreed, that you muſt rerire from the United Provinces in four and twenty Hours, if you will ſave a Life that is dear to me and *Silvia*, there being no other Security againſt your being render'd up to the King of *France*. Support it well, and hope all things from the aſſiſtance of,

From the Council,
Wedneſday,

Your Octavio.
Philander

Philander having finish'd the reading of this, remain'd a while wholly without life or motion, when coming to himself he sigh'd and cry'd——*Why*——*farewell trifling Life*——*If of the two Extreams one must be chosen, rather than I'll abandon* Silvia, *I'll stay and be deliver'd up a Victim to incensed* France——*'Tis but a Life*——*At best I never valu'd thee*——*And now I scorn to preserve thee at the Price of* Silvia's *Tears!* Then taking a hasty turn or two about his Chamber, he pawsing, cry'd——*But by my stay I ruin both* Silvia *and my self, her life depends on mine; and 'tis impossible hers can be preserv'd when mine is in danger: by retiring I shall shortly again be blest with her sight in a more safe Security; by staying I resign my self poorly to be made a publick Scorn*

to

to France, *and the cruel Murderer of* Silvia. Now 'twas, after an hundred Turns and Pawſes intermixt which Sighs and Ravings, that he reſolv'd for both their ſafeties to retire; and having a while longer debated within himſelf how, and where, and a little time ruminated on his hard purſuing Fate, grown to a calm of Grief (leſs eaſie to be born than Rage) he haſts to *Silvia*, whom he found ſomething more cheerful than before, but dares not acquaint her with the Commands he had to depart—— But ſilently he views her, while Tears of Love and Grief glide unperceiveably from his fine Eyes, his Soul grows tenderer at every look, and Pity and Compaſſion joyning to his Love and his Deſpairs, ſet him on the wrack of Life, and now believing it leſs pain to die than

than to leave *Silvia*, resolves to disobey, and dare the worst that shall befal him; he yet had some glimmering hope, as Lovers have, that some kind chance will prevent his going or being deliver'd up, he trusts much to the Friendship of *Octavio*, whose power, joyn'd with that of his Uncle, (who was one of the States also, and whom he had an Ascendant over, as his Nephew and his Heir) might serve him; he therefore ventures to move him to Compassion by this following Letter.

Philander *to* Octavio.

I Know, my Lord, that the Exercise of Vertue and Justice is so innate to your Soul, and so fixt to the very Principle of a generous Commonwealths man that

where those are in competition, 'tis neither Birth, Wealth, or glorious Merit, that can render the unfortunate condemn'd by you, worthy of your Pity or Pardon: Your very Sons and Fathers fall before your Justice, and 'tis Crime enough to offend, (tho' innocently) the least of your wholsom Laws, to fall under the Extremity of their Rigour. I am not ignorant neither how flourishing this necessary Tyranny, this lawful Oppression, renders your State; how safe and glorious; how secure from Enemies at home, (those worst of Foes) and how fear'd by those abroad: pursue then, Sir, your justifiable Method, and still be high and mighty, retain your ancient *Roman* Vertue, and still be great as *Rome* her self in her height of Glorious Commonwealths; rule your stubborn Natives by her excellent Exam-

Examples, and let the heighth of your Ambition be only to be as severely Juſt, as rigidly Good as you pleaſe, but like her too, be pitiful to Strangers, and diſpenſe a noble Charity to the diſtreſs'd, compaſſionate a poor wandring young Man, who flies to you for Refuge, loſt to his Native Home, loſt to his Fame, his Fortune, and his Friends; and has only left him the knowledge of his Innocence to ſupport him from falling on his own Sword, to end an unfortunate Life, purſu'd every where, and ſafe no where; a Life whoſe only Refuge is *Octavio*'s Goodneſs; nor is it barely to preſerve this Life that I have recourſe to that only as my Sanctuary, and like an humble Slave implore you Pity: Oh, *Octavio*, pity my Youth, and interceed for my ſtay yet a little longer: Your ſelf

makes one of the illuſtrious number of the grave, the wiſe, and mighty Council, your Uncle and Relations make up another conſiderable part of it, and you are too dear to all, to find a refuſal of your Juſt and Compaſſionate Application. Oh! what fault have I committed againſt you, that I ſhou'd not find a ſafety here; as well as thoſe charg'd with the ſame Crime with me, tho of leſs quality? Many I have encounter'd here of our unlucky Party, who find a ſafety among you: Is my Birth a Crime? Or does the greatneſs of that augment my guilt? have I broken any of your Laws, committed any Outrage? Do they ſuſpect me for a Spie to *France*? Or do I hold any Correſpondence with that ungrateful Nation? Does my Religion, Principle, or Opinion differ from yours? Can I

deſign

deſign the ſubverſion of your glorious State? Can I plot, cabal, or mutiny alone? Oh charge me with ſome offence, or your ſelves of injuſtice. Say, why I am deny'd my length of Earth amongſt you, if I die? Or why to breath the open Air, if I live, ſince I ſhall neither oppreſs the one, nor infect the other? but on the contrary am ready with my ſword, my youth, and Blood to ſerve you, and bring my little Aids on all occaſions to yours: and ſhou'd be proud of the Glory to die for you in Battle, who wou'd deliver me up a Sacrifice to *France*. Oh! where *Octavio* is the glory or vertue of this *Punctilio*, for 'tis no other? There are no Laws that bind you to it, no obligatory Article of Nations, but an unneceſſary complement made *à Nemine contradicente* of your Senate, that argues nothing

but ill nature, and cannot redound to any ones advantage; an ill Nature that's levell'd at me alone; for many I found here, and many ſhall leave under the ſame circumſtances with me; 'tis only me whom you have mark'd out the Victim to attone for all: well then, my Lord, if nothing can move you to a ſafety for this unfortunate, at leaſt be ſo merciful to ſuſpend your Cruelty a little, yet a little, and poſſibly I ſhall render you the Body of *Philander*, tho' dead, to ſend into *France*, as the trophy of your fidelity to that Crown: Oh yet a little ſtay your cruel Sentence, till my lovely Siſter, who purſu'd my hard Fortunes, declare my Fate by her life or death; Oh, my Lord, if ever the ſoft Paſſion of Love have touch'd your Soul, if you have felt the unreſiſtable force of young charms about your heart,

if

if ever you have known a Pain and Pleasure from fair Eyes, or the transporting Joys of Beauty, Pity a Youth undone by Love and Ambition, those powerful Conquerors of the young.——Pity, oh Pity a Youth that dies, and will e'er long no more complain upon your Rigors. Yes, my Lord, he dies without the force of a terrifying Sentence, without the grim Reproaches of an angry Judg, without the soon consulted Arbitrary——Guilty! of a severe and hasty Jury, without the ceremony of the Scaffold, Ax, and Hang man, and the Clamors of inconsidering Crowds; all which melancholy Ceremonies render death so terrible, which else wou'd fall like gentle slumbers upon the eyelids, and which in Field I wou'd Encounter with that Joy I wou'd the sacred Thing I love! But oh,

I fear my Fate is in the lovely *Silvia* and in her dying Eyes you may read it, in her languiſhing Face you'll ſee how near it is approach'd. Ah! will you not ſuffer me to attend it there? by her dear ſide I ſhall fall as calmly as flowers from their Stalks, without regret or pain: Will you by forcing me to die from her, run me to a madneſs? to wild diſtraction? Oh think it ſufficient that I die here before half my Race of youth be run, before the light be half burnt out, that might have conducted me to a world of Glory! Alas, ſhe dies ——— the lovely *Silvia* dies; ſhe is fighing out a Soul to which mine is ſo intirely fix'd, that they muſt go upward together; yes, yes, ſhe breaths it ſick into my Boſom, and kindly gives mine its diſeaſe of death: let us at leaſt then die

in

in ſilent, quitted; and if it pleaſe Heaven to reſtore the languiſh'd Charmer, I will reſign my ſelf up to all your rigorous Honour; only let me bear my Treaſure with me, while we wander o'er the World to ſeek us out a ſafety in ſome part of it, where Pity and Compaſſion is no Crime; where Men have tender Hearts, and have heard of the God of Love; where Politicks are not all the buſineſs of the powerful, but where Civility and good nature reign.

Perhaps, my Lord, you'll wonder I plead no weightier Argument for my ſtay than Love, or the Griefs and Tears of a languiſhing Maid: But oh! they are ſuch Tears as every drop wou'd ranſom Lives, and nothing that proceeds from her charming Eyes can be valu'd at a leſs rate! In pity to her, to me, and your Amo-

rous Youths, let me bear her hence: For ſhou'd ſhe look abroad as her own Sex, ſhou'd ſhe appear in her natural and proper Beauty, alaſs they were undone. Reproach not (my Lord) the weakneſs of this Confeſſion, and which I make with more Glory than cou'd I boaſt my ſelf Lord of all the Univerſe: If it appear a fault to the more grave and wiſe, I hope my youth will plead ſomething for my excuſe. Oh ſay, at leaſt, 'twas pity that Love had the Aſcendant over *Philander*'s Soul, ſay 'twas his Deſtiny, but ſay withal, that it put no ſtop to his advance to Glory; rather it ſet an Edge upon his Sword, and gave Wings to his Ambition! —Yes, try me in your Councils, prove me in your Camps, place me in any hazard——— But give me Love! and leave me to wait the Life or

Death

Death of *Silvia*, and then diſpoſe as you pleaſe,

My Lord,

Of Your Unfortunate

Philander.

Octavio *to* Philander.

My Lord,

I Am much concern'd that a Requeſt ſo reaſonable as you have made, will be of ſo little force with theſe Arbitrary Tyrants of State; and tho you have addreſt and appeal'd to me as one of that grave and rigid number, (though without one grain of their formalities, and I hope age, which renders us leſs Gallant, and more envious of the joys and liberties of youth

youth, will never reduce me to ſo dull and thoughtleſs a Member of State) yet I have ſo ſmall and ſingle a portion of their Power, that I am aſham'd of my incapacity of ſerving you in this great Affair. I bear the Honour and the Name, 'tis true, of glorious Sway; but I can boaſt but of the worſt and moſt impotent part of it, the Title only; but the buſie, abſolute, miſchievous Politician, finds no room in my Soul, my humour, or conſtitution; and plodding reſtleſs Power I have made ſo little the buſineſs of my gayer, and more careleſs youth, that I have even loſt my right of Rule, my ſhare of Empire amongſt them. That little power (whoſe unregarded loſs I never bemoan'd till it render'd me uncapable of ſerving *Philander*) I have ſtretch'd to the utmoſt bound for your ſtay; inſomuch

that

that I have receiv'd many reproaches from the wiſer Coxcombs, have had my Youths little Debauches hinted on, and Judgments made of you (diſadvantageous) from my Friendſhip to you; a Friendſhip, which, my Lord, at firſt ſight of you, found a being in my Soul, and which your Wit, your Goodneſs, your Greatneſs, and your Misfortunes has improv'd to all the degrees of it: Tho I am infinitely unhappy that it proves of no uſe to you here, and that the greateſt Teſtimony I can now render of it, is to warn you of your approaching danger, and haſten your departure, for there is no ſafety in your ſtay. I juſt now heard what was decreed againſt you in Council, which no pleading nor eloquence of Friendſhip had force enough to evade. Alas, I had but one ſingle Voice in the number, which

which I ſullenly and ſingly gave, and which unregarded paſt. Go then, my Lord, haſte to ſome place where good Breeding and Humanity reigns: Go and preſerve *Silvia*, in providing for your own Safety; and believe me, till ſhe be in a Condition to purſue your Fortunes, I will take ſuch care that nothing ſhall be wanting, to her recovery here, in order to her following after you. I am, alas, but too ſenſible of all the pains you muſt endure by ſuch a ſeparation; for I am neither inſenſible, nor uncapable of Love, or any of its violent Effects: Go then, my Lord, and preſerve the lovely Maid in your Flight, ſince your ſtay and danger will ſerve but to haſten on her death: Go, and be ſatisfied ſhe ſhall find a Protection ſuitable to her

her Sex, her Innocence, her Beauty, and her Quality; and that where ever you fix your ſtay, ſhe ſhall be reſign'd to your Arms by, my Lord,

Your Eternal Friend,
and Humble Servant,
Octavio.

Leaſt in this ſudden remove you ſhou'd want Money, I have ſent you ſeveral Bills of Exchange to what place ſoever you arrive, and what you want more (make no ſcruple to uſe me as a Friend) and command.

After this Letter, finding no Hopes; but on the contrary a dire neceſſity of departing, he told *Brilljard* his Misfortune, and ask'd his Counſel in this extremity of Affairs. *Brilljard* (who of a Servant was become

a

a Rival) you may believe, gave him ſuch advice as might remove him from the Object he ador'd. But after a great deal of diſſembl'd trouble, the better to hide his joy, he gave his advice for his going with all the Arguments that appear'd reaſonable enough to *Philander*. And at every period urg'd that his life being dear to *Silvia*, and on which hers ſo immediately depended, he ought no longer to debate, but haſten his Flight: To all which Counſel our Amorous *Hero*, with a Soul ready to make its way thro' his trembling Body, gave a ſighing unwilling Aſſent. 'Twas now no longer a Diſpute, but was concluded he muſt go, but how was only the queſtion. How ſhou'd he take his Farewel? How ſhou'd he bid adieu, and leave the dear Object of his Soul in an Eſtate ſo hazardous?

He

He form'd a thouſand ſad Ideas to torment himſelf with; fancying he ſhou'd never ſee her more, that he ſhou'd hear that ſhe was dead, tho' now ſhe appear'd on this ſide of the Grave, and had all the ſigns of a declining Diſeaſe. He fanſy'd Abſence might make her cold, and abate her paſſion to him; that her powerful Beauty might attract Adorers, and ſhe being but a Woman, and no part Angel but her Form, 'twas not expected ſhe ſhou'd want her Sexes Frailties. Now he cou'd conſider how he had won her, how by importunity and opportunity ſhe had at laſt yielded to him, and therefore might to ſome new Gameſter, when he was not by to keep her Heart in continual play: Then 'twas that all the deſpair of jealous Love, the throbs and piercing of a violent paſſion ſeiz'd his timorous and

tender

tender Heart, he fanſy'd her already in ſome new Lovers Arms, and ran o'er all the ſoft Enjoyments he had had with her; and fanſy'd with tormenting thought, that ſo another wou'd poſſeſs her: till rackt with Tortures, he almoſt fainted on the *Repoſe* on which he was ſet: But *Brilljard* rous'd and endeavour'd to convince him, told him he hop'd his Fear was needleſs, and that he would take all the watchful care imaginable of her Conduct, be a ſpy upon her Vertue, and from time to time give him notice of all that ſhou'd paſs: Bid him conſider her Quality, and that ſhe was no common Miſtreſs, whom hire cou'd lead aſtray; and that if from the violence of her Paſſion, or her more ſevere Fate, ſhe had yielded to the moſt charming of Men, he ought as little to imagine ſhe cou'd be

again

again a Lover, as that ſhe cou'd find an Object of equal Beauty with that of *Philander*. In fine, he ſooth'd and flatter'd him into ſo much eaſe, that he reſolves to take his leave for a day or two under pretence of meeting and conſulting with ſome of the rebel Party; and that he wou'd return again to her by that time it might be imagin'd her Feaver might be abated, and *Silvia* in a condition to receive the news of his being gone for a longer time, and to know all his Affairs. While *Brilljard* prepar'd all things neceſſary for his departure, *Philander* went to *Silvia*; from whom, having been abſent two tedious Hours, ſhe caught him in her Arms with a tranſport of Joy, reproach'd him with want of Love, for being abſent ſo long: But ſtill the more ſhe ſpoke ſoft ſighing Words of

Love

Love, the more his Soul was ſeiz'd with Melancholy. His ſighs redoubl'd, and he cou'd not refrain from letting fall ſome Tears upon her Boſom——— Which *Silvia* perceiving with a look and a trembling in her Voice, that ſpoke her fear, ſhe cry'd, oh *Philander!* theſe are unuſual Marks of your Tenderneſs. Oh tell me, tell me quickly, what they mean. He anſwer'd with a ſigh, and ſhe went on——'Tis ſo, I am undone, 'tis your loſt Vows, your broken Faith you weep; yes, *Philander*, you find the Flower of my Beauty faded, and what you lov'd before you pity now, and theſe be the Effects of it. Then ſighing, as if his Soul had been departing on her Neck, he cry'd by Heaven, by all the Powers of Love, thou art the ſame dear Charmer that thou wert; then preſſing her

her body to his Boſom, he ſigh'd a new as if his heart were breaking —— I know (ſays ſhe) *Philander* there's ſome hidden cauſe that gives theſe Sighs their way, and that dear face a paleneſs. Oh tell me all; for ſhe that cou'd abandon all for thee, can dare the worſt of Fate: If thou muſt quit me——— Oh *Philander*, if it muſt be ſo, I need not ſtay the lingring death of a feeble Feaver: I know a way more noble and more ſudden. Pleas'd at her reſolution, which almoſt deſtroy'd his Jealouſie and Fears, a thouſand times he kiſs'd her, mixing his grateful Words and Thanks with Sighs; and finding her fair Hands (which he put often to his mouth) to encreaſe their Fires, and her pulſe to be more high and quick, fearing to relapſe her into her (abating) Feaver he forc'd a

ſmile

ſmile, and told her, he had no Griefs, but what ſhe made him feel; no torments but her ſickneſs, nor ſighs but for her pain, and left nothing unſaid, that might confirm her he was ſtill more and more her Slave; and concealing his Deſign in favour of her Health, he ceas'd not vowing and proteſting, till he had ſettled her in all the tranquillity of a recovering Beauty. And, as ſince her firſt Illneſs he had never departed from her Bed, ſo now this night he ſtrove to appear in her Arms with all that uſual Gayety of Love that her condition wou'd permit, or his Circumſtances cou'd feign, and leaving her aſleep at Day-break (with a force upon his Soul that cannot be conceiv'd) but by parting Lovers, he ſtole from her Arms and retiring to his Chamber,

he

he ſoon got himſelf ready for his Flight, and departed. We will leave *Silvia*'s Ravings to be expreſs'd by none but her ſelf, and tell you that after about Fourteen Days Abſence *Octavio* receiv'd this Letter from *Philander*.

Philander *to* Octavio.

BEing ſafely arrived at *Collen*, and by a very pretty and lucky Adventure lodg'd in the Houſe of the beſt Quality in the Town, I find my ſelf much more at eaſe than I thought it poſſible to be without *Silvia*, from whom I am nevertheleſs impatient to hear; I hope abſence appears not ſo great a Bugbear to her as 'twas imagin'd: For I know not what Effects it wou'd have

have on me to hear her Griefs exceeded a few ſighs and tears: thoſe my kind abſence has taught me to allow and bear without much pain: But ſhould her Love tranſport her to extreams of Rage and deſpair, I fear I ſhou'd quit my ſafety here, and give her the laſt proof of my Love and my Compaſſion, throw my ſelf at her Feet, and expoſe my live to preſerve hers. Honour wou'd oblige me to't. I conjure you, my dear *Octavio*, by all the Friendſhip you have vow'd me, (and which I no longer doubt,) let me ſpeedily know how ſhe bears my abſence, for on that knowledge depends a great deal of the ſatisfaction of my life, carry her this incloſ'd which I have writ her, and ſoften my ſilent departure, which poſſibly may appear rude and unkind, plead my pardon, and give her the Sto-

ry

ry of my neceſſity of offending, which none can ſo well relate as your ſelf; and from a Mouth ſo eloquent, to a Maid ſo full of Love, will ſoon reconcile me to her heart. With her Letter I ſend you a Bill to pay her 2000 Patacons, which I have paid *Vander Hanskin* here, as his Letter will inform you, as alſo thoſe Bills I receiv'd of you at my departure, having been ſupply'd by an *Engliſh* Merchant here, who gave me credit. 'Twill be an Age till I hear from you, and receive the news of the health of *Silvia*: Than which two Bleſſings nothing will be more welcom to,

Collen. Generous *Octavio*,

Your *Philander*

Direct your Letters for me to your Merchant *Vander Hanskin*.

Philander *to* Silvia.

THere is no way left to gain my *Silvia*'s Pardon, for leaving her, and leaving her in ſuch Circumſtances, but to tell her 'twas to preſerve a life which I believ'd entirely dear to her, but that unhappy Crime is too ſeverely puniſh'd by the cruelties of my Abſence: Believe me, lovely *Silvia*, I have felt all your Pains, I have burnt with your Feaver, and ſigh'd with your oppreſſions; ſay, Has my Pain abated yours? Tell me, and haſten my Health by the aſſurance of your recovery, or I have fled in vain from thoſe dear Arms to ſave a Life, of which I know not what account to give you, till I receive from you the knowledge of your perfect Health,

the

the true ſtate of mine. I can only ſay I ſigh, and have a ſort of a being in *Collen*, where I have ſome more aſſurance of Protection than I cou'd hope from thoſe int'reſted Brutes, who ſent me from you; yet brutiſh as they are, I know thou art ſafe from their clowniſh Outrages. For were they ſenſleſs as their Fellow-Monſters of the Sea, they durſt not prophane ſo pure an Excellence as thine; the ſullen Boars wou'd jouder out a welcome to thee, and gape, and wonder at thy awful Beauty, tho they want the tender Senſe to know to what uſe 'twas made. Or if I doubted their Humanity, I cannot the Friendſhip of *Octavio*, ſince he has given me too good a proof of it to leave me any fear, that he has not in my Abſence purſu'd thoſe generous Sentiments for *Silvia*, which he vow'd to *Philander*, and of which the

first Proof must be his relating the neceſſity of my Abſence, to ſet me well with my adorable Maid, who, better than I can inform her; and that I rather choſe to quit you only for a ſhort ſpace, than reduce my ſelf to the neceſſity of loſing you eternally. Let the ſatisfaction this ought to give you, retrieve your Health and Beauty, and put you into a condition of reſtoring to me all my Joys. That by purſuing the Dictates of your Love, you may again bring the greateſt Happineſs on Earth to the Arms of

Your *Philander.*

POSTSCRIPT.

My Affairs here are yet ſo unſettl'd, that I can take no order for your

your coming to me, but as ſoon as I know where I can fix with ſafety, I ſhall make it my buſineſs and my happineſs: Adieu. Truſt *Octavio* with your Letters only.

This Letter *Octavio* would not carry himſelf to her, who had omitted no day, ſcarce any hour, wherein he ſaw not or ſent not to the charming *Silvia*; but he found in that which *Philander* had writ to him, an Air of coldneſs, altogether unuſual with that paſſionate Lover, and infinitely ſhort in point of tenderneſs to thoſe he had formerly ſeen of his, and from what he had heard him ſpeak; ſo that he no longer doubted (and the rather becauſe he hop'd it) but that *Philander* found an abatement of that heat, which was wont to inſpire at a more Amorous rate; this appearing de-

clenſion he cou'd not conceal from *Silvia*, at leaſt to let her know he took notice of it; for he knew her Love was too quick ſighted and ſenſible to paſs it unregarded; but he with reaſon thought, that when ſhe ſhou'd find others obſerve the little ſlight ſhe had put on her, her Pride (which is natural to Women in ſuch Caſes) would decline and leſſen her Love, for his Rival. He therefore ſent his Page with the Letters inclos'd in this from himſelf.

Octavio *to* Silvia.

Madam,

FRom a little neceſſary debauch I made laſt night with the Prince, I am forc'd to employ my Page in thoſe Duties I ought to have perform'd my ſelf: He brings you, Madam, a Letter from *Philander*,

Philander, as mine which I have alſo ſent you informs me; I ſhou'd elſe have doubted it; 'tis, I thing, his Character, and all he ſays of *Octavio* confeſſes the Friend, but where he ſpeaks of *Silvia* ſure he diſguiſes the Lover: I wonder the Mask ſhou'd be put on now to me, to whom before he ſo frankly diſcover'd the Secrets of his Amorous Heart. 'Tis a Myſtery I would fain perſwade my ſelf he finds abſolutely neceſſary to his Intereſt, and I hope you will make the ſame favourable Conſtructions of it, and not impute the leſſen'd zeal wherewith he treats the charming *Silvia* to any poſſible change or coldneſs, ſince I am but too fatally ſenſible, that no Man can arrive at the Glory of being belov'd by you, that had ever power to ſhorten one Link of that dear

chain that holds him, and you need but ſurvey that adorable Face, to confirm your Tranquility; ſet a juſt value on your Charms, and you need no Arguments to ſecure your everlaſting Empire, or to eſtabliſh it in what Heart you pleaſe. This fatal Truth I learnt from your fair Eyes, e'er they diſcover'd to me your Sex, and you may as ſoon change to what I then believ'd you, as I from adoring what I now find you: If all then, Madam, that do but look on you become your Slaves, and languiſh for you, love on, even without Hope, and die, what muſt *Philander* pay you, who has the mighty Bleſſing of your Love, your Vows, and all that renders the hours of amorous Youth Sacred, Glad, and Triumphant? But you know the conquering power of

your

your Charms too well to need either this daring Confeſſion, or a defence of *Philander's* Vertue from,

Madam,

Your Obedient Slave,

Octavio.

Silvia had no ſooner read this with Bluſhes, and a thouſand fears, and trembling of what was to follow in *Philander's* Letters both to *Octavio* and to her ſelf, but with an Indignation agreeable to her haughty Soul, ſhe cry'd —— *How* —— *ſlighted* ! *and muſt* Octavio *ſee it too: By Heaven, if I ſhou'd find it true, he ſhall not dare to think it* ; then with a generous Rage ſhe broke open *Philander's* Letter ; and which ſhe ſoon perceiv'd did but too well prove the truth of

Octavio's Suſpicion, and her own Fears. She repeated it again and again, and ſtill ſhe found more cauſe of grief and anger; Love occaſion'd the firſt, and Pride the laſt: And, to a Soul perfectly haughty, as was that of *Silvia*, 'twas hard to gueſs which had the Aſcendant: She conſider'd *Octavio* to all the Advantages that Thought cou'd conceive in one who was not a Lover of him; ſhe knew he merited a Heart, tho ſhe had none to give him, ſhe found him Charming without having a tenderneſs for him, ſhe found him young and amorous without deſire towards him, ſhe found him great, rich, powerful and generous, without deſigning on him, and tho ſhe knew her Soul free from all Paſſion, but that for *Philander*, nevertheleſs ſhe bluſht and was angry, that he had thoughts

no

no more advantageous to the power of those Charms, which she wish'd might appear to him above her Sex, it being natural to Women to desire Conquests, tho they hate the conquer'd; to glory in the Triumph, tho they despise the Slave: And she believ'd, while *Octavio* had so poor a sense of her beauty as to believe it cou'd be forsaken, he would adore it less: And first, to satisfie her Pride, she left the softer business of her heart to the next tormenting hour, and sent him this careless answer by his Page, believing if she appear'd too angry it might look as if she valu'd his Opinion, and therefore dissembled her Thoughts, as Women in those Cases ever do, who when most angry seem the most Galliard, especially when they have need of the friendship of those they flatter.

Sil-

Silvia *to* Octavio.

IS it indeed, *Octavio*, that you believe *Philander* cold, or wou'd you make that a pretext to the declaration of your own Paſſion; we *French* Ladies are not ſo nicely ty'd up to the formalities of vertue, but we can hear Love at both Ears; and if we receive not the Addreſſes of both, at leaſt we are perhaps vain enough not to be diſpleas'd, to find we make new Conqueſts. But you have made your Attack with ſo ill conduct, that I ſhall find force enough without more Aids to repulſe you. Alas, my Lord, did you believe my Heart was left unguarded when *Philander* departed? No, the careful charming Lover left a thouſand little Gods to defend it, of no leſs power than himſelf; young Deities,

ties who laugh at all your little Arts and Treacheries, and ſcorn to reſign their Empire to any feeble Cupids you can draw up againſt 'em: Your thick foggy Air breeds *Loves* too dull and heavy for noble flights, nor can I ſtoop to them. The Flemiſh Boy wants Arrows keen enough for Hearts like mine, and is a Bungler in his Art, too lazy and remiſs, rather a heavy *Bacchus* than a *Cupid*, a Bottle ſends him to his Bed of Moſs, where he ſleeps hard, and never dreams of *Venus*.

How poorly have you paid your ſelf, my Lord, (by this purſuit of your diſcover'd Love) for all the little Friendſhip you have rendred me? How well you have explain'd, you can be no more a Lover than a Friend, if one may judge the firſt by the laſt: Had you been thus obſtinate in your Paſſion before

Phi-

Philander went, or you had believ'd me abandon'd, I ſhould perhaps have thought, that you had lov'd indeed, becauſe I ſhould have ſeen you durſt, and ſhould have believ'd it true; becauſe it ran ſome hazards for me, the reſolution of it would have reconcil'd me then to the temerity of it, and the greateſt demonſtration you cou'd have given of it, wou'd have been the danger you wou'd have ran and contemned; and the preference of your Paſſion above any other conſideration. This, my Lord, had been generous, and like a Lover, but poorly thus to ſet upon a ſingle Woman in the diſguiſe of a Friend, in the dark ſilent melancholy hour of abſence from *Philander*, then to ſurpriſe me, then to bid me deliver! to pad for hearts! it was not like *Octavio*, that *Octavio Philander* made his Friend, and for

whoſe

whose dear sake, my Lord, I will no further reproach you, but from a goodness, which, I hope, you will merit, I will forgive an Offence, which your ill-timing has render'd almost inexcusable; and expect you will for the future consider better how you ought to treat

SILVIA.

As soon as she had dismiss'd the Page, she hasted to her business of Love, and again read over *Philander's* Letter, and finds still new occasion for fear; she had recourse to pen and paper for a relief of that Heart which no other way cou'd find it; and after having wip'd the Tears from her Eyes, she writ this following Letter.

Silvia to Philander.

YES, *Philander*, I have receiv-ed your Letter, and but I found my name there, ſhou'd have hop'd it was not meant for *Silvia*: Oh! 'tis all cold—Short--Short and cold as a dead Winter's day. It chill'd my blood, it ſhiver'd every vein. Where, oh where haſt thou laviſh'd out all thoſe ſoft Words ſo natural to thy Soul, with which thou us'd to charm; ſo tun'd to the dear muſick of thy voice? what is become of all the tender things, which, as I us'd to read, made little nimble pantings in my heart, my bluſhes riſe, and tremblings in my blood, adding new fire to the poor burning Victim! Oh where are all thy pretty Flatteries of Love, that made me fond, and vain, and ſet a value on this trifling Beauty? Haſt thou

thou forgot thy wondrous Art of loving? Thy pretty cunnings, and thy ſoft deceivings? Haſt thou forgot 'em all? Or haſt forgot indeed to love at all? Has thy induſtrious paſſion gather'd all the ſweets, and left the rifled flower to hang its wither'd head, and die in ſhades neglected? for who will prize it now, now, when all its perfumes are fled? Oh my *Philander*, oh my charming Fugitive! was't not enough, you left me like falſe *Theſeus* on the ſhore, on the forſaken ſhore, departed from my fond, my claſping Arms; where I believ'd you ſafe, ſecure, and pleas'd, when ſleep and night, that favour'd you, and ruin'd me, had render'd 'em incapable of their dear loſs? Oh was it not enough, that when I found 'em empty and abandon'd, and the place cold where you had lain, and my poor trembling Boſom unpoſſeſt

poſſeſs'd of that dear load it bore, that I almoſt expired with my firſt Fears: Oh, if *Philander* lov'd, he wou'd have thought that cruelty enough, without the ſad Addition of a growing coldneſs: I wak'd, I miſs'd thee, and I call'd aloud, *Philander!* my *Philander*! But no *Philander* heard; then drew the cloſe drawn Curtains, and with a haſty and buſie view, ſurvey'd the Chamber over; but oh! in vain I view'd, and call'd yet louder, but none appear'd to my aſſiſtance but *Antonet* and *Brilljard* to torture me with dull Excuſes, urging a thouſand feign'd and frivolous Reaſons to ſatisfie my fears: But I, who lov'd, who doated even to madneſs, by nature ſoft, and timorous as a Dove, and fearful as a Criminal eſcap'd, that dreads each little noiſe, fancy'd their Eyes and guilty Looks confeſt the Treaſons of their

their Hearts and Tongues, while they, more kind than true, ſtrove to convince my killing Doubts, proteſted, that you would return by Night, and feign'd a likely Story to deceive. Thus between hope and fear I languiſht out a day, Oh Heavens! a tedious day without *Philander*, who wou'd have thought, that ſuch a diſmal day ſhou'd not with the end of its reign have finiſh'd that of my Life: But then *Octavio* came to viſit me, and who till then I never wiſht to ſee, but now I was impatient for his coming, who by degrees told me that you were gone—I never ask'd him where, or how, or why, that you were gone was enough to poſſeſs me of all I fear'd, your being apprehended and ſent into *France*, your delivering your ſelf up, your abandoning me; all, all I had an eaſie faith for, without con-

consulting more than That, Thou wert gone, — that very word yet strikes a terrour to my Soul, disables my trembling hand, and I must wait for reinforcements from some kinder thoughts. But, oh! from whence shou'd they arrive? from what dear present felicity, or prospect of a future, tho never so distant, and all those past ones, serve but to increase my pain; they favour me no more, they charm and please no more, and only present themselves to my memory to compleat the number of my Sighs and Tears, and make me wish that they had never been; tho even with *Philander*? Oh, say, thou Monarch of my panting Soul, How hast thou treated *Silvia*, to make her wish, that she had never known a tender joy with thee: Is't possible she shou'd repent her loving thee, and thou shou'dst give her

her cauſe! ſay, dear falſe Charmer, is it? But Oh, there is no laſting Faith in Sin!—Ah—What have I done? How dreadful is the Scene of my firſt debauch, and how glorious that never to be regain'd proſpect of my Virgin Innocence, where I ſate inthron'd in awful vertue, crown'd with ſhining honour, and adorned with unſullied reputation, till thou, O Tyrant *Love*, with a charming uſurpation, invaded all my Glories; and which I reſign'd with greater pride and joy than a young Monarch puts 'em on. Oh, why then do I repent? as if the vaſt, the dear expence of pleaſures paſt were not enough to recompence for all the pains of Love to come? But why, O why do I treat thee as a Lover loſt already; Thou are not, canſt not, no, I'll not believe it, till thou thy ſelf confeſs it: Nor ſhall the

omiſ-

omission of a tender word or two make me believe thou hast forgot thy Vows. Alas, it may be I mistake thy Cares, thy hard Fatigues of Life, thy present ill Circumstances (and all the melancholy Effects of thine and my misfortunes) for coldness and declining Love. Alas, I had forgot my poor, my dear *Philander* is now oblig'd to contrive for Life as well as Love; thou perhaps (fearing the worst) art preparing Eloquence for a Council Table; and in thy busie and guilty imaginations, haranguing it to the grave Judges, defending thy Innocence, or evading thy guilt: Feeing Advocates, excepting Juries, and confronting Witnesses, when thou should'st be giving satisfaction to my fainting love-sick heart: Sometimes in thy labouring Fancy the horrour of a dreadful Sentence for an ignominious death strikes

ſtrikes upon thy tender Soul with a force that frights the little God from thence, and I am perſwaded there are ſome Moments of this melancholy nature, wherein your *Silvia* is even quite forgotten, and this too ſhe can think juſt and reaſonable, without reproaching thy heart with a declining Paſſion, eſpecially when I am not by to call thy fondneſs up, and divert thy more tormenting hours: But oh, for thoſe ſoft Minutes thou haſt deſign'd for Love, and haſt dedicated to *Silvia*, *Philander* ſhou'd diſmiſs the dull Formalities of rigid Buſineſs, the preſſing cares of Dangers, and have given a looſe to ſoftneſs. Cou'd my *Philander* imagine this ſhort and unloving Letter ſufficient to atone for ſuch an abſence? And has *Philander* then forgotten the pain with which I languiſh'd, when but abſent from him an hour? How

then

then can he imagine I can live, when distant from him so many Leagues, and so many days? while all the scanty comfort I have for life is, that one day we might meet again; but where, or when, or how—thou hast not love enough so much as to divine; but poorly leavest me to be satisfied by *Ottavio*, committing the business of thy heart, the once great importance of thy Soul, the most necessary Devoirs of thy life, to be supply'd by another. Oh *Philander*, I have known a blessed time in our reign of Love, when thou wouldst have thought even all thy own power of too little force to satisfie the doubting Soul of *Silvia*: Tell me *Philander*, hast thou forgot that time? I dare not think thou hast, and yet (O God) I find an alteration, but Heaven divert the Omen: Yet something whispers to my Soul,

I am undone! Oh where art thou my *Philander*? Where's thy Heart? And what has it been doing since it begun my Fate? How can it justifie thy coldness, and thou this cruel absence, without accounting with me for every parting hour? My charming Dear was wont to find me Business for all my lonely absent ones; and writ the softest Letters—— Loading the Paper with fond Vows and Wishes, which e're I had read o'er, another wou'd arrive, to keep eternal warmth about my Soul: nor wert thou ever wearied more with writing, than I with reading or with sighing after thee; but now ——— Oh! there's some Mystery in't I dare not understand. Be kind at least and satisfie my Fears, for 'tis a wondrous pain to live in doubt, if thou still lov'st me, swear it

o'er a new! and curse me if I do not credit thee. But — if thou art declining, — or should'st be sent a shameful Victim into *France* — Oh thou deceiving Charmer, yet be just, and let me know my Doom: By Heaven this last will find a welcome to me, for it will end the Torment of my Doubts, and fears of losing thee another way, and I shall have the Joy to die with thee; die belov'd, and die

Thy Silvia.

Having read over this Letter, she fear'd she had said too much of her Doubts, and Apprehensions of a change in him; for now she flies to all the little Stratagems and Artifices of Lovers, she begins to consider the worst, and to make her best of that, but quite abandon'd, she could not believe her

her ſelf without flying into all the Rage that diſappointed Woman could be poſſeſs'd with, ſhe calls *Brilljard*, ſhews him his Lords Letters, and told him (while he read) her Doubts and Fears; he being thus inſtructed by her ſelf in the way how to deceive her on, like Fortune-tellers who gathers peoples Fortune from themſelves, and then return it back for their own Divinity; tells her he ſaw indeed a change! glad to improve her Fear, and feigns a Sorrow almoſt equal to hers: *'Tis evident*, ſays he, *'tis evident, that he's the moſt ungrateful of his Sex! Pardon, Madam* (continued he, bowing) *If my Zeal for the moſt charming Creature on Earth, make me forget my Duty to the beſt of Maſters and Friends. Ah* Brilljard, cry'd ſhe, with an Air of Languiſhment that more enflamed

him; *have a care leaſt that miſtaken Zeal for me ſhou'd make you prophane Vertue, which has not, but on this occaſion ſhew'd that it wanted Angels for its Guard. Oh,* Brilljard, *if he be falſe——if the dear Man be perjured, take, take, kind Heaven, the Life you have preſerv'd, but for a greater Proof of your Revenge*——And at that Word ſhe ſunk into his Arms, which he haſtily extended as ſhe was falling, both to ſave her from harm, and to give himſelf the Pleaſure of graſping the lovely'ſt body in the World to his Boſom, on which her fair Face declin'd cold, dead, and pale, but ſo tranſporting was the Pleaſure of that dear Burden, that he forgot to call for, or to uſe any Aid to bring her back to Life, but trembling with his Love and eager Paſſion, he took a thouſand Joys,

he

he kiſt a thouſand times her Luke-warm Lips, ſuck'd her ſhort Sighs, and raviſh'd all the Sweets her Boſom (which but guarded with a looſe Night Gown) yielded his impatient touches. Oh Heaven, who can expreſs the Pleaſures he receiv'd, becauſe no other way he ever cou'd arrive to ſo much daring? 'twas all beyond his hope; looſe were her Robes, inſenſible the Maid, and Love had made him inſolent; he rov'd, he kiſs'd, he gaz'd, without controul, forgetting all reſpect of Perſons, or of place, and quite deſpairing by fair means to win her, reſolves to take this lucky Opportunity; the Door he knew was faſt, for the counſel ſhe had to ask him admitted of no Lookers on, ſo that at his Entrance ſhe had ſecur'd that Paſs for him her ſelf, and being near her Bed, when ſhe fell

into his Arms, at this last daring Thought, he lifts her thither, and lays her gently down, and while he did so in one minute, ran o'er all the killing Joys he had been Witness to, which she had given *Philander*; on which he never paws'd but urg'd by a *Cupid* altogether malicious and wicked, he resolves his cowardly Conquest, when some kinder God awaken'd *Silvia*, and brought *Octavio* to the Chamber Door, who having been us'd to a freedom, which was permitted to none but himself, with *Antonett* her Woman, waiting for admittance, after having knock'd twice softly: *Brilliard* heard it, and redoubled his Disorder, which from that of Love, grew to that of Surprize; he knew not what to do, whether to refuse answering, or to re establish the reviving Sense of *Silvia*; in this moment

ment of perplexing Thought, he fail'd not however to set his Hair in order, and adjust him, tho there were no need of it, and stepping to the Door (after having rais'd *Silvia*, leaning her head on her Hand on the bed-side,) he gave admittance to *Octavio*; but oh Heaven, how was he surpriz'd when he saw it was *Octavio*? his heart with more force than before, redoubled its beats, that one might easily perceive every stroak by the motion of his Cravat, he blush'd, which to a Complexion perfectly fair, as that of *Brilliard* (who wants no Beauty either in Face or Person) was the more discoverable, add to this his trembling, and you may easily imagine what a fuger he represented himself to *Octavio*; who almost as much surpriz'd as himself to find the Goddess of his Vows and Devo-

tions with a young *Endimion* alone, a Door ſhut too, her Gown looſe (which from the late Fit ſhe was in, and *Brilljard*'s Rape upon her Boſom) was ſtill open, and diſcovered a world of unguarded Beauty, which ſhe knew not was in view, with ſome other Diſorders of her Head-cloaths, gave him in a Moment a thouſand falſe Apprehenſions: *Antonett* was no leſs ſurpris'd; ſo that all had their part of Amazement, but the innocent *Silvia*, whoſe Eyes were beautified with a melancholly Calm, which almoſt ſet the generous Lover at eaſe, and took away his new fears, however he could not chooſe but ask *Brilljard* what the matter was with him, he look'd ſo out of countenance, and trembled ſo? he told him, how *Silvia* had been, and what extream Frights ſhe had poſſeſs'd him with, and told him the

the occaſion, which the lovely *Silvia* with her Eyes and Sighs aſſented to, and *Brilljard* departed; how well pleas'd you may imagine, or with what Guſto he left her with the lovely *Octavio*, whom he perceiv'd too well was a Lover in the Diſguiſe of a Friend. But there are in love thoſe wonderful Lovers who can quench the Fire one Beauty kindles, with ſome other Object, and as much in Love as *Brilljard* was, he found *Antonett* an Antidote that diſpell'd the groſſer part of it; for ſhe was in love with our Amorous Friend, and courted him with that Paſſion thoſe of that Country do almoſt all handſome Strangers, and one convenient Principle of the Religion of that Country is, to think it no Sin to be kind while they are ſingle Women, tho' otherwiſe (when Wives) they are

juſt enough, nor does a Woman that manages her Affairs thus diſcreetly meet with any reproach; of this Humour was our *Antonett*, who purſu'd her Lover out, half jealous there might be ſome amorous Intrigue between her Lady and him, which ſhe ſought in vain by all the feeble Arts of her Countries Sex to get from him; while on the other ſide, he believing ſhe might be of uſe in the farther diſcovery he deſir'd to make between *Octavio* and *Silvia*, not only told her ſhe her ſelf was the Object of his Wiſhes, but gave her ſubſtantial Proofs on't, and told her his Deſign, after having her Honour for ſecurity that ſhe wou'd be ſecret, the beſt Pledge a Man can take of a Woman: After ſhe had promis'd to betray all things to him, ſhe departed to her Affairs, and he to giving his

his Lord an account of *Silvia*, as he desir'd, in a Letter which came to him with that of *Silvia*; and which was thus:

Philander *to* Brilljard.

I Doubt not but you will wonder that all this time you have not heard of me, nor indeed can I well excuse it, since I have been in a place, whence with ease I cou'd have sent every Post, but a new Affair of Gallantry has engag'd my thoughtful Hours, not that I find any Passion there that has abated one Sigh for *Silvia*, but a Mans Hours are very dull, when undiverted by an Intrigue of some kind or other, especially to a Heart young and gay as mine is, and which would not if possible bend under the Fatigues of more serious thought and busines; I shou'd not

tell

tell you this, but that I wou'd have you feign all the dilatory excuſes that poſſible you can to hinder *Silvia*'s coming to me, while I remain in this Town, where I deſign to make my abode but a ſhort time, and had not ſtaid at all, but for this ſtop to my Journey, and I ſcorn to be vanquiſh'd without taking my Revenge, 'tis a ſally of Youth, no more—— a flaſh, that blazes for a while, and will go out with enjoyment. I need not bid you keep this Knowledge to your ſelf, for I have had too good a confirmation of your Faith and Friendſhip to doubt you now, and believe you have too much reſpect for *Silvia* to occaſion her any diſquiet. I long to know how ſhe takes my abſence, ſend me at large of all that paſſes, and give your Letters to *Octavio*, for none elſe ſhall know where I am, or how to

ſend

ſend to me : Be careful of *Silvia*, and obſerve her with diligence, for poſſibly I ſhould not be extravagantly afflicted to find ſhe were inclin'd to love me leſs for her own eaſe and mine, ſince Love is troubleſome when the height of it carries it to jealouſies, little quarels and eternal diſcontents; all which beginning Lovers prize, and pride themſelves on every diſtruſt of the fond Miſtreſs, ſince 'tis not only a demonſtration of love in them, but of power and charms in us that occaſion it, but when we no longer find the Miſtreſs ſo deſirable, as our firſt wiſhes form her, we value leſs their opinion of our Perſons, and only endeavour to render it agreeable to new Beauties, and adorn it for new Conqueſts; but you, *Brilliard*, have been a Lover, and underſtand already this Philoſophy. I need ſay no more than to

to

to a Man who knows ſo well my Soul, but to tell him I am

His conſtant Friend
Philander.

This came as *Brilljard*'s Soul cou'd wiſh, and had he ſent him word he had been choſen King of *Poland*, he cou'd not have received the news with ſo great joy, and ſo perfect a welcom. How to manage this to his beſt advantage was the buſineſs he was next to conſult, after returning an anſwer; now he fancied himſelf ſure of the lovely Prize, in ſpight of all other oppoſitions: *For* (ſays he, in reaſoning the caſe) *if ſhe can by degrees arrive to a coldneſs to* Philander, *and conſider him no longer as a Lover, ſhe may perhaps conſider me as a Husband; or ſhou'd ſhe receive* Octavio's *Addreſſes, when once I have found her*

her ſcheme, I will make her pay me for keeping of every ſecret. So either way he entertain'd a Hope, tho never ſo diſtant from Reaſon and Probability; but all things ſeem poſſible to longing Lovers, who can on the leaſt hope reſolve to out-wait even Eternity (if poſſible) in expectation of a promis'd Bleſſing; and now with more than uſual care he reſolv'd to dreſs and ſet out all his Youth and Beauty to the beſt advantage; and being a Gentleman well born, he wanted no Arts of dreſſing, nor any advantage of Shape or Mien, to make it appear well: Pleas'd with this hope, his Art was now how to make his Advances without appearing to have deſign'd doing ſo. And firſt to act the Hypocrite with his Lord was his Buſineſs; for he conſider'd rightly, if he ſhould not repreſent

Sir

Silvia's sorrows to the life, and appear to make him sensible of 'em, he should not be after credited if he related any thing to her disadvantage; for to be the greater Enemy you ought to seem to be the greatest Friend. This was the policy of his Heart, who in all things was inspir'd with phanatical Notions. In order to this, being alone in his Chamber, after the defeat he had in that of *Silvia*'s, he writ this Letter.

Brilljard *to* Philander.

My Lord,

YOU have done me the honour to make me your Confident in an Affair that does not a little surprize me: Since I believ'd, after *Silvia*, no mortal Beauty could have touch'd your Heart, and nothing but your own excu-

excuſes cou'd have ſuffic'd to have made it reaſonable; and I only wiſh, that when the fatal news ſhall arrive to *Silvia*'s Ear (as for me it never ſhall) that ſhe may think it as pardonable as I do; but I doubt it will add abundance of Grief, to what ſhe is already poſſeſt of, if but ſuch a fear ſhould enter in her tender Thoughts. But ſince 'tis not my buſineſs, my Lord, to adviſe or counſel, but to obey, I leave you to all the ſucceſs of happy Love, and will only give you an account how affairs ſtand here, ſince your departure.

That Morning you left the *Brill*, and *Silvia* in Bed, I muſt diſturb your more ſerene thoughts with telling you, that her firſt Surprize and Griefs at the news of your departure, were moſt deplorable, where raging madneſs and the ſofter paſſion of Love,

complaints

complaints of Grief and Anger, Sighs, Tears and Cries were so mix'd together, and by turns so violently seiz'd her, that all about her wept and pity'd her; 'twas sad, 'twas wond'rous sad, my Lord, to see it: Nor cou'd we hope her Life, or that she would preserve it if she cou'd; for by many ways she attempted to have releas'd her self from pain by a violent Death, and those that strove to preserve that, cou'd not hope she wou'd ever have return'd to sense again; sometimes a wild extravagant Raving wou'd require all our Aid, and then again she wou'd talk and rail so tenderly — and express her resentment in the kindest softest Words that ever Madness utter'd, and all of her *Philander*, till she has set us all a weeping round her, sometimes she'd sit as calm and still as death,

and

and we have perceiv'd she liv'd only by Sighs and silent Tears that fell into her Bosom, then on a sudden wildly gaze upon us with Eyes that even then had wond'rous Charms, and frantickly survey us all, then cry aloud, where is my Lord *Philander*? ——— Oh, bring me my *Philander*, *Brilljard*: Oh, *Antonett*, *Where have you hid the Treasure of my Soul*; then weeping Floods of Tears, wou'd sink all fainting in our Arms. Anon with trembling Words and Sighs she'd cry, —— *But oh, my dear* Philander *is no more, you have surrendered him to* France ——— *Yes, yes, you've given him up, and he must die, publickly die, be led a sad Victim through the joyful Croud—reproach'd and fall ingloriously* ——— Then rave again, and tear her lovely Hair, and act such Wildness, — so moving

moving and ſo ſad, as even infected the pittying beholders, and all we cou'd do was gently to perſwade her Grief, and ſooth her raving Fits; but ſo we ſwore, ſo heartily we vow'd that you were ſafe, that with the aid of *Octavio*, who came that day to viſit her, we made her capable of hearing a little reaſon from us: *Octavio* kneel'd and beg'd ſhe would but calmly hear him ſpeak, he pawn'd his Soul, his Honour, and his life: *Philander* was as ſafe from any injury either from *France* or any other Enemy as he, as ſhe or Heaven it ſelf: In fine, my Lord, he vow'd, he ſwore, and pleaded, till ſhe with patience heard him tell your Story, and the neceſſity of your abſence; this brought her temper back, and dry'd her Eyes, then ſighing anſwer'd him ——*that if for your ſafety you*

were

were fled, ſhe wou'd forgive your Cruelty and your Abſence, and endeavour to be her ſelf again: But then ſhe wou'd a thouſand times conjure him not to deceive her Faith, by all the Friendſhip that he bore *Philander*, not to poſſeſs her with falſe Hopes; then wou'd he ſwear a new; and as he ſwore, ſhe would behold him with ſuch charming ſadneſs in her Eyes, that he almoſt forgot what he wou'd ſay, to gaze upon her and to pay his Pity. But if with all his Power of Beauty and of Rhetorick he left her calm, he was no ſooner gone, but ſhe return'd to all the Tempeſts of deſpairing Love, to all the unbelief of faithleſs Paſſion, wou'd neither ſleep, nor eat, nor ſuffer day to enter; but all was ſad and gloomy as the Vault that held the *Epheſian* Matron, nor ſuffer'd ſhe any

any to approach her but her Page, and Count *Octavio*, and he in midst of all was well receiv'd; not that I think, my Lord, she feign'd any part of that close retirement to entertain him with any freedom, that did not become a Woman of perfect Love and Honour, tho I must own, my Lord, I believe it impossible for him to behold the lovely *Silvia* without having a Passion for her, what restraint his Friendship to you may put upon his Heart or Tongue, I know not, but I conclude him a Lover, tho without Success, what effects that may have upon the Heart of *Silvia*, only time can render an acount of: And whose Conduct I shall the more particularly observe from a Curiosity natural to me, to see, if it may be possible for *Silvia* to love again, after the adorable *Philander*, which Levity in one so perfect

wou'd

wou'd cure me of the Diſeaſe of Love, while I liv'd amongſt the fickle Sex: But ſince no ſuch thought can yet get Poſſeſſion of my Belief, I humbly beg your Lordſhip will entertain no jealouſie, that may be ſo fatal to your repoſe, and to that of *Silvia*, doubt not but my fears proceed perfectly from the Zeal I have for your Lordſhip, for whoſe Honour and Tranquility none ſhall venture ſo far as,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhips moſt Humble and Obedient Servant

Brilljard.

POSTSCRIPT.

My Lord, the Groom ſhall ſet forward with your Coach-Horſes to morrow morning according to your Order.

Ha-

Having writ this, he read it over: not to see whether it were witty or eloquent, or writ up to the Sense of so good a Judge as *Philander*, but to see whether he had cast it for his purpose; for there his Master-piece was to be shewn; and having read it, he doubted whether the relation of *Silvia*'s Griefs were not too moving, and whether they might not serve to revive his fading Love which were intended only as a demonstration of his own Pity and Compassion, that from thence the deceiv'd Lover might with the more ease entertain a belief in what he hinted of her Levity, when he was to make that out, as he now had but touch'd upon it, for he wou'd not have it thought the business of Malice to *Silvia*, but Duty and Respect to *Philander*. That thought reconcil'd him

him, to the first part without alteration; and he fancy'd he had said enough in the latter, to give any Man of Love and Sence a Jealousie which might inspire a young Lover in pursuit of a new Mistress, with a Revenge that might wholly turn to his advantage; for now every Ray gave him light enough to conduct him to hope, and he believ'd nothing too difficult for his Love, nor what his invention cou'd not conquer: he fancy'd himself a very *Machiavel* already, and almost promis'd himself the Charming *Silvia*, With these Thoughts he seals up his Letters, and hastes to *Silvia's* Chamber for her further Commands, having in his politick transports forgotten he had left *Octavio* with her. *Octavio*, who no sooner had seen *Brilljard* quit the Chamber all trembling and disor-

der'd, after having given him entrance; but the next ſtep was to the Feet of the newly recover'd languiſhing Beauty, who not knowing any thing of the freedom the daring Husband-Lover had taken, was not at all ſurpriz'd to hear *Octavio* cry (kneeling before her) *Ah Madam, I no longer wonder you uſe* Octavio *with ſuch rigour*; then ſighing declin'd his melancholy Eyes, where Love and Jealouſie made themſelves too apparent, while ſhe believing he had only reproach'd her want of Ceremony at his entrance, checking her ſelf, ſhe ſtarted from the Bed, and taking him by the Hands to raiſe him, ſhe cry'd, *Riſe, my Lord, and pardon the omiſſion of that reſpect which was not wanting but with even life it ſelf,* *Octavio* anſwer'd, *Yes, Madam, but you took care, not to make the World abſo-*

absolutely unhappy in your Eternal Loss, and therefore made choice of such a time to die in when you were sure of a skilful person at hand to bring you back to life— My Lord— said she (with an innocent wonder in her Eyes, and an ignorance that did not apprehend him) *I mean* Brilliard, said he, *whom I found sufficiently disorder'd to make me believe he took no little pains to restore you to the World again.* This he spoke with such an Air as easily made her imagine he was a Lover to the degree of jealousie, and therefore (beholding him with a look that told him her disdain before she spoke) she reply'd hastily, *My Lord, if* Brilliard *have expresst by any disorder or concern of his kind sense of my sufferings, I am more oblig'd to him for it than I am to you for your opinion of my Vertue, and I shall hereafter*

know how to ſet a value both on the one and on the other, ſince what he wants in quality and ability to ſerve me, he ſufficiently makes good with his Reſpect and Duty. At that ſhe would have quitted him, but he (ſtill kneeling) held her Train of her Gown and beſought her with all the Eloquence of moving and petitioning Love, *That ſhe wou'd pardon the effect of a Paſſion that cou'd not run into leſs Extravagancy at a ſight ſo new and ſtrange, as that ſhe ſhou'd in a morning, with only her Night-Gown thrown looſely about her lovely body, and which left a thouſand Charms to view, alone receive a Man into her Chamber, and make faſt the Door upon 'em, which when (from his importunity) was open'd he found her all-ruffled, and almoſt fainting on her Bed, and a young bluſhing Youth ſtart from her Arms, with trembling*

trembling Limbs, and a Heart that beat time to the tune of active Love, faultring in his Speech, as if ſcarce yet he had recruited the Senſe he had ſo happily loſt in the Amorous Encounter: With that, ſurveying of her ſelf, as ſhe ſtood, in a great Glaſs, which ſhe cou'd not hinder her ſelf from doing; ſhe found indeed her Night Linen, her Gown, and the Boſom of her Shift in ſuch diſorder, as if at leaſt ſhe had yet any doubt remaining that *Brilljard* had not treated her well: She however found cauſe enough to excuſe *Octavio*'s Opinion, weighing all the Circumſtances together, and adjuſting her Linen and Gown with Bluſhes that almoſt appear'd Criminal, ſhe turn'd to *Octavio*, who ſtill held her, and ſtill begg'd her Pardon, aſſuring him upon her Honour, her Love

to *Philander*, and her Friendſhip for him, that ſhe was perfectly innocent, and that *Brilliard*, though he ſhou'd have quality and all other Advantages which he wanted to render him acceptable, yet that there was in Nature ſomething which compell'd her to a ſort of coldneſs and diſguſt to his Perſon, for ſhe had ſo much the more abhorrence to him as he was a Husband, but that was a Secret to *Octavio*, but ſhe continu'd ſpeaking——— and cry'd, *no, cou'd I be brought to yield to any but* Philander; *I own I find Charms enough in* Octavio *to make a Conqueſt; but ſince the poſſeſſion of that dear Man is all I ask of Heaven, I charge my Soul with a Crime, when I but hear love from any other, therefore I conjure you, if you have any ſatisfaction in my converſation, never*

to

to ſpeak of Love more to me, for if you do, Honour will oblige me to make Vows againſt ſeeing you: All the freedoms of Friendſhip I'll allow, give you the Liberties of a Brother, admit you alone by Night, or any way but that of Love; but that's a reſerve of my Soul which is only for Philander, *and the only one that ever ſhall be kept from* Octavio. She ended ſpeaking, and rais'd him with a ſmile; and he with a Sigh, told her, *ſhe muſt command:* Then ſhe fell to telling him how ſhe had ſent for *Brilljard*, and all the Diſcourſe that paſt; with the reaſon of her falling into a ſwoon, in which ſhe continu'd a Moment or two, and while ſhe told it ſhe bluſh'd with a ſecret fear; that in that Trance ſome freedoms might be taken which ſhe durſt not confeſs, but while ſhe

ſpoke our ſtill more paſſionate Lover devour'd her with his Eyes, fix'd his very Soul upon her Charms of ſpeaking and looking, and was a thouſand times (urg'd by tranſporting paſſion) ready to break all her Dictates, and vow himſelf her eternal Slave; but he fear'd the reſult, and therefore kept himſelf within the bounds of ſeeming Friendſhip; ſo that after a thouſand things ſhe ſaid of *Philander*, he took his leave to go to Dinner, but as he was going out he ſaw *Brilljard* enter; who, as I ſaid, had forgot he left *Octavio* with her; but in a moment recollecting himſelf, he bluſh'd at the Apprehenſion, that they might make his Diſorder the Subject of their Diſcourſe; ſo what with that, and the ſight of the dear Object of his late diſappointed Pleaſures, he had much a-do to aſſume

assume an assurance to approach; but *Octavio* pass'd out and gave him a little release. *Silvia*'s confusion was almost equal to his, for she look'd on him as a Ravisher; but how to find that Truth, which she was very curious to know, she call'd up all the Arts of Women to instruct her in; by Threats she knew it was in vain, therefore she assum'd an Artifice, which indeed was almost a Stranger to her Heart, that of gilting him out of a Secret which she knew he wanted Generosity to give handsomly; and meeting him with a Smile, which she forc'd, she cry'd, *How, now*, Brilliard, *are you so faint-hearted a Soldier, you cannot see a Lady die without being terrifi'd.* *Rather, Madam*, (reply'd he blushing anew) *so soft-hearted I cannot see the loveliest Person in the World*

fainting in my Arms, without being diſorder'd with Grief and Fear, beyond the power of many days to reſettle again. At which ſhe approach'd him, who ſtood near the Door, and ſhutting it, ſhe took him by the hand, and ſmiling, cry'd, *And had you no other buſineſs for your Heart but Grief and Fear, when a fair Lady throws her ſelf into your Arms, it ought to have had ſome kinder Effect on a Perſon of* Brilljard's *Youth and Complexion,* And while ſhe ſpoke this ſhe held him by the Wriſt, and found on the ſudden his pulſe to beat more high, and his Heart to heave his Boſom with Sighs, which now he no longer took care to hide, but with a tranſported Joy he cry'd, *Oh Madam, do not urge me to a confeſſion that muſt undo me, without making it criminal by my diſcovery of it, you know I am your Slave—*

when

when she with a pretty wondering Smile cry'd ——*What, a Lover too, and yet so dull! O charming* Silvia, says he (and falling on his knees) *give my profound Respect a kinder Name*: To which she answer'd ——*You that know your Sentiments may best instruct me by what Name to call 'em, and you* Brilljard *may do it without fear,* ——*You saw I did not struggle in your Arms, nor strove I to defend the Kisses which you gave—Oh Heavens*, cry'd he, transported with what she said, *is it possible that you cou'd know of my presumption and favour it too? I will no longer then curse those unlucky Stars that sent* Octavio *just in the blessed Minute to snatch me from my Heav'n, the lovely Victim lay ready for the Sacrifice, all prepared to offer; my Hands, my Eyes, my Lips were tired with Pleasure, but yet they were not satisfied; oh there*

there was Joys beyond thoſe Raviſh-ments of which one kind Minute more had made me abſolute Lord: Yes, and the next, ſaid ſhe, *had ſent this to your Heart* —Sn tching a Pen-knife that lay on her Toylets, where ſhe had been writing, which ſhe offer'd ſo near to his Boſome, that he believ'd himſelf already pierc'd, ſo ſenſibly killing were her Words, her Motion, and her Look; he ſtarted from her and ſhe threw away the Knife, and walking a turn or two about the Chamber, while he ſtood immovable, with his Eyes fix'd to the earth, and his Thoughts on nothing but a wild confuſion, which he vowed afterwards he could give no account of. But as ſhe turn'd ſhe beheld him with ſome Compaſſion, and remembring how he had it in his Power to expoſe her in a ſtrange Country, and own her

for

for a Wife, she believ'd it necessary to hide her Resentments; and cry'd, Brilljard, *for the Friendship your Lord has for you, I forgive you; but have a care you never raise your Thoughts to a Presumption of that Nature more: Do not hope I will ever fall below* Philander's *Love; go and repent your Crime——and expect all things else from my favour*—— At this he left her with a bow that had some malice in it, and she return'd into her dressing Room. —After Dinner *Octavio* writes her this Letter, Which his Page brought.

Octavio *to* Silvia.

Madam,

'TIS true, that in Obedience to your Commands I beg'd your Pardon for the con-

confeſſion I made you of my Paſſion: But ſince you cou'd not but ſee the contradiction of my tongue in my Eyes, and hear it but too well confirm'd by my ſighs, why will you confine me to the formalities of a ſilent languiſhment, unleſs to encreaſe my flame with my pain.

You conjure me to ſee you often, and at the ſame time forbid me ſpeaking of my Paſſion, and this bold Intruder comes to tell you now, that 'tis impoſſible to obey the firſt, without diſobliging the laſt; and ſince the crime of adoring you exceeds my diſobedience in not waiting on you, be pleas'd at leaſt to pardon that fault, which my profound reſpect to the lovely *Silvia* compels me to commit; for 'tis impoſſible to ſee you, and not give you an occaſion of reproaching me: If I

cou'd

cou'd make a truce with my Eyes, and like a mortified Capuchin, look always downwards, not daring to behold the glorious Temptations of your Beauty, yet you wound a thouſand ways beſides; your touches inflame me, and your voice has Muſick in't, that ſtrikes upon my Soul with raviſhing tenderneſs; your Wit is unreſiſtable and piercing; your very ſorrows and complaints have charms that make me ſoft without the aid of Love: But Pity joyn'd with Paſſion raiſes a flame too mighty for my conduct! And I in tranſports every way confeſs it: Yes, yes, upbraid me; call me Traytor and Ungrateful; tell me my Friendſhip's falſe; but *Silvia* yet be juſt, and ſay my love was true, ſay only he had ſeen the charming *Silvia*; and who is he, that after that wou'd not excuſe the reſt

in

in one ſo abſolutely born to be undone by Love, as is

Her deſtin'd Slave,

Octavio.

POSTSCRIPT.

Madam, Among ſome Rareties I this Morning ſaw, I found theſe Trifles Florio *brings you, which becauſe uncommon I preſume to ſend you.*

Silvia, notwithſtanding the ſeeming Severity of her Commands, was well enough pleas'd to be diſobey'd, and Women never pardon any fault more willingly than one of this nature, where the Crime gives ſo infallible a demonſtration of their power and Beauty; nor can any of their Sex be angry in their Hearts for

for being thought desireable; and 'twas not with pain, that she saw him obstinate in his passion, as you may believe by her answering his Letters, nor ought any Lover to despair, when he receives denial under his Mistresses own hand, which she sent in this to *Octavio*.

Silvia to Octavio.

YOU but ill judge of my Wit, or Humour, *Octavio*, when you send me such a Present, and such a Billet, if you believe I either receive the one, or the other as you design'd: In Obedience to me you will no more tell me of your Love, and yet at the same time you are breaking your Word from one end of the Paper to the other. Out of respect to me you will see me no more, and yet are bribing

bribing me with Presents; believing you have found out the surest way to a Womans Heart. I must needs confess, *Octavio*, there is great eloquence in a pair of Bracelets of Five thousand Crowns: 'Tis an Argument to prove your Passion, that has more prevailing reason in't, than either *Seneca* or *Tully* cou'd have urg'd; nor can a Lover write or speak in any Language so significant, and very well to be understood, as in that silent one of presenting. The malicious World has a long time agreed to reproach poor Women with cruel, unkind, insensible, and dull; when indeed 'tis those Men that are in fault, who want the right way of addressing, the true and secret Arts of moving; that sovereign Remedy against disdain. 'Tis you alone, my Lord, like a young *Columbus*, that have found the direct

direct, unpractis'd way to that little and so much desir'd World, the favour of the Fair; nor cou'd Love himself have pointed his Arrows with any thing more successful for his Conquest of Hearts: But mine, my Lord, like *Scæva*'s Shield, is already so full of Arrows, shot from *Philander*'s Eyes, it has no room for any other Darts: Take back your Presents then, my Lord, and when you make 'em next, be sure you first consider the Receiver: For know, *Octavio*, Maids of my Quality, ought to find themselves secure from Addresses of this Nature, unless they first invite; you ought to have seen Advances in my Freedoms, consenting in my Eyes: or (that usual Vanity of my Sex) a thousand little trifling Arts of Affectation to furnish out a Conquest, a forward complaisance, to every Gaw-

Gawdy Coxcomb, to fill my Train with amorous cringing Captives, this might have justified your pretensions; but on the contrary my Eyes and Thoughts which never stray'd from the dear Man I love, were always bent to earth, when gaz'd upon by you, and when I did but fear you lookt with love, I entertain'd you with *Philander's* Praise, his wondrous Beauty, and his wondrous Love! and left nothing untold that might confirm you how much impossible it was I e'er shou'd love again, that I might leave you no room for hope; and since my Story has been so unfortunate to alarm the whole World with a Conduct so fatal; I made no scruple of telling you with what Joy and Pride I was undone; if this encourage you, if *Octavio* have Sentiments so meanly poor of me, to think because I yielded

ded to *Philander*, his hopes ſhou'd be advanc'd? I baniſh him for ever from my ſight, and after that diſdain the little Service he can render the

Never to be alter'd

Silvia.

This Letter ſhe ſent him back by his Page, but not the Bracelets, which were indeed very fine, and very conſiderable: at the ſame time ſhe threatned him with Baniſhment, ſhe ſo abſolutely expected to be diſobey'd in all things of that kind, that ſhe dreſt her ſelf that day to advantage, which ſince her arrival ſhe never had done in her own habits: What with her illneſs and *Philander*'s abſence, a careleſs negligence had ſeiz'd her, till rous'd and waken'd to the thoughts of Beauty by *Octavio*'s Love, ſhe began

gan to try its force, and that day dreſt. While ſhe was ſo imploy'd, the Page haſtes with the Letter to his Lord, who chang'd Colour at the ſight of it e'er he receiv'd it; not that he hop'd it brought love, 'twas enough ſhe would but anſwer, tho ſhe rail'd: *Let her* (ſaid he in opening it) *vow ſhe hates me: Let her call me Traytor, and Unjuſt, ſo ſhe take the pains to tell it this way*; for he knew well thoſe that argue will yield, and only ſhe that ſends him back his own Letters without reading 'em can give deſpair. He read therefore without a ſigh, nor complained he on her Rigours, and becauſe it was too early yet to make his Viſit, to ſhew the impatience of his Love, as much as the reality and reſolution of it, he bid his Page wait and ſent her back this anſwer.

Octavio

Octavio *to* Silvia.

FAir angry *Silvia*, How has my Love offended? Has its excels betray'd the leaſt part of that reſpect due to your Birth and Beauty? Tho' I am young as the gay ruddy Morning, and vigorous as the gilded Sun at Noon, and Amorous as that God, when with ſuch haſte he chas'd young *Daphne* o'er the flow'ry Plain, it never made me guilty of a thought that *Silvia* might not pity and allow. Nor came that trifling Preſent to plead for any wiſh, or mend my Eloquence, which you with ſuch Diſdain upbraid me with, the Bracelets came not to be raſl'd for your Love, nor Pimp to my Deſires; Youth ſcorns thoſe common Aids; No, let dull

Age

Age purſue thoſe ways of Merchandize, who only buy up Hearts at that vain Price, and never make a Barter, but a Purchaſe. Youth has a better way of trading in Love's Markets, and you have taught me too well to judge of, and to value Beauty, to dare to bid ſo cheaply for it: I found the Toy was gay, the work was neat, and fancy new; and know not any thing they wou'd ſo well adorn as *Silvia*'s lovely Hands: I ſay, if after this, I ſhou'd have been the mercenary Fool to have dunn'd you for Return, you might have us'd me thus;——Condemn me e'er you find me ſin in thought! that part of it was yet ſo far behind 'twas ſcarce arriv'd in wiſh. You ſhou'd have ſtaid till it approach'd more near, before you damn'd it to eternal Silence. To love, to ſigh,

to

—to weep, to pray, and to complain; why one may be allow'd it in Devotion; but you, nicer than Heaven it ſelf, make that a Crime, which all the Powers Divine have ne'er decreed one. I will not plead, nor ask you leave to love; Love is my Right, my Buſineſs, and my Province; the Empire of the young, the vigorous, and the bold; and I will claim my ſhare; the Air, the Groves, the Shades are mine to ſigh in, as well as your *Philander's*, the Echo's anſwer me as willingly, when I complain or name the cruel *Silvia*; Fountains receive my Tears, and the kind Spring's reflexion agreeably flatters me to hope, and makes me vain enough to think it juſt and reaſonable I ſhou'd purſue the Dictates of my Soul—Love on in ſpight of oppoſition, becauſe I

will not loſe my Priviledge, you may forbid me naming it to you, in that I can obey, becauſe I can; but not to love! not to adore the Fair! and not to languiſh for you, were as impoſſible as for you not to be lovely, not to be the moſt charming of your Sex. But I am ſo far from a pretending Fool, becauſe you have been poſſeſs'd, that often that Thought comes croſs my Soul, and checks my advancing Love! and I would buy that Thought off with almoſt all my ſhare of future bliſs! Were I a God, the firſt great Miracle ſhould be to form you a Maid again! For oh, what ever Reaſons flattering Love can bring to make it look like Juſt, the World! the World, fair *Silvia*, ſtill will cenſure, and ſay—you were to blame, but 'twas that fault alone that made you mortal, we

elſe

else should have ador'd you as a Deity, and so have lost a generous Race of young succeeding *Hero's* that may be born of you! yet had *Philander* lov'd but half so well as I, he would have kept your glorious Fame entire; but since alone for *Silvia* I love *Silvia*, let her be false to Honour, false to Love, Wanton and Proud, Ill-natur'd, Vain, Fantastick; or what is worse—let her pursue her Love, be constant and still dote upon *Philander*——Ye still she'll be the *Silvia* I adore, that *Silvia* born eternally to inslave

Octavio.

This he sent by *Florio* his Page, at the same time that she expected the Visit of his Lord, and blush'd with a little anger and concern at the disappointment; however she

hasted to read the Letter, and was pleas'd with the haughty resolution he made, in spight of her, to love on as his right by birth? and she was glad to find from these positive Resolves, that she might the more safely disdain, or at least assume a Tyranny which might render her Vertue Glorious, and yet at the same time keep him her Slave on all occasions when she might have need of his service, which in the Circumstances she was in, she did not know of what great use it might be to her, she having no other design on him, bating the little Vanity of her Sex, which is an Ingredient so intermixt with the greatest Vertues of Womenkind, that those who endeavour to cure 'em of that disease, rob them of a very considerable pleasure, and in most 'tis incurable: Give *Silvia* then

leave to ſhare it with her Sex, ſince ſhe was ſo much the more excuſeable by how much a greater portion of Beauty ſhe had than any other, and had ſenſe enough to know it too; as indeed whatever other Knowledge they want, they have ſtill enough to ſet a price on Beauty, tho' they do not always rate it; for had *Silvia* done that, ſhe had been the happieſt of her Sex; but as ſhe was, ſhe waited the coming of *Octavia*, but not ſo as to make her quit one ſad thought for *Philander*'s Love and Vanity, tho they both reign'd in her Soul; yet the firſt ſurmounted the laſt, and ſhe grew to impatient Ravings whenever ſhe caſt a Thought upon her Fear that *Philander* grew cold; and poſſibly Pride and Vanity had as great a ſhare in that concern of hers as Love it ſelf, for ſhe wou'd

oft ſurvey her ſelf in her Glaſs, and cry, *Gods! Can this Beauty be deſpis'd! this Shape! this Face! this Youth! this Air! and what's more obliging yet, a Heart that adores the Fugitive, that languiſhes and ſighs after the dear* Run-away. *Is it poſſible he can find a Beauty,* added ſhe, *of greater Perfection—But oh, 'tis fancy ſets the rate on Beauty; and he may as well love a third time as he has a ſecond. For in Love, thoſe that once break the Rules and Laws of that Deity ſet no bounds to their Treaſons, and diſobedience. Yes, yes*—wou'd ſhe cry, *he that cou'd leave* Mertilla *the fair, the young, the Noble, Chaſt and Fond* Mertilla, *what after that may he not do to* Silvia, *on whom he has leſs Tyes, leſs Obligations: Oh wretched Maid—what has thy fondneſs done! he's ſatiated now with thee, as before with* Mertilla, *and carries all thoſe dear*

dear, thoſe charming Joys, to ſome new Beauty, whom his Looks have conquer'd, and whom his ſoft bewitching Vows will ruin. With that ſhe rav'd and ſtamp'd, and cry'd aloud, *Hell——Fires——Tortures——Daggers——Racks and Poyſon-come all to my Relief! Revenge me on the perjur'd lovely Devil——But I'll be brave——I will be brave and hate him*——This ſhe ſpoke in a Tone leſs fierce, and with great Pride, and had not paus'd and walk'd above a haſty turn or two, but *Octavio*, as impatient as Love cou'd make him, entred the Chamber, ſo dreſt, ſo ſet out for Conqueſt, that I wonder at nothing more than that *Silvia* did not find him altogether Charming, and fit for her revenge who was form'd by Nature for Love, and had all that cou'd render him the Dotage of Women: But where a Heart is poſſeſt

poſſeſt, all that is Beautiful in any other Man ſerves but as an ill compariſon to what it loves, and even *Philander*'s likeneſs, that was not indeed *Philander*, wanted the ſecret to charm. At *Octavio*'s entrance ſhe was ſo fixt on her Revenge of Love, that ſhe did not ſee him who preſented himſelf as ſo proper an Inſtrument, till he firſt ſighing, ſpoke, *Ah*, Silvia, *ſhall I never ſee that Beauty eaſie more? Shall I never ſee it reconcil'd to content, and a ſoft Calmneſs fix'd upon thoſe Eyes, which were form'd for Looks all tender and ſerene; or are they reſolv'd*, (continu'd he ſighing) *never to appear but in ſtorms when I approach?* *Yes*, reply'd ſhe, *when there's a Calm of Love in yours that raiſes it. Will you confine my Eyes*, ſaid he, *that are by Nature ſoft? May not their ſilent Language tell you my Heart's*

ſad

ſad Story? But ſhe reply'd with a Sigh, *It is not generouſly done* Octavio, *thus to purſue a poor unguarded Maid, left to your Care, your Promiſes of Friendſhip. Ah, will you uſe* Philander *with ſuch Treachery?* Silvia, ſaid he, *my Flame's ſo juſt and reaſonable, that I dare even to him pronounce I love you; and after that dare love you on——— And would you* (ſaid ſhe) *to ſatisfie a little ſhort-liv'd Paſſion, forfeit thoſe Vows you've made of Friendſhip to* Philander? *That Heart that loves you,* Silvia (he reply'd) *cannot be guilty of ſo baſe a thought;* Philander *is my Friend, and as he is ſo, ſhall know the deareſt Secrets of my Soul. I ſhou'd believe my ſelf indeed ungrateful* (continu'd he) *where-e'er I lov'd, ſhou'd I not tell* Philander; *he told me frankly all his Soul, his Loves, his Griefs, his Treaſons, and Eſcapes, and in return I'll pay him*

back with mine; *and do you Imagine* (ſaid ſhe) *that he would permit your Love? How ſhou'd he hinder me* (reply'd he) *I do believe* (ſaid ſhe) *he'd forfeit all his ſafety and his friendſhip, and fight ye: Then I'd defend my ſelf*, ſaid he, *if he were ſo ungrateful.* While they thus argued, *Silvia* had her Thoughts apart, on the little Stratagems that Women in love ſometimes make uſe of; and *Octavio* no ſooner told her he would ſend *Philander* word of his Love; but ſhe imagin'd that ſuch a Knowledge might retrieve the Heart of her Lover, if indeed it were on the wing, and revive the dying Embers in his Soul, as uſually it does from ſuch occaſions; and on the other ſide ſhe thought that ſhe might more allowably receive *Octavio*'s Addreſſes, when they were with the permiſſion of *Philander*, if he could

could love ſo well to permit it, and if he could not, ſhe ſhould have the Joy to undeceive her Fears of his Inconſtancy, tho ſhe baniſh'd for ever the agreeable *Octavio*, ſo that on *Octavio*'s farther urging the neceſſity of his giving *Philander* that ſure Mark of his Friendſhip, ſhe permitted him to write, which he immediately did on her Table, where there ſtood a little Silver Scrutore which contain'd all things for his purpoſe.

Octavio *to* Philander.

My Lord,

SInce I have vow'd you my eternal Friendſhip: and that I abſolutely believe my ſelf honour'd with that of yours, I think my ſelf oblig'd by thoſe powerf l

tyes to let you know my Heart, not only now as that Friend from whom I ought to conceal nothing but as a Rival too, whom in Honour I ought to treat as a Generous one: Perhaps you will be so unkind as to say I cannot be a friend and a Rival at the same time, and that almighty love that sets the world at odds, chases all things from the heart where that reigns, to establish it self the more absolutely there; but, my Lord, I avow mine a Love of that good Nature, that can indure the equal sway of friendship where like two perfect Friends they support each others Empire there; nor can the Glory of one eclipse that of the other, but both like the Notion we have of the Deity; tho two distinct Passions, make but one in my Soul, and tho' Friendship first enter'd, 'twas in vain I call'd it to my aid, at the first,

first soft Invasion of *Silvia*'s power; and you my charming friend, are the most oblig'd to, pity me, who already know so well the force of her Beauty. I wou'd fain have you think, I strove at first with all my Reason against the irresistible lustre of her Eyes, And at the first assaults of Love, I gave him not a welcom to my Bosom, but like Slaves unus'd to fetters, I grew sullen with my chains, and wore 'em for your sake uneasily. I thought it base to look upon the Mistress of my Friend with wishing Eyes; but softer Love soon furnish'd me with Arguments to justifie my Claim, since Love is not the choice but the fate of the Soul, who seldom regards the object lov'd as 'tis, but as it wishes to have it be, and then kind fancy makes it soon the same. Love, that almighty creator of something

from

from nothing, forms a Wit, a Hero, or a Beauty, Vertue, good Humour, Honour, any Excellence, when oftentimes there's neither in the Object, but where the agreeing World has fix'd all these; and 'tis by all resolv'd, (whether they love or not) That this is she, you ought no more *Philander* to upbraid my Flame, than to wonder at it: It is enough I tell you that 'tis *Silvia*, to justifie my Passion: nor is't a Crime that I confess I love, since it can never rob *Philander* of the least part of what I've vow'd him, or if his meer Honour will believe me guilty of a Fault: let this atone for all, that if I wrong my Friend in loving *Silvia*, I right him in despairing; for oh, I am repuls'd with all the Rigour of the Coy, and Fair, with all the little Malice of the witty Sex,

and

and all the Love of *Silvia* to *Philander*,——There, there's the ſtop to all my Hopes and Happineſs, and yet by Heaven I love thee, oh thou favour'd Rival!

After this frank Confeſſion, my *Philander*, I ſhould be glad to hear your Sentiment, ſince yet in ſpight of Love, in ſpight of Beauty I am reſolv'd

To die Philander's

Conſtant Friend, Octavio.

After he had writ this, he gave it to *Silvia*: *See, charming Creature*, (ſaid he in delivering it) *if after this you either doubt my Love or what I dare for* Silvia. *I neither receive it* (ſaid ſhe) *as a proof of the one or the other; but rather that you believe by this frank Confeſſion, to render it as a piece of Gallantry*

and

and Diverſion to Philander; *for no Man of Senſe will imagine that love, true, or arriv'd to any height, that makes a publick Confeſſion of it to his Rival. Ah,* Silvia, anſwer'd he, *How malicious is your Wit, and how active to turn its pointed miſchief on me? had I not writ, you wou'd have ſaid I durſt not; and when I make a Declaration of it, you call it only a ſlight piece of Gallantry: But,* Silvia, *you have wit enough to try it a thouſand ways, and power enough to make me obey; uſe the extremity of both, ſo you recompence me at laſt with a Confeſſion that I was at leaſt found worthy to be numbred in the Crowd of your Adorers.* Silvia reply'd, *He were a dull Lover indeed, that wou'd need Inſtructions from the Wit of his Miſtreſs to give her Proofs of his Paſſion, whatever opinion you have of my Senſe, I have too good a one of* Octavio's *to believe*

lieve that when he's a Lord, he'll want Aids to make it appear, till then we'll let that Argument alone, and consider his address to Philander. She then read over the Letter he had writ, which she like'd very well for her purpose; for at this time our young Dutch *Hero* was made a property of, in order to her Revenge on *Philander*: She told him, *He had said too much both for himself and her.* He told her, *He had declared nothing with his Pen, that he would not make good with his Sword. Hold, Sir,* said she, *and do not imagine from the freedom you have taken in owning your passion to* Philander, *that I shall allow it here: what you declare to the World is your own Crime; but when I hear it, 'tis no longer yours but mine; I therefore conjure you, my Lord, not to charge my Soul with so great a Sin against* Philander, *and I confess to*

you

you. I shall be infinitely troubl'd to be oblig'd to banish you my sight for ever. He heard her, and answer'd with a sigh; for she went from him to the Table, and seal'd her Letter, and gave it him to be inclos'd to *Philander*, and left him to consider on her last Words, which he did not lay to Heart, because he fansi'd she spoke this as Women do that will be won with industry: he in standing up as she went from him, saw himself in the great Glass, and bid his Person answer his Heart, which from every view he took, was reinforced with new Hope, for he was too good a judge of Beauty not to find it in every part of his own Amiable Person, nor could he imagine from *Silvia*'s Eyes, which were naturally soft and languishing, and now the more so from her Fears and Jealousies) that she meant

meant from her Heart the Rigours she expres'd: Much he allow'd for his short time of Courtship, much to her Sexes Modesty, much from her Quality, and very much from her Love, and imagin'd it must be only time and assiduity, opportunity and obstinate Passion, that was only capable of reducing her to break her Faith with *Philander*; he therefore endeavour'd by all the good dressing, the advantage of lavish gayety, to render his Person agreeable, and by all the Arts of Gallantry to charm her with his Conversation, and when he cou'd handsomly bring in Love, he fail'd not to touch upon it as far as it wou'd be permitted, and every day had the vanity to fancy he made some Advances; for indeed every day more and more she found she might have use for so considerable

a Person, so that one may very well say, never any past their time better than *Silvia* and *Octavio*, tho with different ends. All he had now to fear was from the answer *Philander's* Letter should bring, for whom he had in spight of Love, so intire a Friendship that he even doubted whether, (if *Philander* could urge Reasons potent enough) he should not chuse to die and quit *Silvia* rather than be false to Friendship; one Post past, and another, and so eight successive ones, before they receiv'd one Word of Answer to what they sent; so that *Silvia*, who was the most impatient of her Sex, and the most in Love, was raving and acting all the extravagance of despair, and even *Octavio* now became less pleasing, yet he fail'd not to visit her every day to send her rich Presents

and

and to say all that a fond Lover, or a faithful Friend might urge for her relief: At last *Octavio* receiv'd this following Letter.

Philander to Octavio.

YOU have shew'd, *Octavio*, a Freedom so generous, and so beyond the usual Measures of a Rival, that 'twere almost injustice in me not to permit you to love on; if *Silvia* can be false to me and all her Vows, she is not worth preserving; if she prefer *Octavio* to *Philander*, then he has greater merit and deserves her best: But if on the contrary she be just, if she be true and constant, I cannot fear his Love will injure me, so either way *Octavio* has my leave to love the charming *Silvia*; alas I know her power

Power, and do not wonder at thy Fate! for 'tis as natural for her to conquer, as 'tis for youth to yield, oh she has Fascination in her Eyes! a Spell upon her Tongue, her Wit's a Philter, and her Air and Motion all Snares for heedless Hearts; her very Faults have Charms, her Pride, her Peevishness, and her Disdain, have unresisted Power. Alas, you find it every Day——and every Night she sweeps the Toore along, and shews the Beauty, she inslaves the Men, and rivals all the Women! how oft with Pride and Anger I have seen it; and was the inconsidering Coxcomb then to rave and rail at her, to curse her Charms, her fair inviting and perplexing Charms, and bully-ed every Gazer: By Heaven I could not spare a Smile, a Look, and she has such a lavish Freedom

in

in her Humour; that if thou chance to love as I have done—'twill surely make thee mad; if she but talk'd aloud, or put her little Affectation on, to show the wondering Crowd what she could do; if she design'd to shew the force of Beauty, Oh God! How lost in Rage! How mad with Jealousie, was my fond breaking Heart! my Eyes grew fierce, and Clamorous my Tongue! and I have scarce contain'd my self from hurting what I so much ador'd; but then the subtil Charmer had such Arts to flatter me to Peace again—to clasp her lovely Arms about my Neck——to sigh a thousand dear confirming Vows into my Bosom, and kiss, and smile, and swear—— and talk away my Rage,—and then—Oh my *Octavio*, no human Fancy can present the Joy of the dear reconciling moment

moment, where litle quarrels rais'd the rapture higher, and she was always new. These are the wondrous Pains, and wondrous Pleasures that Love by turns inspires, till it grows wise by time and repetition, and then the God assumes a serious Gravity, Injoyment takes off the uneasie keeness of the Passion, the little jealous Quarrels raise no more; Quarrels the very Feathers of Love's Darts, that send 'em with more swiftness to the heart; and when they cease, your transports lessen too, then we grow reasonable, and consider; we love with prudence then, as Fencers fight with Foyls; a sullen brush perhaps sometimes or so; but nothing that can touch the Heart, and when we are arriv'd to love at that dull, easie rate, we never die of that Disease; then we've recourse to all the little Arts,

the

the Aids of Flatterers, and dear Diſſimulation (that Help meet to the Luke warm Lover) to keep up a good Character of Conſtancy and a right underſtanding

Thus, *Octavio*, I have ran thro' both the degrees of Love; which I have taken ſo often, that I am grown moſt learn'd and able in the Art: my eaſie heart is of the Conſtitution of thoſe whom frequent Sickneſs renders apt to take Relapſes from every little Cauſe, or wind, that blows too fiercely on 'em, it renders it ſelf to the firſt Effects of new ſurprizing Beauty, and finds ſuch pleaſure in beginning Paſſion, ſuch dear delight of fancying new Enjoyment, that all paſt Loves, paſt Vows and Obligations, have power to bind no more; no Pity, no Remorſe, no threatning danger invades my amorous Courſe;

I ſcour along the Flow'ry Plains of Love, view all the charming Proſpect at a diſtance, which repreſents it ſelf all Gay and Glorious! and long to lay me down, to ſtretch and bask in thoſe dear Joys that Fancy makes ſo raviſhing: Nor am I one of thoſe dull whining Slaves, whom quality or my reſpect can awe into a ſilent Cringer, and no more; no, Love, Youth, and oft Succeſs has taught me boldneſs and Art, Deſire and Cunning to attack, to ſearch the feeble ſide of female Weakneſs, and there to play Love's Engines; for Women will be won, they will, *Octavio*, if Love and Wit find any opportunitty.

Perhaps, my Friend, you're wondring now, what this Diſcourſe, this odd diſcovery of my own Inconſtancy tends to? Then ſince I cannot better pay you back the ſecret

you

you have told me of your Love, than by another of my own, take this Confeſſion from thy Friend —— I love! —— I languiſh! and am dying, —— for a new Beauty. To you, *Octavio*, you that have liv'd twenty dull tedious years, and never underſtood the Myſtery of Love, till *Silvia* taught you to adore; this change may ſeem a wonder, you that have laſily run more than half your youths gay courſe of Life away, without the pleaſure of one nobler hour of mine; who like a Miſer hoard your ſacred Store, or ſcantily have dealt it but to one, think me a laviſh Prodigal in Love, and gravely will reproach me with inconſtancy—but uſe me like a Friend, and hear my Story.

It happen'd in my laſt Days Journey, on the Road I overtook a Man of Quality, for ſo his E-

quipage confeſs'd, we join'd and fell into diſcourſe of many things indifferent; till from a Chain of one thing to another, we chanc'd to talk of *France*, and of the Factions there, and I ſoon found him a *Cæſarian*; for he grew hot with his Concern for that Prince, and fiercely own'd his Int'reſt: This pleas'd me, and I grew familiar with him; and I pleas'd him ſo well in my Devotion for *Cæſario*, that being arriv'd at *Collen*, he invites me home to his Palace, which he begg'd I would make uſe of as my own, during my ſtay at *Collen*. Glad of the opportunity, I obey'd, and ſoon inform'd my ſelf by a Spaniſh Page (that waited on him) to whom I was oblig'd; he told me it was the Count of *Clarinau*, a Spaniard born, and of Quality, who for ſome diſguſt

at

at Court retir'd hither; that he was a Perſon of much Gravity, a great Politician, and very Rich; and tho' well in years was lately married to a very beautiful young Lady, and that very much againſt her conſent, a Lady whom he had taken out of a Monaſtery, where ſhe had been pentioned from a Child, and of whom he was ſo fond and jealous, he never wou'd permit her to ſee or be ſeen by any Man, and if ſhe took the Air in her Coach, or went to Church, he oblig'd her to wear a Veil. Having learn'd thus much of the Boy, I diſmiſs'd him with a preſent; for he had already inſpir'd me with Curioſity, that Prologue to Love, and I knew not of what uſe he might be hereafter; a Curioſity that I was reſolv'd to ſatisfie, though I broke all the Laws of Hoſpitality, and even

that firſt Night I felt an impatience that gave me ſome wonder. In fine, three days I languiſh'd out in a Diſorder that was very near allied to that of Love. I found my ſelf magnificently lodg'd; attended with a formal Ceremony; and indeed all things were as well as I cou'd imagine, bating a kind Opportunity to get a ſight of this young Beauty: Now half a Lover grown, I ſigh'd and grew oppreſt with thought, and had recourſe to Groves, to ſhady Walks and Fountains, of which the delicate Gardens afforded variety, the moſt reſembling Nature that ever Art produc'd, and of the moſt melancholy Receſſes, fancying there in ſome lucky hour, I might incounter what I already ſo much ador'd in *Idea*; which ſtill I form'd juſt as my Fancy wiſh'd, there, for the firſt

two

two days, I walk'd and sigh'd, and told my new-born Passion to every gentle Wind that play'd among the Boughs; for yet no Lady bright appear'd beneath 'em, no Visionary Nymph the Groves afforded; but on the third day, all full of Love and Stratagem, in the cool of the Evening, I past into a Thicket near a little Rivulet, that purl'd and murmur'd thro' the Glade, and past into the Meads; this pleas'd and fed my present Amorous Humour, and down I laid my self on the shady Brink, and listen'd to its melancholy glidings, when from behind me, I heard a sound more ravishing, a Voice that sung these Words:

Alas, in vain, you Powers above,
You gave me youth, you gave me
Charms,
And every tender sense of Love;
To destine me to old Phileno's *Arms.*
Ah how can Youths gay Spring allow
The chilling kisses of the winter's Snow!

All Night I languish by his side,
And fansy of joys I never taste;
As men in Dreams a Feast provide,
And waking find with grief they fast.
Either ye Gods my youthful fires allay,
Or make the old Phileno *young*
and gay.

Like a fair flower in shades obscurity,
Tho every sweet adorns my head,
Ungather'd, unadmir'd I lie,
And wither on my silent gloomy Bed,
While no kind aids to my relief appear,
And no kind Bosom makes me Tri-
umph there.

By

By this you may eaſily gueſs, as I ſoon did, that the Song was ſung by Madam the Counteſs of *Clarinau*, as indeed it was; at the very beginning of her Song my joyful Soul divin'd it ſo! I roſe and advanc'd by ſuch ſlow degrees as neither alarm'd the fair Singer, nor hinder'd me the pleaſure of hearing any part of the Song, till I approach'd ſo near as (behind the ſhelter of ſome Jeſſimin that divided us) I unſeen, compleated thoſe Wounds at my Eyes, which I had receiv'd before at my Ears. Yes, *Octavio*, I ſaw the lovely *Clarinau*, leaning on a Pillow made of ſome of thoſe Jeſſimins, which favour'd me, and ſerv'd her for a Canopy. But, oh my Friend! how ſhall I preſent her to thee in that Angel form, ſhe then appear'd to me? all young! all raviſhing as new born light to loſt benighted Tra-

vellers; her Face, the faireſt in the World, was adorn'd with Curls of ſhining Jett ty'd up—I know not how, all careleſsly with Scarlet Ribbon mixt with Pearls; her Robe was gay and rich, ſuch as young Royal Brides put on when they undreſs for Joys; her Eyes were black, the ſofteſt Heaven e'er made, her mouth was ſweet, and form'd for all delight, ſo red her Lips, ſo round, ſo grac'd with Dimples, that without one other Charm, that was enough to kindle warm deſires about a frozen Heart; a ſprightly Air of Wit compleated all, encreas'd my Flame, and made me mad with Love; endleſs it were to tell thee all her Beauties: Nature all o'er, was laviſh and profuſe, let it ſuffice her Face, her Shape, her Mien, had more of Angel in 'em than Humanity!

manity ! I ſaw her thus all Charming ! thus ſhe lay ! a ſmiling Melancholy dreſs'd her Eyes, which ſhe had fix'd upon the Rivulet, near which I found her lying : juſt ſuch I fanſy'd fam'd *Lucretia* was, when *Tarquin* firſt beheld her ; nor was that Royal Raviſher more inflam'd than I ! or readier for the Encounter. Alone ſhe was which heighten'd my deſires ! Oh Gods ! alone lay the young lovely Charmer, with wiſhing Eyes, and all prepar'd for Love ! the Shade was Gloomy, and the tell tale Leaves combin'd ſo cloſe, they muſt have given us warning if any had approach'd from either ſide ! all favour'd my deſign, and I advanc'd ; but with ſuch caution as not to inſpire her with a fear, inſtead of that of Love ! a ſlow, uneaſie pace, with folded Arms, Love in my Eyes,

and

and burning in my heart—At my approach she scarce contain'd her cries, and rose surpriz'd and blushing, discovering to me such a proportion'd height——so lovely and majestick--that I stood gazing on her, all lost in wonder, and gave her time to dart her Eyes at me, and every look pierc'd deeper to my Soul, and I had no sense but love, silent admiring Love! immoveable I stood, and had no other motion but that of a Heart all panting, which lent a feeble trembling to my Tongue, and even when I wou'd have spoke to her, it sent a sigh up, to prevent my boldness: and, O *Octavio*, tho I have been bred in all the sawcy daring of a forward Lover, yet now I wanted a convenient impudence, aw'd with a haughty sweetness in her Look, like a Fave brave after a vigorous onset, finding the danger flie so thick around him

sheers

ſheers off and dares not face the preſſing Foe, ſtruck with too fierce a lightning from her Eyes, whence the Gods ſent a thouſand winged Darts; I veil'd my own, and durſt not play with Fire: While thus ſhe hotly did purſue her Conqueſt, and I ſtood fix'd on the defenſive part, I heard a ruſſling amongſt the thick grown Leaves, and thro' their Myſtick windings ſoon perceiv'd the good old Count of *Clarinau*, approaching, muttering and mumbling to o'd *Dormina*, the Dragon appointed to guard this lovely Treaſure, and which, ſhe having left alone in the Thicket, and had retir'd but at an awful diſtance had moſt extreamly diſoblig'd her Lord. I only had time enough in this little moment, to look with Eyes that ask'd a thouſand Pities, and told her in their ſilent Language

how

how loath they were to leave the Charming Object, and with a ſigh——I vaniſht from the wondering fair One, nimble as Lightning, ſilent as a Shade: To my firſt Poſt behind the Jeſimines, that was the utmoſt that I cou'd perſwade my Heart to do; you may believe, my dear *Octavio*, I did not bleſs the Minute that brought old *Clarinau* to that dear Receſs, nor him, nor my own Fate, and to compleat my Torment I ſaw him (after having gravely reproach'd her for being alone without her Woman) yes, I ſaw him fall on her Neck, her lovely ſnowy Neck, and lolland kiſs, and hang his tawny wither'd Arms on her fair Shoulders, and preſs his nauſcious load upon *Caliſta's* Body, (for ſo I heard him name her) while ſhe was gazing ſtill upon the empty place, whence ſhe had

ſeen me vaniſh, which he perceiving, cry'd —— *My little Fool, what is't thou gazeſt on, turn to thy none old Man and buſs him ſoundly* —— when putting him by with a diſdain that half made amends for the injury he had done me by coming. *Ah, my Lord*, cry'd ſhe, *even now, juſt there I ſaw a lovely Viſion, I ne'er beheld ſo excellent a thing*: *How*, cry'd he, *a viſion, a thing* ——— *what Viſion? what thing? where? how? and when*—*Why there*, ſaid ſhe, *with my Eyes, and juſt now, it vaniſh'd behind yon Jeſſimines.* With that I drew my Sword —for I deſpair'd to get off unknown, and being well enough acquainted with the jealous nature of the *Spaniards*, which is no more than ſee and ſtab, I prepar'd to ſtand on my defence, till I cou'd reconcile him, if poſſible, to reaſon; yet even in that moment I

was

was more afraid of the injury he might do the innocent fair One, than of what he cou'd do to me but he not ſo much as dreaming ſhe meant a Man by her lovely Viſion, fell a kiſſing her a new, and beck'ning *Dormina* off to pimp at diſtance, told her, *The Grove was too ſweet, the River's Murmurs too delicate, and ſhe was ſo curiouſly dreſs'd, that altogether had inſpir'd him with a Love Fit*; and then aſſaulting her a new with a Sneer which you have ſeen a Satyr make in Pictures, he fell to act the little Tricks of Youth, that look-ed ſo goatiſh in him —— inſtead of kindling 'twould have damp'd a flame, which ſhe reſiſted with a ſcorn ſo charming gave me new hope and fire, when to oblige me more, with Pride, Diſdain, and loathing in her Eyes, ſhe fled like *Daphne* from the Raviſher,

er, he being bent on Love, purſu'd her with a feeble pace, like an old Wood-God chaſing ſome coy Nymph, who wing'd with fear out-ſtrips the flying Wind, and tho a God he cannot overtake her; and left me fainting with new Love, new Hope, new Jealouſie, Impatience, Sighs, and wiſhes in the abandon'd Grove. Nor cou'd I go without another view of that dear place in which I ſaw her lie, I went—and laid me down juſt on the print which her fair Body made, and preſs'd, and kiſs'd it o'er a thouſand times, with eager Tranſports, and even fanſy'd fair *Caliſta* there; there 'twas I found the Paper with the Song which I have ſent you; there I ran o'er a thouſand Stratagems to gain another View; no little States men had more Plots and Arts than I to gain this Object I

ador'd,

ador'd the ſoft Idea of my burning Heart, now raging wild, abandon'd all to Love and looſe deſire, but hitherto my Induſtry is vain; each day I haunt the thickeſt Groves and Springs, the flow'ry Walks, cloſe Arbors, all the day my buſie Eyes and Heart are ſearching her, but no intelligence they bring me in: In fine, *Octavio*, all that I can ſince learn is, That the bright *Caliſta* had ſeen a Viſion in the Garden, and ever ſince was ſo poſſeſt with melancholy, that ſhe had not ſince quitted her Chamber, ſhe is daily preſſing the Count to permit her to go into the Garden, to ſee if ſhe can again encounter the lovely *Phantom*, but whether from any Deſcription ſhe hath made of it, (or from any other cauſe) he imagines how it was, I know not; but he endeavours all he can to hinder

hinder her, and tells her 'tis not lawful to tempt Heaven by invoking an Apparition; so that till a second view eases the Torments of my mind, there is nothing in nature to be conceiv'd so raving mad as I; as if my despairs of finding her again increas'd my impatient Flame instead of lessening it.

After this Declaration Judge, *Octavio*, who has given the greatest Proofs of his Friendship, you or I; you being my Rival, trust me with the Secret of loving my Mistress, which can no way redound to your disadvantage, but I by telling you the Secrets of my Soul, put it into your power to ruin me with *Silvia*, and to establish your self in her Heart: a Thought I yet am not willing to bear, for I have an ambition in my Love, that wou'd not

not while I am toyling for Empire here, loſe my Dominion in another place: but ſince I can no more rule a Woman's Heart, than a Lovers Fate, both you and *Silvia* may deceive my Opinion in that, but ſhall never have power to make me believe you leſs my Friend, than I am

Your *Philander.*

POSTSCRIPT.

The inclos'd I need not oblige you to deliver; you ſee I give you opportunity.

Octavio no ſooner arriv'd to that part of the Letter which nam'd the Count of *Clarinau*, but he ſtopp'd and was ſcarce able to proceed, for the charming *Caliſta* was his Siſter, the only one he had, who

who having been bred in a Nunnery, was taken thence to be married to this old rich Count, who had a great Fortune: Before he proceeded, his Soul divin'd this was the new Amour that had engag'd the Heart of his Friend; he was afraid to be farther convinc'd, and yet a Curiosity to know how far he had proceeded made him read it out with all the disorder of a Man jealous of his Honour, and nicely careful of his Fame; he consider'd her young, about eighteen, married to an old ill-favour'd jealous Husband, no Parents but himself to right her Wrongs, or revenge her Levity; he knew tho' she wanted no Wit she did Art, for being bred without the Conversation of Men, she had not learnt the little Cunnings of her Sex; he guess'd by his own Soul that hers was soft and

apt

apt for impreſſion, he judg'd from her Confeſſion to her Husband of the Viſion, that ſhe had a ſimple Innocence, that might betray a young Beauty under ſuch Circumſtances; to all this he conſider'd the Charms of *Philander* unreſiſtable, his unwearied induſtry in Love, and concludes his Siſter loſt. At firſt he upbraids *Philander*, and calls him ungrateful, but ſoon thought it unreaſonable to accuſe himſelf of an Injuſtice, and excus'd the frailty of *Philander*, ſince he knew not that ſhe whom he ador'd was Siſter to his Friend; however it fail'd not to poſſeſs him with inquietude that exercis'd all his Wit, to conſider how he might prevent an inſeparable injury to his Honour, and an Intrigue that poſſibly might coſt his Siſter her Life as well as Fame: In midſt

of

of all these Torments he forgot not the more important Business of his Love. For to a Lover, who has his Soul perfectly fix'd on the fair Object of its Adoration, what ever other Thought, Fatigue, and Cloud, his Mind, that like a soft Gleam of new sprung Light, darts in and spreads a Glory all a-round, and like the God of day chears every drooping Vital, yet even these dearer Thoughts wanted not their Torments. At first he strove to atone for the Fears of *Calista*, with those of imagining *Philander* false to *Silvia*: *Well*, cry'd he, —*If thou beest lost*, Calista, *at least thy ruin has laid a Foundation for my Happiness, and every Triumph* Philander *makes of thy Vertue, it the more secures my Empire over* Silvia, *and since thy Brother cannot be happy but by the Sister's being undone, yield thou, O faithless fair one,*

one, yeild to Philander, *and make me bleſt in* Silvia! *And thou* (continu'd he) *Oh perjur'd Lover and inconſtant Friend, glut thy inſatiate flame—rifle* Califta *of every Vertue Heaven and Nature gave her, ſo I may but revenge it on thy* Silvia! Pleas'd with this joyful hope, he traverſes his Chamber, glowing and bluſhing with new kindling fire, his Heart that was all gay, defus'd a gladneſs, that expreſs'd it ſelf in every Feature of his lovely Face, his Eyes that were by nature languiſhing, ſhone now with an unuſual Air of Briskneſs, Smiles grac'd his mouth, and dimples dreſt his Face, inſenſibly his buſie Fingers trick and dreſs, and ſet his Hair, and without deſigning it, his Feet are bearing him to *Silvia*, till he ſtepp'd ſhort and wonder'd whither he was going, for yet it was not time to make his Viſit——

Whether

Whither fond Heart, (ſaid he) *O whither wou'dſt thou hurry this Slave to thy faſt fires!* And now returning back he paws'd and fell to thought—He remembred how impatiently *Silvia* waited the return of the anſwer he writ to him, wherein he own'd his Paſſion for that Beauty. He knew ſhe permitted him to write it, more to raiſe the little brisk Fires of Jealouſie in *Philander*, and to ſet an edge on his blunted Love, than from any Favours ſhe deſign'd *Octavio*: And that on this anſwer depended all her Happineſs, or the confirmation of her Doubts, and that ſhe wou'd meaſure *Philander*'s Love by the effects ſhe found there of it: So that never Lover had ſo hard a Game to play as our new one. He knew he had it now in his power to ruin his Rival, and to make almoſt his own Terms

with his fair Conquereſs, but he conſider'd the ſecret was not render'd him for ſo baſe an end, nor cou'd his Love advance it ſelf by ways ſo falſe, dull, and criminal,— between each thought he paws'd, and now reſolves ſhe muſt know he ſent an anſwer to his Letter, for ſhou'd ſhe know he had, and that he ſhou'd refuſe her the ſight of it, ſhe believ'd with reaſon ſhe ought to baniſh him for ever her preſence, as the moſt diſobedient of her Slaves. He walks and pawſes on—but no kind thought preſents it ſelf to ſave him; either way he finds himſelf undone, and from the moſt gay, and moſt triumphing Lover on the Earth, he now, with one ſerious thought of right reaſoning, finds he is the moſt miſerable of all the Creation! He reads the Superſcription of that *Philander* writ to *Silvia*, which was inclos'd in his, and

finds

finds it was directed only — For *Silvia*, which would plainly demonstrate it came not so into *Holland*, but that some other cover secur'd it; so that never any but *Octavio* the most nice in Honour, had ever so great a Contest with Love and Friendship: For his Noble temper was not one of those that could Sacrifice his Friend to his little Lusts, or his more solid Passion, but truly brave, resolves now rather to die than to confess *Philander*'s Secret; to evade which he sent her Letter by his Page, with one from himself, and commanded him to tell her that he was going to receive some commands from the Prince of *Orange*, and that he wou'd wait on her himself in the Evening. The Page obeys, and *Octavio* sent him with a Sigh and Eyes, that languishingly told him he did it with regret.

The Page hasting to *Silvia*, finds her in all the disquiet of an expecting Lover; and snatching the Papers from his hand, the first she saw was that from *Philander*, at which she trembl'd with Fear and Joy, for Hope, Love and Despair at once seiz'd her, and hardly able to make a sign with her hand for the Boy to withdraw, she sunk down into her Chair, all pale, and almost fainting; but reassuming her Courage, she open'd it, and read this.

Philander *to* Silvia.

AH, *Silvia!* Why all these Doubts and Fears? Why at this distance do you accuse your Lover, when he's uncapable to fall before you, and undeceive

ceive your little Jealouſies. Oh, *Silvia*, I fear this firſt reproaching me, is rather the Effects of your own guilt, than any that love can make you think of mine. Yes, yes, my *Silvia*, 'tis the Waves that rowl, and glide away, and not the ſteady ſhore. 'Tis you begin to unfaſten from the Vows that hold you, and float along the flattering Tide of Vanity. 'Tis you, whoſe Pride and Beauty ſcorning to be confin'd, give way to the admiring Croud, that ſigh for you. Yes, yes, you, like the reſt of your fair glorious Sex, love the Admirer though you hate the Coxcomb. 'Tis vain! 'tis great! and ſhews your Beauties Power — Is't poſſible, that for the ſafety of my Life, I cannot retire but you muſt think I'm fled from Love and *Silvia*! or is it poſſible that pitying Tenderneſs

that made me uncapable of taking leave of her ſhou'd be interpreted as falſe —— and baſe, ——— and that an abſence of thirty days, ſo forc'd, and ſo compell'd muſt render me inconſtant — loſt — ungrateful — as if that after *Silvia* Heaven e'er made a Beauty that cou'd charm me?

You charge my Letter with a thouſand faults, 'tis ſhort, 'tis cold, and wants thoſe uſual Softneſſes that gave them all their Welcom, and their Graces. I fear my *Silvia* loves the Flatterer, and not the Man, the Lover only, not *Philander*: And ſhe conſiders him not for himſelf, but the gay glorious thing he makes of her! Ah! too ſelf-intereſted! Is that your Juſtice? You ne'er allow for my unhappy Circumſtances, you never think how Care oppreſſes me, nor what my Love contributes

to

to that care. How Buſineſs, Danger, and a thouſand Ills, take up my haraſs'd mind: By every power I love thee ſtill, my *Silvia*, but time has made us more familiar now, and we begin to leave off Ceremony, and come to cloſer joys, to joyn our Intereſt now, as people fix'd, reſolv'd to live and die together; to weave our Thoughts, and be united ſtronger. At firſt we ſhew the gayeſt ſide of Love, dreſs and be nice in every Word and Look, ſet out for Conqueſt all; ſpread every Art, uſe every Stratagem —— but when the Toyl is paſt, and the dear Victory gain'd, we then propoſe a little idle reſt, a little eaſie ſlumber: We then embrace, lay by the gawdy Shew, the Plumes and gilded Equipage of Love, the Trappings of the Conqueror, and bring the naked Lo-

ver to your Arms; we ſhew him then uncas'd with all his little diſadvantages; perhaps the flowing Hair, (thoſe Ebony Curls you have ſo often comb'd, and dreſs'd, and kiſs'd) are then put up and ſhew a fiercer Air, more like an Antique Roman than *Philander*, and ſhall I then, becauſe I want a Grace, be thought to love you leſs; becauſe the embroider'd Coat, the Point and Garniture's laid by, muſt I put off my Paſſion with my Dreſs? No, *Silvia*, Love allows a thouſand little Freedoms, allows me to unboſom all my Secrets; tell thee my Wants, my fears, complaints and dangers, and think it great relief if thou but ſigh and pity me: And oft thy charming Wit has aided me, but now I find thee adding to my pain. O where ſhall I unload my weight of cares, when *Silvia*, who was wont

to

to ſigh and weep, and ſuffer me to eaſe the heavy burden, now grows diſpleas'd and peeviſh with my Moans, and calls them the Effects of dying Love! inſtead of thoſe dear Smiles, that fond bewitching Prattle, that us'd to calm my rougheſt ſtorm of Grief, ſhe now reproaches me with coldneſs, want of Concern, and Lovers Rhetorick: And when I ſeem to beg relief, and ſhew my Soul's reſentment, 'tis then I'm falſe; 'tis my Averſion, or the Effects of ſome new kindling Flame: Is this fair dealing, *Silvia*? can I not ſpare a little ſigh from Love, but you muſt think I rob you of your due? If I omit a tender Name by which I us'd to call you, muſt I be thought to loſe that Paſſion that taught me ſuch endearments? And muſt I ne'er reflect upon the ruin both of my Fame and For-

tune, but I muſt run the risk of loſing *Silvia* too? O cruelty of Love! Oh too too fond and jealous Maid, what Crimes thy innocent Paſſion can create, when it extends beyond the Bounds of reaſon! Ah too too nicely tender *Silvia*, that will not give me leave to caſt a thought back on my former Glory; yet even that loſs I cou'd ſupport with tameneſs and content, if I believ'd my ſuffering reach'd only to my Heart; but *Silvia*, if ſhe love, muſt feel my Torments too, muſt ſhare my loſs, and want a thouſand Ornaments, my ſinking Fortune cannot purchaſe her: Believe me, Charming Creature, if I ſhou'd love you leſs, I have a ſenſe ſo juſt of what you've ſuffered for *Philander*, I'd be content to be a Galley-ſlave, to give thy Beauty, Birth and Love their due, but as

I am thy Faithful Lover ſtill, depend upon that Fortune Heaven has left me; which if thou canſt (as thou haſt often ſworn) then thou wou'dſt ſubmit to be cheerful ſtill, be gay and confident, and do not judge my Heart by little Words, my Heart——too great and fond for ſuch poor Demonſtrations.

You ask me, *Silvia*, where I am, and what I do; and all I can ſay is, that at preſent I am ſafe from any fears of being deliver'd up to *France* and what I do is ſighing, dying, grieving; I want my *Silvia*; but my Circumſtances, yet have nothing to incourage that hope; when I reſolve where to ſettle, you ſhall ſee what haſte I will make to have you brought to me: I am impatient to hear from you, and to know how that dear Pledge of our ſoft hours advances. I mean

what

what I believe I left thee poſſeſs'd of, a young *Philander*: Cheriſh it, *Silvia*, for that's a certain Obligation to keep a dying Fire alive, be ſure you do it no hurt by your unneceſſary grief, tho' there needs no other tie but that of Love to make me more entirely

Your Philander.

If *Silvia*'s Fears were great before ſhe open'd the Letter, what were her pains when all thoſe Fears were confirmed from that never failing mark of a declining Love, the coldneſs and alteration of the Stile of Letters, that firſt Symptom of a dying Flame? *Oh where*, ſaid ſhe, *where, Oh perjur'd Charmer, is all that Ardency that us'd to warm the Reader? Where is all that natural Innocence of Love that cou'd not, even to diſco-*

ver

ver and expreſs a Grace in Elo-quence, force one ſoft Word, or one Paſſion. Oh, continu'd ſhe, *he is loſt and gone from* Silvia *and his Vows; ſome other has him all, claſps that dear body, hangs upon that Face, ga-zes upon his Eyes, and liſtens to his Voice, when he is looking, ſigh-ing, ſwearing, dying, lying and damning of himſelf for ſome new Beauty —— He is, I'll not endure it, aid me* Antonett! *Oh where's the perjur'd Traytor?* Antonett, who was waiting on her, ſeeing her riſe on the ſudden in ſo great a Fury wou'd have ſtaid her haſty Turns and Ravings, beſeech-ing her to tell her what was the occaſion, and by a diſcovery to eaſe her Heart, but ſhe with all the Fury imaginable, flung from her Arms, and ran to the Table, and ſnatching up a Pen-knife, had certainly ſent it to her Heart, had not

not *Antonett* ſtepp'd to her and caught her Hand, which ſhe reſiſted not, but bluſhing reſign'd, with telling her ſhe was aſham'd of her own Cowardize, *For*, ſaid ſhe, *if I had deſign'd to have been brave, I had ſent you off, and by a Noble Reſolution have freed this Slave within* (ſtriking her Breaſt) *from a Tyranny which it ſhou'd diſdain to ſuffer under*: With that ſhe rag'd about the Chamber with broken Words and imperfect Threatnings; unconſider'd Imprecations, and unheeded Vows and Oaths: at which *Antonett* redoub'd her Petition to know the cauſe; and ſhe reply'd—Philander! *the dear, the ſoft, the fond and charming* Philander *is now no more the ſame.* O, Antonett, ſaid ſhe, *didſt thou but ſee this Letter compar'd to thoſe of heretofore, when Love was gay and young, when new deſire dreſs'd*

his

his ſoft Eyes in tears, and taught his Tongue the Harmony of Angels; when every tender Word had more of Paſſion than Volumes of this forc'd, this trifling buſineſs. O, thou woud'ſt ſay I were the wretcheſt thing that Nature ever made—— Oh thou woud'ſt curſe as I do—— Not the dear Murderer, but thy Frantick ſelf, thy mad, deceiv'd, believing, eaſie ſelf; if thou wert ſo undone—— Then while ſhe wept ſhe gave *Antonett* liberty to ſpeak, which was to perſwade her, her fears were vain; ſhe urg'd every argument of Love ſhe had been Witneſs to, and cou'd not think it poſſible he cou'd be falſe: To all which the ſtill weeping *Silvia* lent a willing Ear: For Lovers are much enclin'd to believe every thing they wiſh. *Antonett* having a little calm'd her, continu'd telling her, that to be better convinc'd

convinc'd of his Love or his Perfidy, ſhe ought to have Patience till *Octavio* ſhou'd come to viſit her, *For you have forgotten, Madam*, ſaid ſhe, *that that generous Rival has ſent him Word he is your Lover*: For *Antonett* was waiting at the reading of that Letter, nor was there any thing the open-hearted *Silvia* conceal'd from that Servant; and Women, who have made a Breach in their Honour, are ſeldom ſo careful of their reſt of Fame, as thoſe who have a Stock entire; and *Silvia* believ'd after ſhe had truſted the Secret of one Amour to her diſcretion, ſhe might conceal none. *See Madam*, ſays *Antonett*, *here is a Letter yet unread: Silvia*, who had been a great while impatient for the return of *Octavio*'s Anſwer from *Philander*, expecting from thence the confirmation of all her

her doubts, haſtily ſnatch'd the Letter out of *Antonett*'s hand, and read it, hoping to have found ſomething there to have eas'd her Soul one way or other; a Soul the moſt raging and haughty by Nature, that ever poſſeſt a Body: the words were theſe.

Octavio *to* Silvia.

AT leaſt you'll pity me, Oh charming *Silvia*, when you ſhall call to mind the cruel Services I am oblig'd to render you, to be the Meſſenger of Love from him whom Beauty and that God plead ſo ſtrongly for already in your Heart.

If after this, you can propoſe a Torture that yet may ſpeak my Paſſion and Obedience in any higher meaſure, command and try

try my Fortitude, for I too well divine, O rigorous Beauty, the buſineſs of your Love-ſick Slave will be, only to give you Proofs how much he does adore you, and ne'er to taſte a Joy, even in a diſtant Hope, like Lamps in Urns my laſting Fire muſt burn, without one kind material to ſupply it. Ah *Silvia*, if e'er it be your wretched Fate to ſee the Lord of all your Vows given to another's Arms—When you ſhall ſee in thoſe ſoft Eyes that you adore a Languiſhment and Joy, if you but name another Beauty to him: ——When you behold his Bluſhes fade and riſe at the approaches of another Miſtreſs.—Hear broken Sighs and unaſſur'd replies, when e'er he anſwers ſome new Conquereſs: tremblings, and Pantings ſeizing every part at the warm touch as of a ſecond Charmer

mer. Ah, *Silvia*, do but do me justice then, and sighing say—I pity poor *Octavio*.

Take here a Letter from the blest *Philander*, which I had brought my self, but cannot bear the torment of that Joy that I shall see advancing in your Eyes when you shall read it o'er—no—'tis too much that I imagine all! yet bless that patient fondness of my Passion that makes me still

Your Slave, and

Your Adorer,

Octavio.

At finishing this, the jealous fair One redoubl'd her Tears with such violence, that 'twas in vain her Woman strove to abate the flowing Tide by all the reasonable

able Arguments she cou'd bring to her Aid, and *Silvia* to encrease it, read again the latter part of the ominous Letter; which she wet with the Tears that stream'd from her bright Eyes. *Yes, yes,* (cry'd she laying the Letter down) *I know,* Octavio, *this is no Prophesie of yours, but a known Truth: Alas, you know too well the fatal time's already come, when I shall find these changes in* Philander! *Ah Madam,* reply'd Antonett, *How curious are you to search out torments for your own Heart, and as much a Lover as you are, how little do you understand the Arts and Politicks of Love? Alas, Madam,* continu'd she, *you your self have arm'd my Lord* Octavio *with those Weapons that wound you: The last time he writ to my Lord* Philander, *he found you possess'd with a thousand Fears and Jealousies: of*

these

these he took advantage to attack his Rival; for what Man is there so dull that wou'd not assault his Enemy in that part where the most considerable mischief may be done him; 'tis now Octavio's *Interest, and his Business to render* Philander *false, to give you all the Umbrage that is possible of so powerful a Rival, and to say any thing that may render him hateful to you, or at least to make him love you less. Away,* reply'd *Silvia* (with an uneasie Smile) *how foolish are thy Reasonings, for were it possible I cou'd love* Philander *less, is it to be imagin'd, that shou'd make way for* Octavio *in my Heart, or any, after that dear Deceiver? No doubt of it,* reply'd Antonett, *but that very effect it would have on your Heart; for Love in the Soul of a witty Person is like a Scain of Silk; to unwind it from the Bottom,*

you

you muſt wind it on another or it runs into Confuſion and becomes of no uſe, and then of courſe, as one leſſens the other encreaſes, and what Philander *loſes in Love,* Octavio, *or ſome one induſtrious Lover will moſt certainly gain:* Oh, reply'd *Silvia, You are a great Philoſopher in Love. I ſhou'd be Madam,* cry'd *Antonett, had I but had a good Memory, for I had a young Church-man once in love with me, who has read many a Philoſophical Lecture to me upon Love; among the reſt he us to ſay the Soul was all compos'd of Love. I us'd to ask him then, if it were form'd of ſo ſoft Materials, how it came to paſs that we were no oftner in love, or why ſo many were ſo long before they lov'd, and others who never lov'd at all? No queſtion but he anſwer'd you wiſely,* ſaid *Silvia* careleſsly and ſighing, with her thoughts

thoughts but half attentive. *Marry, and so he did*, cry'd *Antonett, at least I thought so then, because I loved a little.* He said, *Love of it self was unactive, but 'twas inform'd by Object; and then too that Object must depend on fancy; (for Souls, tho' all Love, are not to love all:) Now Fancy,* he said, *was sometimes nice, humorous, and fantastick, which is the reason we so often love those of no merit, and despise those that are most excellent; and sometimes Fancy guides us to like neither; he us'd to say Women were like Misers, though they had always Love in store, they seldom car'd to part with it, but on very good int'rest and security,* Cent per Cent, *most commonly Heart for Heart at least; and for security he said we were most times too unconscionable, we ask'd Vows at least, at worst Matrimony.* —— Half angry, *Silvia* cry'd,

cry'd —— *and what's all this to my loving again? Oh* Madam, reply'd *Antonett*, *He said a Woman was like a Gamester, if on the winning hand, hope, int'rest, and vanity made him play on, besides the pleasure of the Play it self; if on the losing, then he continu'd throwing at all to save a Stake at last, if not to recover all; so either way they find occasion to continue the Game. But oh,* said *Silvia*, sighing, *What shall that Gamester set, who has already play'd for all she had, and lost it at a cast?* *Oh,* Madam, reply'd *Antonett*, *The Young and Fair find Credit every where, there's still a Prospect of a return, and that Gamester that plays thus upon the tick is sure to lose but little; and if they win, 'tis all clear gains. I find,* said *Silvia*, *you are a good manager in Love; you are for the frugal part of it. Faith,* Madam, said *Antonett*, *I am in-*

deed

deed of that Opinion, that love and int'reſt always do beſt together, as two moſt excellent Ingredients in that rare Art of preſerving of Beauty. Love makes us put on all our Charms, and int'reſt gives us all the advantage of dreſs, without which Beauty is loſt, and of little uſe. Love wou'd have us appear always new, always gay, and magnificent, and money alone can render us ſo, and we find no Women want Lovers ſo much as thoſe who want Petticoats, Jewels, and all the neceſſary trifles of Gallantry. Of this laſt opinion I find you your ſelf to be; for even when Octavio comes, on whoſe Heart you have no deſign, I ſee you dreſs to the beſt advantage, and put on many, to like one: Why is this, but that even in knowing your ſelf, you have a ſecret Joy and pleaſure in gaining Conqueſts, and of being ador'd and thought the moſt

Charming of your Sex. That is not from the inconſtancy of my Heart, cry'd *Silvia, but from the little vanity of our Natures. Oh Madam,* reply'd *Antonett, there is no Friend to Love like Vanity; it is the falſeſt betrayer of a Woman's Heart, of any Paſſion or Humour ſhe can be guilty of, not Love it ſelf betrays her ſooner to Love than Vanity or Pride; and, Madam, I wou'd I might have the pleaſure of my next wiſh, when I find you not only liſtning to the love of* Octavio, *but even approving it too. Away,* reply'd *Silvia,* in frowning, *your Mirth grows rude and troubleſome,—Go bid the Page wait while I return an anſwer to what his Lord has ſent me.* So ſitting at the Table ſhe diſmiſs'd *Antonett,* and writ this following Letter.

Silvia

Silvia *to* Octavio.

I Find *Octavio* this little Gallantry of yours, of ſhewing me the Lover, ſtands you in very great ſtead, and ſerves you upon all occaſions for abundance of uſes; amongſt the reſt, 'tis no ſmall obligation you have to it, for furniſhing you with handſom pretences to keep from thoſe who importune you, and from giving 'em that ſatisfaction by your Council and Converſation which poſſibly the unfortunate may have need of ſometimes; and when you are preſs'd and oblig'd to render me the Friendſhip of your Viſits, this neceſſary ready love of yours, is the only evaſion you have for the anſwering a thouſand little queſtions I ask you of *Philander*; whoſe

Heart I am afraid you know much better than *Silvia* does. I cou'd almoſt wiſh, *Octavio*, that all you tell me of your Paſſion were true, that my Commands might be of Force ſufficient to compel you to reſolve my Heart in ſome doubts that oppreſs it: And indeed if you would have me believe the one, you muſt obey me in the other; to which end I conjure you to haſten to me, for ſomething of an unuſual coldneſs in *Philander*'s Letter, and ſome Ominous Divinations in yours, have put me on a rack of Thought; from which nothing but Confirmation can relieve me; this you dare not deny, if you value the repoſe of

Silvia.

She

She read it over, and was often about to tear it, fancying it was too kind; But when she consider'd 'twas from no other inclination of her Heart than that of getting the Secrets out of his, she pardon'd her self the little levity she found it guilty of; all which, considering as the effects of the violent Passion she had for *Philander*, she found it easie to do, and sealing it she gave it to *Antonett* to deliver to the Page, and set her self down to ease her Soul of its heavy weight of grief, by her complaints to the dear Author of her Pain; for when a Lover is insupportably afflicted, there is no ease like that of writing to the Person lov'd: And that all that comes uppermost in the Soul, for true love is all unthinking artless speaking, incorrect disorder, and without Method, as 'tis

without Bounds or Rules, ſuch were *Silvia*'s unſtudy'd thoughts. and ſuch her following Letter.

Silvia *to* Philander.

OH my *Philander*, how hard it is to bring my Soul to doubt, when I conſider all thy paſt tender Vows, when I reflect how thou haſt lov'd and ſworn. Methinks I hear the Muſick of thy voice ſtill whiſpering in my Boſom; methinks the charming ſoftneſs of thy Words remain like leſſ'ning Echo's on my Soul, whoſe diſtant Voices by degrees decay, till they be heard no more! Alas I've read thy Letter o'er and o'er, and turn'd the ſenſe a thouſand ſeveral ways, and all to make it ſpeak and look like Love—— O I have flatter'd it with all my Art. Sometimes I fanſy'd my ill reading

reading ſpoil'd it, and then I tun'd my Voice to ſofter Notes, and read it o'er again; but ſtill the Words appear'd too rough and harſh for any moving Air, which way ſoe'er I chang'd, which way ſoe'er I queſtion'd it of Love, it anſwer'd in ſuch Language—as others wou'd perhaps interpret Love, or ſomething like it; but I who've heard the very God himſelf ſpeak from thy wondrous Lips, and known him guide thy Pen, when all the Eloquence of moving Angels flow'd from thy charming Tongue! when I have ſeen thee fainting at my Feet, (whil'ſt all Heaven open'd in thy glorious face) and now and then ſigh out a trembling Word; in which there was contain'd more Love, more Soul, than all the Arts of ſpeaking ever found. What Senſe! Oh what reflections

must I make on this decay, this strange—this sudden alteration in thee? But that the cause is fled, and the effect is ceas'd, the God reviv'd, and all the Oracles silenc'd! Confess—oh thou eternal Conqueror of my Soul, whom every Hour, and every tender Joy, renders more dear and lovely—Tell me why (if thou still lov'st me, and lov'st as well) does love not dict to thee as before! Dost thou want words? Oh then begin again, repeat the old ones o'er ten thousand times, such repetitions are Loves Rhetorick! How often have I ask'd thee in an Hour, when my fond Soul was doating on thy Eyes, when with my Arms, clasping thy yielding Neck, my Lips imprinting Kisses on thy Cheeks, and taking in the breath, that sight from thine? How often have I

ask'd

ask'd this little but important question of thee? *Does my* Philander *love me*? then kiss thee for thy *Yes* and Sighs, and ask again, and still my Soul was ravisht with new Joy, when thou wou'dst answer, *Yes*; *I love thee dearly*! and if I thought you spoke it with a Tone that seem'd less soft and fervent than I wish'd; I ask'd so often, till I made thee answer in such a Voice as I wou'd wish to hear it; all this had been impertinent and foolish in any thing but Love, to any but a Lover: But oh—give me the impertinence of Love! talk little nonsense to me all the Day, and be as wanton as a playing *Cupid*, and that will please and charm my Love sick Heart better than all fine Sense and reasoning.

Tell me, *Philander*, what new accident, what powerful misfortune

has befallen thee, greater than what we have experienc'd yet? cou'd drive the little God out of thy Heart, and make thee so unlike my soft *Philander*? What place contains thee, or what pleasures ease thee, that thou art now contented to live a tedious day without thy *Silvia*. How then the long long Age of forty more, and yet thou liv'st, art patient, tame, and well; thou talk'st not now of Ravings, or of Dying, but look'st about thee like a well pleas'd Conqueror after the Toils of Battel—Oh I have known a time——but let me never think upon it more! it cannot be remembred without madness! What think thee fallen from Love! to think that I must never hear thee more pouring thy Soul out in soft Sighs of Love? A thousand dear Expressions by which I knew the

the Story of thy Heart, and while you tell it, bid me feel it panting——Never to see thy Eyes fix'd on my Face——till the soft Showers of joy wou'd gently fall and hang their shining Dew upon thy Looks, then in a Transport snatch me to thy Bosom, and sigh a thousand times e'er thou cou'dst utter——*Ah* Sivia, *how I love thee*—— Oh the dear Eloquence those few short Words contain, when they are sent with Lovers Accents to a Soul all languishing! but now—— alas, thy love is more familiar grown——Oh take the other part o'th' Proverb too, and say 't has bred Contempt, for nothing less than that your Letter shews, but more it do's, and that's indifference less to be born than hate or any thing——

At least be just and let me know my Doom: Do not deceive the Heart

Heart that trusted all thy Vows, if thou be'ſt generous —— if thou let'ſt me know —— thy date of Love —— is out (for Love perhaps as Life has dates) and equally uncertain, and thou no more canſt ſtay the one than t'other; yet if thou art ſo kind for all my Honour loſt, my Youth undone, my Beauty tarniſh'd, and my laſting Vows, to let me fairly know thou art departing, my worthleſs Life will be the only loſs: But if thou ſtill continueſt to impoſe upon my eaſie Faith, and I ſhou'd any other way learn my approaching Fate — Look to't *Philander* — She that had the courage to abandon all for Love, and faithleſs thee, can, when ſhe finds her ſelf betray'd and loſt, nobly revenge the ruin of her fame, and ſend thee to the other World with

Silvia.

She

She having writ this, read it over, and fansy'd she had not spoke half the sense of her Soul: fansy'd if she were again to begin she cou'd express her self much more to the purpose she design'd, than she has done. She began again and writ two or three new ones, but they were either too kind or too rough, the first she fear'd wou'd shew a weakness of Spirit, since he had given her occasion of Jealousie; the last she fear'd wou'd disoblige if all those jealousies were false, she therefore tore those last she had writ, and before she seal'd up the first, she read *Philander's* Letter again, but still ended it with fears that did not lessen those she had first conceiv'd; still she thought she had more to say, as Lovers do, who never are weary of speaking or writing to the dear object of their vows, and having already forgotten what she had said just

before

before —— and her heart being by this time as full as e'er, she began, she took up her complaining Pen, and made it say this in the Covert of the Letter.

Oh *Philander*! Oh thou eternal Charmer of my Soul, how fain I wou'd repent me of the cruel thoughts I have of thee: When I had finish'd this inclos'd I read again thy chilling Letter, and strove with all the force of Love and soft imagination to find a dear occasion of asking Pardon for those Fears which press my breaking Heart: but Oh the more I read, the more they strike upon my tendereſt part, —something so very cold, so careless, and indifferent you end your Letter with —I will not think of it.—by Heaven it makes me rave —and hate my little power, that cou'd no longer keep the soft and kind. O if those killing fears (bred

by

by excels of Love) are vainly taken up in pity, my adorable —in pity to my tortur'd Soul convince 'em, Redress the torment of my jealous doubts, and either way confirm me; be kind to her that dies and languishes for thee, return me all the softness that first charm'd me, or frankly tell me my approaching Fate. Be generous, or be kind to the unfortunate and undone

SILVIA.

She thought she had ended here, but here again she read *Philander*'s Letter, as if on purpose to find new Torments out for a heart too much press'd already; a sowr that is always mixt with the sweets of Love, a pain that ever accompanies the pleasure. Love else were not to be numbred among the passions of men, and was at first ordain'd in Heaven for some divine motion

of the Soul, till *Adam* with his loſs of *Paradiſe* debaucht it, with jealouſies fears, and curioſities, and mixt it with all that was afflicting; but you'll ſay he had reaſon to be jealous, whoſe Woman for want of other Seducers liſten'd to the Serpent, and for the love of change wou'd give way even to a Devil, this little love of Novelty and knowledge has been intail'd upon her Daughters ever ſince, and I have known more Women rendred unhappy and miſerable from this torment of Curioſity, which they bring upon themſelves, than have ever been undone by leſs villainous Men. One of this Humour was our haughty and charming *Silvia*, whoſe Pride and Beauty poſſeſſing her with a belief that all Men were born to die her Slaves, made her uneaſie at every action of the Lo-

ver

Lover (whether belov'd or not) than did but seem to slight her Empire: but where indeed she lov'd and doated, as now on *Philander*, this Humour put her on the rack at every thought or fancy that he might break his Chains, and having laid the last Obligation upon him, she expected him to be her Slave for ever, and treated him with all the haughty Tyranny of her Sex, in all those moments when softness was not predominate in her Soul. She was shagreen at every thing, if but displeas'd with one thing; and while she gave Torments to others she fail'd not to feel 'em the most sensibly her self; so that still searching for new occasion of quarrel with *Philander*, she drew on her self most intolerable Pains, such as doubting Lovers feel after long Hopes and confirm'd Joys,

she

she reads and weeps, and when she came to that part of it that inquir'd of the health and being of the Pledge of Love——she grew so tender that she was almost fainting in her Chair, but recovering from the soft Reflection, and finding she had said nothing of it already, she took her Pen again and writ.

You ask me, Oh Charming *Philander* how the Pledge of our soft hours thrives? Alas, as if it meant to brave the worst of Fate! it does advance my sorrows, and all your Cruelties have not destroy'd that: But I still bear about me the destiny of many a sighing Maid, that this (who will I am sure be like *Philander*) will ruin with his Looks.

Thou sacred Treasure of my Soul forgive me, if I have wrong'd thy Love. *Adieu.*

She

She made an end of writing this just when *Antonett* arriv'd, and told her *Octavio* was alighted at the Gate, and coming to visit her, which gave her occasion to say this of him to *Philander*.

I think I had not ended here, but that *Octavio*, the bravest and the best of Friends is come to visit me. The only satisfaction I have to support my life in *Philander*'s absence, pay him those thanks that are due to him from me, pay him for all the generous Cares he has taken of me; beyond a Friend! almost *Philander* in his blooming Passion when 'twas all new and young, and full of Duty, cou'd not have render'd me his Service with a more awful industry: Sure he was made for love and glorious friendship. Cherish him then, preserve

ſerve him next your Soul, for he's a Jewel fit for ſuch a Cabinet; His Form, his Parts, and every Noble Action, ſhews us the Royal Race from whence he ſprung, and the victorious *Orange* confeſſes him his own in every Vertue, and in every Grace; nor can the illegitimacy eclipſe him: Sure he was got in the firſt heat of Love, which form'd him ſo a *Hero* ——But no more. *Philander* is as kind a Judge as

Silvia.

She had no ſooner finiſh'd this and ſeal'd it, but *Octavio* came into the Chamber, and with ſuch an Air, with ſuch a Grace and Mien he approach'd her —with all the languiſhment of ſoft trembling Love in his Face, which with the addition of the Dreſs he was that day

day in, (which was extreamly rich and advantageous, and altogether such as pleases the Vanity of Women,) I have since heard the charming *Silvia* say, in spight of all her tenderness for *Philander*, she found a soft emotion in her Soul, a kind of Pleasure at his approach, which made her blush with some kind of anger at her own easiness. Nor cou'd she have blush'd in a more happy Season; for *Octavio* saw it, and it serv'd at once to add a Lustre to her paler Beauty, and to betray some little kind Sentiment, which possess'd him with a Joy that had the same Effects on him: *Silvia* saw it; and the care she took to hide her own, serv'd but to increase her Blushes, which put her into a confusion she had much ado to reclaim: she cast her Eyes to Earth, and leaning her Cheek on her

her hand, she continu'd on her Seat without paying him that usual Ceremony she was wont to do. While he stood speechless for a moment gazing on her with infinite satisfaction, when she to assume a formality as well as she cou'd, rose up and cry'd (fearing he had seen too much) Octavio, *I have been considering after what manner I ought to receive you, and while I was so, I left those Civilities unpaid which your Quality, and my good manners ought to have render'd you. Ah, Madam,* reply'd he sighing, *if you wou'd receive me as I merited and you ought, at least you wou'd receive me as the most passionate Lover that ever ador'd you. I was rather believing,* said *Silvia, that I ought to have receiv'd you as my Foe: Since you conceal from me so long what you cannot but believe I am extreamly*

impatient

impatient of hearing, and what ſo nearly concerns my repoſe. At this, he only anſwering with a Sigh, ſhe purſu'd, *Sure*, Octavio, *you underſtand me:* Philander's *anſwer to the Letter of your confeſſing Paſſion has not ſo long been the ſubject of our diſcourſe and expectation, but you gueſs at what I mean?* *Octavio*, who on all Occaſions wanted not wit, or reply, was here at a loſs, what to anſwer: Notwithſtanding he had conſider'd before what he wou'd ſay: but let thoſe in love fanſy, and make what fine ſpeeches they pleaſe, and believe themſelves furniſh'd with abundance of eloquent Harangues, at the ſight of the dear Object they loſe 'em all, and love teaches 'em a Dialect much more prevailing without the expence of duller thought: And they leave unſaid all they had ſo floridly form'd before

before, and ſigh a thouſand things with more ſucceſs: Love, like Poetry cannot be taught, but uninſtructed flows without painful ſtudy, if it be true; 'tis born in the Soul, a Noble inſpiration not a Science! ſuch was *Octavio's*, he thought it diſhonorable to be guilty of the meanneſs of a Lye; and ſay he had no anſwer: He thought it rude to ſay he had one and wou'd not ſhew it *Silvia*: And he believ'd it the height of ungenerous baſeneſs to ſhew it. While he remain'd this moment ſilent, *Silvia*, whoſe love, jealouſie, and impatience endur'd no delay, with a malicious half Smile, and a Tone all angry, ſcorn in her Eyes, and paſſion on her Tongue, ſhe cry'd —— *'Tis well, Octavio, that you ſo early let me know you can be falſe, unjuſt, and faithleſs, you knew your Power, and in pity*

to

to that Youth and easiness you found in me, have given a Civil warning to my Heart. In this I must confess, continu'd she, *you have given a much greater testimony of your friendship for* Philander, *than your Passion for* Silvia; *and I suppose you came not here to resolve your self of which you should prefer, that was decided e'er you arriv'd, and this Visit I imagine was only to put me out of doubt: A piece of Charity you might have spar'd.* She ended this with a Scorn, that had a thousand Charms, because it gave him a little hope; and he answer'd with a sigh, *Ah Madam, how very easie you find it to entertain Thoughts disadvantageous of me: And how small a fault your Wit and Cruelty can improve to a Crime. You are not offended at my Friendship for* Philander. *I know you do not value my Life, and my*

repose so much, as to be concern'd who, or what, shares this Heart that adores you: No, it has not merited that Glory; nor dare I presume to hope, you shou'd so much as wish my Passion for Silvia, *shou'd surmount my Friendship to* Philander. *If I did*, reply'd she with a Scorn, *I perceive I might wish in vain. Madam*, answer'd he, *I have too Divine an opinion of the justice of the charming* Silvia *to believe I ought, or cou'd make my Approaches to her Heart, by ways so base and ungenerous, the result of even tolerated Treason is to hate the Traytor. Oh, you are very nice,* Octavio, reply'd *Silvia, in your Punctilio to* Philander; *but I perceive you are not so tender in those you ought to have for* Silvia: *I find Honour in you Men, is only what you please to make it, for at the same time you think it ungenerous to betray* Phi-

lander, *you believe it no breach of Honour to betray the eternal repose of* Silvia? *You have promis'd* Philander *your Friendship; you have vow'd your self my Lover, my Slave, my Friend, my every thing, and yet not one of these has any tye to oblige you to my Int'rest: Pray tell me,* continu'd she, *when you last writ to him, was it not in order to receive an answer from him? And was not I to see that Answer? And here you think it no dishonour to break your Word or Promise; by which I find your false Notions of Vertue and Honour, with which you serve your selves, when Int'rest, Design, or self Love makes you think it necessary. Madam,* replyed *Octavio, You are pleas'd to pursue your Anger, as if indeed I had disobeyed your Command, or refus'd to shew you what you imagine I have from* Philander: *Yes, I do,* reply'd she

haſtily; *and wonder why you ſhou'd have a greater Friendſhip for* Philander *than for* Silvia; *eſpecially if it be true that you ſay, you have joined Love to Friendſhip: or are you of the Opinion of thoſe that cry they cannot be a Lover and a Friend of the ſame Object. Ah,* Madam, cry'd our perplex'd Lover, *I beg you to believe, I think it ſo much more my Duty and Inclination to ſerve and obey* Silvia *than I do* Philander, *that I ſwear to you, Oh charming Conqueres of my Soul, if* Philander *have betrayed* Silvia, *he has at the ſame time betrayed* Octavio, *and that I wou'd revenge it with the loſs of my life: In injuring the adorable* Silvia, *believe me, lovely Maid, he injures ſo much more than a Friend, as Honour is above the inclination; if he wrong you, by Heaven he cancels all! he wrongs my Soul, my Honour, Miſtreſs,*

and

and my Sister: Fearing he had said too much, he stopp'd and sigh'd at the Word Sister, and casting down his Eyes, blushing with Shame and Anger, he continu'd, *Oh give me leave to say a Sister, Madam, least Mistress had been too daring and presumptious, and a Title that wou'd not justifie my Quarrel half so well, since 'twould take the Honour from my just Resentment, and blast it with the scandal of Self-interest or jealous revenge. What you say,* replyed she, *deserves abundance of acknowledgment: but if you wou'd have me believe you, you ought to hide nothing from me; and he, methinks, that was so daring to confess his Passion to* Philander, *may, after that, venture on any discovery: In short,* Octavio, *I demand to see the return you have from* Philander, *for possibly* —— said she, sweetning her charming Face into a Smile de-

sigh'd, *I shou'd not be displeas'd to find I might with more freedom reserve your Addresses, and on the coldness of* Philander's *reasoning may depend a great part of your Fate, or Fortune: Come, come, produce your Credentials, they may recommend your Heart more effectually than all the fine things you can say, you know not how the least appearance of a slight from a Lover, may advance the Pride of a Mistress; and Pride in this Affair will be your best Advocate.* Thus she insinuated with all her female Arts, and put on all her Charms of Looks and Smiles, sweetned her Mouth, softned her Voice and Eyes, assuming all the tenderness and little Affectations her subtil Sex was capable of, while he lay all ravish'd and almost expiring at her Feet; sometimes transported with imagin'd Joys in the possession of the

dear

dear flattering Charmer, he was ready to unravel all the Secrets of *Philander*'s Letter; but Honour yet was even above his Paſſion, and made him bluſh at his firſt haſty thought; and now he ſtrove to put her off, with all the Art he cou'd, who had ſo very little in his Nature, and whoſe real Love and perfect Honour had ſet him above the little evaſions of Truth, who ſcorn'd in all other Caſes the baſeneſs and cowardize of a Lye; and ſo unſucceſsful now was the little honeſt Cheat, which he knew not how to manage well, that 'twas ſoon diſcovered to the Witty, Jealous, and Angry *Silvia*: So that after all the Rage a paſſionate Woman cou'd expreſs, who believ'd her ſelf injur'd by the only two Perſons in the World from whom ſhe expected moſt adoration? ſhe

had recourſe to that natural and ſoftning aid of her Sex, her Tears, and having already reproach'd *Octavio* with all the malice of a defeated Woman, ſhe now continued it in ſo moving a manner, that our *Hero* cou'd no longer remain unconquer'd by that powerful way of charming, but unfixt to all he had reſolv'd, gave up, at leaſt, a part of the Secret, and own'd he had a Letter from *Philander*; and after this Confeſſion knowing very well he cou'd not keep her from the ſight of it; no, tho an Empire were render'd her to buy it off: his Wit was next employ'd how he ſhou'd defend the Senſe of it, that ſhe might not think *Philander* falſe. In Order to this, he, forcing a Smile, told her, that *Philander* was the moſt malicious of his Sex, and had contriv'd the beſt Stratagem

in

in the world to find whether *Silvia* ſtill lov'd, or *Octavio* retain'd his Friendſhip for him: *And but that*, continued he, *I know the Nature of your curious Sex to be ſuch, that if I ſhould perſwade you not to ſee it, it would but the more inflame your deſire of ſeeing it. I wou'd ask no more of the charming* Silvia, *than that ſhe wou'd not oblige me to ſhew, what wou'd turn ſo greatly to my own Advantage: If I were not too ſenſible, 'tis but to entrap me, that* Philander *has taken this method in his Anſwer. Believe me, adorable* Silvia, *I plead againſt my own Life, while I beg you not to put my Honour to the Teſt, by commanding me to ſhew this Letter, and that I joyn againſt the int'reſt of my own eternal Repoſe while I plead thus*: She hears him with a hundred changes of countenance. Love, Rage, and Jealouſie ſwell in

fiercer Eyes, her breath beats ſhort, and ſhe was ready to burſt into ſpeaking before he had finiſh'd what he had to ſay; ſhe calls up all the little Diſcretion and Reaſon Love had left her to manage her ſelf as ſhe ought in this great occaſion; ſhe bit her Lips and ſwallow'd her riſing Sighs; but he ſoon ſaw the Storm he had rais'd, and knew not how to ſtand the Shock of its Fury; he ſighs, he pleads in vain, and the more he endeavours to excuſe the Levity of *Philander*, the more he rends her Heart, and ſets her on the Rack; and concluding him falſe, ſhe cou'd no longer contain her Rage, but broke out into all the Fury that madneſs can inſpire, and from one degree to another wrought her Paſſion to the height of Lunacy: She tore her Hair, and bit his Hands that endeavour'd to reſtrain hers

bers from Violence, ſhe rent the Ornaments from her fair Body, and diſcover'd a thouſand Charms and Beauties, and finding now that both his ſtrength and reaſon was too weak to prevent the Miſchiefs he found he had brought on her, he calls for help: When *Brilljard* was but too ready at Hand, with *Antonett* and ſome others, who came to his Aſſiſtance: *Brilljard*, who knew nothing of the occaſion of all this, believ'd it the ſecond part of his own late adventure, and fancy'd that *Octavio* had us'd ſome Violence to her, upon this he aſſumes the Authority of his Lord, and ſecretly that of a Husband or Lover, and upbraiding the innocent *Octavio* with his Brutality, they fell to ſuch Words as ended in a challenge the next Morning, for *Brilljard* appear'd a Gentleman, Companion

to

to his Lord; and one whom *Octavio* cou'd not well refuſe: this was not carried ſo ſilently but *Antonett*, buſie as ſhe was about her raving Lady, heard the appointment, and *Octavio* quitted the Chamber almoſt as much diſturb'd as *Silvia*, whom, with much ado, they perſwaded him to leave; but before he did ſo, he on his Knees offer'd her the Letter, and implor'd her to receive it. So abſolutely his Love had vanquiſh'd his Nobler Part, that of Honour; but ſhe attending no motions but thoſe of her own Rage, had no regard either to *Octavio*'s Proffer, or his Arguments of Excuſe; ſo that he went away with the Letter, in all the Extremity of diſorder; this laſt part of his Submiſſion was not ſeen by *Brilliard*; who immediately left the Chamber, upon receiving *Octavio*'s

vio's anſwer to his Challenge; ſo that *Silvia* was now left with her Woman only, who by Degrees brought her to more calmneſs; and *Brilliard* impatient to hear the Reproaches, he hop'd ſhe wou'd give *Octavio* when ſhe was return'd to Reaſon, being curious of any thing that might redound to his diſadvantage, whom he took to be a powerful Rival, return'd again into her Chamber: But in lieu of hearing what he wiſh'd: *Silvia* being recover'd from her Paſſion of Madneſs, and her Soul in a ſtate of thinking a little with Reaſon, ſhe miſſes *Octavio* in the Croud, and with a Voice her Rage had infeebled to a Languiſhment, ſhe cry'd —ſurveying carefully thoſe about her, *Oh where's Octavio? Where is that Angel Man? he who of all his kind can give me comfort.* *Madam*, replyed *Antonett*,

Antonett, *he is gone, while he was here, he kneel'd and pray'd in vain, but for a Word, or Look,-his Tears are yet remaining wet upon your Feet, and all for one ſenſible Reply, but rage had deafen'd you; what has he done to merit this? Oh,* Antonett, cry'd *Silvia*—*'Twas what he wou'd not do that makes me rave, run, haſt and fetch him back*—*But let him leave his Honour all behind: Tell him he has too much conſideration for* Philander, *and none for my repoſe. Oh, fly* Brilljard —*Have I no Friend in view, dares carry a Meſſage from me to* Octavio? *Bid him return, oh, inſtantly return*—*I die, I languiſh for a ſight of him*—*Deſcending Angels wou'd not be ſo welcome*—*Why ſtand ye ſtill*—*have I no power with you*—*Will none obey*—— Then running haſtily to the Chamber Door, ſhe call'd her Page,

Page, to whom she cry'd—*Haste, haste, dear Youth, and find* Octavio *out, and bring him to me instantly: Tell him I die to see him.* The Boy glad of so kind a Message, to so liberal a Lover, runs on his Errand, while she returns to her Chamber, and endeavours to recollect her Senses against *Octavio*'s coming as much as possibly she cou'd: She dismisses her Attendant with different Apprehensions: sometimes *Brilljard* believ'd this was the second part of her first raving, and having never seen her thus, but for *Philander*, concludes it the height of Tenderness and Passion for *Octavio*, but because she made so publick a Declaration of it he believ'd he had given her a Philter, which had rais'd her Flame so much above the bounds of Modesty and Discretion; concluding it so, he knew

knew the uſual Effects of things of that Nature, and that nothing cou'd allay the heat of ſuch a Love but Poſſeſſion, and eaſily deluded with every Fancy that flatter'd his Love; mad, ſtark mad by any way to obtain the laſt Bleſſing with *Silvia*, he conſults with *Antonett* how to get one of *Octavio*'s Letters out of her Lady's Cabinet, and feigning many frivolous Reaſons, which deluded the Amorous Maid; he perſwaded her to get him one, which ſhe did in half an Hour after: for by this time *Silvia* being in as much Tranquility as 'twas poſſible a Lover could be in, who had the Hopes of knowing all the Secrets of the falſe Betrayer, ſhe had call'd *Antonett* to dreſs her; which ſhe reſolved ſhould be in all the careleſs Magnificence that Art or Nature cou'd put on; to charm

Octavio

Octavio wholly to obedience, whom she had sent for, and whom she expected; but she was no sooner set to her Toy-light, but *Octavio*'s Page arriv'd with a Letter from his Master, which she greedily snatch'd, and read this.

Octavio *to* Silvia.

BY this time, oh Charming *Silvia*, give me leave to hope your Rage is abated, and your Reason return'd, and that you will hear a little from the most unfortunate of Men, whom you have reduc'd to this miserable Extremity of losing either the Adorable Object of his Soul, or his Honour: If you can prefer a little Curiosity that will serve but to afflict you, before either that or my Repose, what esteem ought

I to believe you have for the unfortunate *Octavio*; and if you hate me, as 'tis evident, if you compel me to the extremity of losing my Repose or Honour, what Reason or Argument have I to prefer so careless a Fair One above the last. 'Tis certain you neither do nor can love me now; and how much below that hope shall the expos'd and abandon'd *Octavio* be, when he shall pretend to that Glory without his Honour: Believe me, Charming Maid, I wou'd sacrifice my life, and my entire Fortune at your least Command to serve you; but to render you a Devoir that must point me out the basest of my Sex, is what my temper must resist in spight of all the violence of my Love, and I thank my happier Stars that they have given me resolution enough rather to fall a Sacrifice to the last, than

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be guilty of the breach of the first: this is the loft and present thought and pleasure of my Soul; and least it shou'd by the force of those Divine Ideas which eternally surround it, be sooth'd and flatter'd from its Noble Principles, I will to morrow put my self out of the hazard of Temptation, and divert if possible by absence, to the Campagne, those soft importunate Betrayers of my Liberty, that perpetually solicit in favour of you: I dare not so much as bid you adieu, one sight of that bright Angel's Face, wou'd undo me, unfix my Nobler Resolutions, and leave me a despicable Slave, sighing my unrewarded Treason at your insensible Feet: My Fortune I leave to be dispos'd by you; but the more useless necessary I will for ever take from those lovely Eyes, who can look

on

on nothing with Joy, but the happy *Philander*: If I have deny'd you one Satisfaction, at least I have given you this other of securing you Eternally from the trouble and importunity of

Madam,

Your Faithful

Octavio.

This Letter to any other less secure of her own power than was our fair Subject, wou'd have made them impatient and angry: But she found that there was somthing yet in her Power, the dispensation of which cou'd soon recal him from any resolution he was able to make of absenting himself: Her Glass stood before her, and every glance that way was an assurance and security

curity to her Heart; ſhe cou'd not ſee that Beauty and doubt its power of perſwaſion. She therefore took her Pen, and writ him this anſwer, being in a moment furniſh'd with all the Art and ſubtilty that was neceſſary on this occaſion.

Silvia *to* Octavio.

My Lord,

THO I have not Beauty enough to command your Heart; at leaſt allow me Senſe enough to oblige your belief, that I fanſy and reſent all that the Letter contains which you have deny'd me, and that I am not of that ſort of Women, whoſe want of Youth or Beauty renders ſo conſtant to purſue the Ghoſt of a departed Lover: It is enough to juſtifie my Honour, that I was not the firſt Agreſſor. I find my

my self pursu'd by too many Charms of Wit, Youth, and Gallantry, to bury my self beneath the Willows, or to whine away my Youth by murmuring Rivers, or betake me to the last Refuge of a declining Beauty, a Monastry: No, my Lord, when I have reveng'd and recompenc'd my self for the Injuries of one Inconstant, with the Joys a thousand imploring Lovers offer, it will be time to be weary of a World, which yet every day presents me new Joys; and I swear to you, *Octavio*, that it was more to recompence what I ow'd your passion that I desir'd a convincing proof of *Philander*'s Falsehood, than for any other reason, and you have too much Wit not to know it; for what other use cou'd I make of the Secret; if he be false he's gone, unworthy of

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me, and impoſſible to be retriev'd, and I wou'd as ſoon dye my ſullied Garments and wear them over again, as take to my imbraces a reform'd Lover, the Native firſt Luſtre of whoſe Paſſion is quite extinct, and is no more the ſame; no, my Lord, ſhe muſt be poor in Beauty that has recourſe to Shifts ſo mean; if I wou'd know the Secret, by all that's good it were to hate him heartily, and to diſpoſe of my Perſon to the beſt advantage; which in Honour I cannot do, while I am unconvinc'd of the falſeneſs of him with whom I have exchang'd a thouſand Vows of Fidelity, but if he unlink the Chain I am at perfect liberty, and why by this delay you ſhou'd make me loſe my time, I am not able to conceive, unleſs you fear I ſhou'd then take you at your word, and expect the

performance of all the Vows of Love you have made me.——If that be it——my Pride ſhall be your Security, or if other Recompence you expect, ſet the Price upon your Secret, and ſee at what rate I will purchaſe the Liberty it will procure me; poſſibly it may be ſuch as may at once infranchize me, and revenge me on the perjur'd Ingrate, than which nothing can be a greater Satisfaction to

SILVIA.

She Seals this Letter with a Wafer, and giving it to *Antonett* to give the Page, believing ſhe had writ what would not be in vain to the quick-ſighted *Octavio*: *Antonett* takes both that and the other which *Octavio* had ſent, and left her Lady buſie in dreſſing her Head

head, and went to *Brilljard*'s Chamber, who thought every moment an Age till she came, so vigorous he was on his new Design. That which was sent to *Octavio*, being seal'd with a wet Wafer he neatly opens, as 'twas easie to do, and read, and seal'd again, and *Antonett* deliver'd it to the Page. After receiving what pay *Brilljard* cou'd force himself to bestow upon her; some Flatteries of dissembled Love; and some cold Kisses, which even Imagination cou'd not render better, she return'd to her Lady, and he to his Stratagem, which was to counterfeit a Letter from *Octavio*; she having in hers given him a Hint, by bidding him set a Price upon the Secret, which he had heard, was that of a Letter from *Philander*, with all the Circumstances of it, from the faithless *An-*

tonett whom Love had betray'd; and after blotting much Paper to try every Letter through the Alphabet, and to produce them like those of *Octavio*, which was not hard for a lover of ingenuity; he fell to the business of what he wou'd write; and having finish'd it to his liking, his next Trouble was how to convey it to her; for *Octavio* always sent his by his Page, whom he cou'd trust. He now was certain of Love between 'em? For tho he often had perswaded *Antonett* to bring him Letters, yet she could not be wrought on till now to betray her trust: And what he long apprehended, he found too true on both sides; and now he waited but for an opportunity to send it seasonably, and in a lucky Minute. In the mean time *Silvia* adorns her self for absolute Conquest,

queſt, and diſpoſing her ſelf in the moſt charming, careleſs, and tempting manner ſhe could deviſe, ſhe lay expecting her coming Lover, on a Repoſe of rich Embroidery of Gold on blew Sattin, hung within ſide with little Amorous Pictures of *Venus* deſcending in her Chariot naked to *Adonis*, ſhe embracing, while the youth more eager of his rural Sports, turns half from her, in a poſture of purſuing his Dogs, who are on their Chace: Another of *Armida*, who is dreſſing the ſleeping warriour up in wreaths of Flowers, while a hundred little Loves are playing with his gilded Armour; this puts on his Helmet too big for his little head that hides his whole face; another makes a Hobby horſe of his Sword and Lance; another fits on his Breaſt piece, while three or four little *Cupids* are ſeeming

to heave and help him to hold it an end, and all turn'd the Emblems of the Hero into ridicule. These and some other of the like nature adorn'd the Pavilion of the langiushing Fair One, who lay carelessly on her side; her Arm leaning on little Pillows of Point of *Venice*, and a Book of Amors in her other hand. Every noise alarm'd her with trembling hope that her Lover was come, and I have heard she said she verily believ'd that acting and feigning, the Lover possess'd her with a tenderness against her Knowledge and Will; and she found something more in her Soul than a bare curiosity of seeing *Octavio* for the Letters sake: But in lieu of her Lover, she found her self once more approacht with a Billet from him; which brought this.

Octavio

Octavio *to* Silvia.

AH *Silvia*, he muſt be more than humane, that can withſtand your Charms, I confeſs my Frailty; and fall before you, the weakeſt of my Sex, and own I am ready to believe all your dear Letter contains, and have Vanity enough to wreſt every hopeful Word to my own Int'reſt, and in favour of my own Heart: What will become of me, if my eaſie Faith ſhou'd only flatter me, and I with ſhame ſhou'd find it was not meant to me, or if it were, 'twas only to draw me from a Vertue which has been hitherto the Pride and Beauty of my Youth, the Glory of my Name, my Comfort and refuge in all extreams of Fortune:

The eternal Companion, Guide and Counſellor of all my Actions: Yet this good you only have power to rob me of, and leave me expos'd to the ſcorn of all the laughing World: Yet give me Love! give me but hope in lieu of it, and I am content to diveſt my ſelf of all beſides.

Perhaps you will ſay I ask too mighty a rate for ſo poor a Secret? But even in that, there lies one of my own, that will more expoſe the feebleneſs of my Blood and Name, than the Diſcovery will me in particular, ſo that I know not what I do, when I give you up the knowledge you deſire. Still you will ſay all this is to inhaunce its Value, and raiſe the Price: And oh, I fear you have taught my Soul every Quality it fears and dreads in yours, and learnt

learnt it to chaffer for every thought, if I cou'd fix upon the rate to sell it at: And I with shame confess I would be Mercenary, cou'd we but agree upon the Price: But my Respect forbids me all things, but silent hope, and that in spight of me, and all my Reason, will predominate? for the rest I will wholly resign my self and all the Faculties of my Soul to the charming Arbitrator of my Peace, the powerful Judge of Love, the adorable *Silvia*: And at her Feet render all she demands; yes, she shall find me there to justifie all the weakness this proclaims; for I confess, oh too too powerful Maid, that you have absolutely subdu'd

Your Octavio.

She had no ſooner read this Letter, but *Antonett* inſtead of laying it by, carried it to *Brilljard*, and departed the Chamber to make way for *Octavio*, who ſhe imagin'd was coming to make his Viſit, and left *Silvia* conſidering how ſhe ſhou'd manage him to the beſt advantage, and with moſt honour acquit her ſelf, of what ſhe had made him hope; but inſtead of his coming to wait on her, an unexpected accident arriv'd to prevent him, for a Meſſenger from the Prince came with Commands that he ſhould forthwith come to his Highneſs, the Meſſenger having command to bring him along with him: So that not able to diſobey, he only begg'd time to write a note of Buſineſs; which was a Billet to *Silvia*, to excuſe himſelf till the next day; for it being five Leagues to the Village where the Prince waited his coming,

coming, he cou'd not return that Night: which was the buſineſs of the Note, with which his Page haſted to *Silvia*: *Brilljard*, who was now a vigilant Lover, and waiting for every opportunity that might favour his deſign, ſaw the Page arrive with the Note; and as 'twas uſual, he took it to carry to his Conquereſs; but meeting *Antonett* on the Stairs, he gave her what he had before counterfeited with ſuch Art, after he had open'd what *Octavio* had ſent, and found Fortune was wholly on his ſide, he having learn'd from the Page, beſides that his Lord had taken Coach with Monſieur—— to go to his Highneſs, and wou'd not return that Night: *Antonett* not knowing the deceit, carried her Lady the forg'd Letter, who open'd it with eager haſte, and read this.

TO THE CHARMING SILVIA.

Madam,

SInce I have a ſecret which none but I can unfold, and that you have offered at any rate to buy it of me; Give me leave to ſay, that you, fair Creature, have another ſecret, a Joy to diſpence, which none but you can give the languiſhing *Octavio*: If you dare purchaſe this of mine, with that infinitely more valuable one of yours: I will be as ſecret as death, and think my ſelf happier than a fancy'd God! Take what Methods you pleaſe for the payment, and what time, order me, command me, conjure me, I will wait, watch, and pay my Duty at all Hours, to ſnatch the moſt con-

convenient one to reap ſo raviſhing a Bleſſing. I know you will accuſe me with all the confidence and rudeneſs in the World: But oh! to conſider lovely *Silvia*, that that Paſſion, which cou'd change my Soul from all the courſe of Honour, has power to make me forget that nice reſpect your Beauty aws me with, and my paſſion is now arriv'd at ſuch a height, it obeys no Laws but its own; and I am obſtinately bent on the purſuit of that vaſt Pleaſure, I fancy to find in the dear, the raviſhing Arms of the adorable *Silvia*: Impatient of your anſwer, I am as love compels me,

Madam,

Your Slave,

Octavio.

The

The Page, who waited no answer, was departed; but *Silvia*, who believ'd he attended it, was in a thousand minds what to say or do: She blush'd as she read, and then look'd pale with anger and disdain, and but that she had already given her Honour up, it wou'd have been something more surprizing: But she was us'd to Questions of that Nature, and therefore receiv'd this with so much the less concern: Nevertheless 'twas sufficient to fill her Soul with a thousand Agitations, but when she wou'd be angry, the consideration of what she had writ to him, to encourage him to this boldness, stopp'd her Rage: when she wou'd take it ill, she consider'd his knowledge of her lost Fame, and that took off a great part of her Resentment on that side; and in midst of all she was raving for the know-

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ledge of *Philander's* Secret. She roſe from the Bed, and walk'd about the room in much diſorder, full of thought and no concluſion; ſhe is aſham'd to conſult of this Affair with *Antonett*, and knows not what to fix on: The only thing ſhe was certain of, and which was fully and undiſputably reſolv'd in her Soul, was never to conſent to ſo falſe an Action, never to buy the Secret at ſo dear a rate; ſhe abhors *Octavio*, whom ſhe regards no more as that fine thing which before ſhe thought him; and a thouſand times ſhe was about to write her Deſpite and Contempt, but ſtill the dear ſecret ſtaid her hand, and ſhe was fond of the Torment: At laſt *Antonett*, who was afflicted to know the cauſe of this Diſorder, ask'd her Lady if *Octavio* wou'd not come: *No*, replyed *Silvia*, bluſhing at the Name, *nor never*,

never shall the ungrateful Mandane to behold my Fate any more. Jesu, replyed *Antonett, What has he done, Madam, to deserve this Severity? For he was a great Benefactor to* Antonett, *and had already by his Gifts and Presents made her a Fortune for a Burgomaster: He has,* said *Silvia, committed such an Impudence, as deserves death from my Hand:* This she spoke in rage, and walk'd away cross the Chamber. *Why, Madam,* cry'd *Antonett, does he deny to give you the Letter: No,* replyed *Silvia, but asks me such a price for it, as makes me hate my self, that am reduc'd by my ill Conduct, to Addresses of that Nature: Heavens, Madam, What can he ask you to afflict you so! The presumptuous Man,* said she (in rage) *has the impudence to ask, what never Man, but* Philander *was ever possess'd of*—At this *Antonett* laught—

Good

Good Lord, *Madam*, said she, *And are you angry at such desires in Men toward you? I believe you are the first Lady in the World, that was ever offended for being desirable: Can any thing proclaim your Beauty more, or your Youth, or Wit? marry Madam, I wish I were worthy to be ask'd the Question by all the fine Dancing, Dressing, Song making Fops in Town. And you wou'd yield,* replyed *Silvia*: *Not so neither,* replyed *Antonett, but I wou'd spark my self, and value my self the more upon't. Oh,* said *Silvia, She that is so fond of hearing of Love, no doubt but will find some one to practise it with. That's as I shou'd find my self inclin'd,* replyed *Antonett. Silvia* was not so intent on *Antonett's* Raillery, but she imploy'd all her thought the while on what she had to do: and those last Words of *Antonett's* jogg'd a Thought that

that ran on to one very advantagious, at leaſt her preſent and firſt Apprehenſion of it was ſuch: And ſhe turn'd to *Antonett* with a Face more gay than it was the laſt minute, and cry'd, *Prithee good Wench tell me, what ſort of Man would ſoonſt incline you to a yielding? If you command me Madam, to be free with your Lordſhip*, reply'd *Antonett*, *I muſt confeſs there are two ſorts of Men that wou'd moſt villainouſly incline me: the firſt is he that wou'd make my fortune beſt: the next, he that wou'd make my pleaſure; the young, the handſom, or rather the well-bred, and good-humour'd; but above all the Man of Wit.* But *what wou'd you ſay*, Antonett, replyed *Silvia*, *if all theſe made up in one man ſhou'd make his Addreſſes to you; Why then moſt certainly*, Madam, replyed *Antonett*; *I ſhou'd yield him*

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my Honour, after a reasonable Siege. This tho' the wanton young Maid spoke possibly at first more to put her Lady in good humour, than from any inclination she had to what she said; yet after many Arguments upon that Subject, *Silvia* cunning enough to pursue her design, brought the business more home, and told her in plain terms that *Octavio* was the Man who had been so presumptious as to ask so great a Reward as the possession of her self for the Secret she desir'd; and after a thousand little Subtleties, having made the forward Girl confess with Blushes, she was not a Maid; she insinuated into her an Opinion, that what she had done already (without any other Motive than that of Love, as she confess'd in which Int'rest had no part,) wou'd make the Trick the easier to do again,

especially

eſpecially if ſhe brought to her Arms a Perſon of Youth, Wit, Gallantry, Beauty, and all the charming Qualities that adorn a Man, and that beſides ſhe ſhou'd find it turn to good account; and for her Secreſies, ſhe might depend upon it, ſince the Perſon to whoſe Embraces ſhe ſhould ſubmit her ſelf, ſhou'd not know but that ſhe her ſelf was the Woman: So that ſays *Silvia*, *I will have all Infamy, and you the Reward every way with unblemiſh'd Honour.* While ſhe ſpoke, the willing Maid gave an inward pleaſing Attention, tho at firſt ſhe made a few faint modeſt Scruples: Nor was ſhe leſs joy'd to hear it ſhou'd be *Octavio*, whom ſhe knew to be rich, and very handſome; and ſhe immediately found the Humour of Inconſtancy ſeize her; and *Briſard* appear'd a very Husband

Lover

Lover in compariſon of this new Briſker Man of Quality; ſo that after ſome Pro's and Con's the whole Matter was thus concluded on between theſe two young perſons, who neither wanted Wit, nor Beauty; and both crow'd over the Contrivance, as a moſt diverting piece of little Malice, that ſhou'd ſerve their preſent Turn. and make 'em Sport for the future. The next thing that was conſider'd, was a Letter which was to be ſent in Anſwer, and that *Silvia* being to write with her own hand, begot a new doubt, inſomuch as the whole buſineſs was at a ſtand: For when it came to that point that ſhe her ſelf was to conſent, ſhe found the Project look with a Face ſo foul, that ſhe a hundred times reſolv'd and unreſolv'd. But *Philander* fill'd her Soul, revenge was

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in her view, and that one thought put her on new Reſolves to purſue the deſign, let it be never ſo baſe and diſhonourable: *Yes*, cry'd ſhe at laſt, *I can commit no Action, that is not more juſt, excuſable, and honourable, than that which* Octavio *has done to me, who uſes me like a common Miſtreſs of the Town, and dares ask me that which he knows, he durſt not do if he had not mean and abject thoughts of me; his baſeneſs deſerves death from my hand if I had courage to give it him, and the leaſt I can do is to deceive the deceiver. Well then, give me my Scrutore,* ſays ſhe; ſo ſitting down ſhe writ this; not without abundance of guilt and confuſion; for yet a certain Honour which ſhe had by birth, check'd the cheat of her Pen.

Silvia

Silvia *to* Octavio.

THE Price, *Octavio*, which you have ſet upon your Secret, I (more generous than you) will give your Merit, to which alone 'tis due: If I ſhould pay ſo high a Price for the firſt, you wou'd believe I had the leſs eſteem for the laſt, and I wou'd not have you think me ſo poor in Spirit to yield on any other terms, If I valu'd *Philander* yet—after his confirm'd Inconſtancy, I wou'd have you think I ſcorn to yield a Body where I do not give a Soul, and am yet to be perſwaded there are any ſuch Brutes amongſt my Sex, but as I never had a wiſh but where I lov'd, ſo I never extended one till now to any but *Philander*, yet

yet ſo much my Senſe of ſhame is above my growing Tenderneſs, that I cou'd wiſh you would be ſo generous to think no more of what you ſeem to purſue with ſuch earneſtneſs and haſte. But leaſt I ſhould retain any ſort of former Love for *Philander*, whom I am impatient to raſe wholly from my Soul, I grant you all you ask, provided you will be diſcreet in the management: *Antonett* therefore ſhall only be truſted with the Secret; the outward gate you ſhall find at twelve only ſhut to, and *Antonett* wait you at the Stairs-foot to conduct you to me; come alone. I bluſh and gild the Paper with their Reflections, at the thought of an Incounter like this, before I am half enough ſecur'd of your Heart. And that you may be made more abſolutely the Maſter of mine, ſend me immediately

ately *Philander's* Letter inclos'd, that if any remains of Shagrien poſſeſs me, they may be totally vanquiſh'd by twelve a Clock.

Silvia.

She having with much difficulty writ this, read it to her truſty Confident; for this was the only Secret of her Lady's ſhe was reſolv'd never to diſcover to *Bellfond*, and to the end he might know nothing of it ſhe ſeal'd the Letter with Wax: But before ſhe ſeal'd it, ſhe told her Lady, ſhe thought ſhe might have ſpar'd abundance of her Bluſhes, and have writ a leſs kind Letter; for a word of Invitation or Conſent, wou'd have ſerv'd as well. To which *Silvia* replyed, Her anger againſt him was too high not to give him all the defeat

feat imaginable, and the greater the Love appear'd, the greater wou'd be the Revenge, when he ſhou'd come to know, (as in time he ſhou'd) how like a falſe Friend ſhe had treated him: This Reaſon, or any at that time wou'd have ſerv'd *Antonett*, whoſe Heart was ſet upon the new Adventure, and in ſuch haſte ſhe was (the Night coming on a pace) to know how ſhe ſhou'd dreſs, and what more was to be done, that ſhe only went out to call the Page, and meeting *Brilljard*, (who watcht every Bodies motion) on the Stair-Caſe, he ask'd her what that was? and ſhe ſaid, to ſend by *Octavio's* Page: *You need not look in it*, ſaid ſhe (when he ſnatch'd it haſtily out of her hand:) *For I can tell you the Contents, and 'tis ſeal'd ſo it muſt be known if you unrip it.* *Well, well*, ſaid he, *if you tell it*

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me it will ſatisfie my Curioſity as well; therefore I'll give it the Page. She returns in again to her Lady, and he to his own Chamber to read what anſwer the dear Object of his deſire had ſent to his forg'd one: So opening it, he found it ſuch as his Soul wiſh'd, and was all Joy and Extaſie; he views himſelf a hundred times in the Glaſs, and ſet himſelf in Order with all the Opinion and Pride, as if his own good Parts had gain'd him the Bleſſing; he enlarg'd himſelf as he walk'd, and knew not what to do, ſo extreamly was he raviſh'd with his coming Joy: he bleſt himſelf, his Wit, his Stars, his Fortune; then read the dear obliging Letter, and kiſs'd it all over, as if it had been meant to him; and after he had forc'd himſelf to a little more ſerious conſideration, he bethought himſelf

of what he had to do in order to this dear Appointment: He finds in her Letter, that in the first place he was to send her the Letter from *Philander*: I told you before, he took *Octavio*'s Letter from the Page; when he understood his Lord was going five Leagues out of Town to the Prince. *Octavio* could not avoid his going and write to *Silvia*; in which he sent her the Letter *Philander* writ, wherein was the first part of the confession of his Love to Madam the Countess of *Clarinau*: Generously *Octavio* sent it without Terms; but *Brilliard* slid his own forg'd one into *Antonett*'s Hand in lieu of it, and now he read that from *Philander*, and wonder'd at his Lord's Inconstancy; yet glad of the Opportunity to take *Silvia*'s Heart a little more off from him, he soon re-

solv'd

solv'd she should have the Letter; but being wholly Mercenary, and fearing, that either when once she had it, it might make her go back from her promis'd Assignation, or at least put her out of humour, so as to spoil a great part of the Entertainment he design'd: He took the pains to counterfeit another Billet to her, which was this.

To SILVIA.

Madam,

SInce we have began to chaffer, you must give me leave to make the best of the advantage I find I have upon you; and having violated my Honour to *Philander*, allow the breach of it in some degree on other Occasions; not but I have all the Obedience

and Adoration for you that ever poſſeſs'd the Soul of a moſt paſſionate and languiſhing Lover: But, fair *Silvia*, I know not whether, when you have ſeen the Secret of the falſe *Philander*, you may not think it leſs valuable than you before did, and ſo defraud me of my due. Give me leave, oh wondrous Creature! to ſuſpect even the moſt perfect of your Sex; and to tell you that I will no ſooner approach your preſence, but I will reſign the Paper you ſo much wiſh. If you ſend me no anſwer I will come according to your directions; If you do, I muſt obey, and wait, tho with that impatience that never attended a ſuffering Lover, or any but,

Divine Creature,

Your Octavio.

This

This he ſeal'd, and after a convenient diſtance of time, carried as from the Page to *Antonett*, who was yet contriving with her Lady, to whom ſhe gives it, who read it with abundance of Impatience, being extreamly angry at the rudeneſs of the Stile, which ſhe fancy'd much alter'd from what it was; and had not her Rage blinded her, ſhe might eaſily have perceiv'd the difference too of the character, tho it came as near to the like as poſſible ſo ſhort a practice could produce: She took it with the other, and tore it in pieces, with Rage, and ſwore ſhe would be revenged; but after calmer Thoughts ſhe took up the Pieces to keep, to upbraid him with, and fell to weeping for Anger, Defeat, and Shame: but the *April* Shower being paſt, ſhe returned to her former Reſentment, and had

ſome pleaſure amidſt all her torment of fears, jealouſies, and ſenſe of *Octavio*'s Diſreſpect, in the thoughts of Revenge; in Order to which ſhe contrives how *Antonett* ſhall manage her ſelf, and commanding her to bring out ſome fine Point Linen, ſhe dreſs'd up *Antonett*'s Head with them, and put her on a Shift lac'd with the ſame; for tho ſhe intended no light ſhould be in the Chamber when *Octavio* ſhould enter, ſhe knew he underſtood by his touch the difference of fine things from other. In fine, having dreſs'd her exactly as ſhe her ſelf us'd to be when ſhe receiv'd *Octavio*'s Viſits in Bed, ſhe embrac'd her, and fancy'd ſhe was much of her own ſhape and bigneſs, and that 'twas impoſſible to find the deceit: And now ſhe made *Antonett* dreſs her up in her Cloaths, and mob-

bing

bing her Sarcenet Hood about her Head, she appear'd so like *Antonett* (all but the Face) that 'twas not easie to distinguish 'em: And Night coming on they both long for the hour of twelve, tho' with different Designs; and having before given notice, that *Silvia* was gone to Bed, and wou'd receive no Visit that Night, they were alone to finish all their business: This while *Brilliard* was not idle, but having a fine Bath made he wash'd and perfum'd his Body, and after dress'd himself in the finest Linen perfum'd, that he had, and made himself as fit as possible for his Design; nor was his Shape, which was very good, or his Stature unlike to that of *Octavia*: And ready for the approach, he conveys himself out of the House, telling his Footman, he wou'd put himself to Bed after his Ba-

thing, and locking his Chamber Door, ſtole out, and it being dark, many a longing turn he walked impatient till all the Candles were out in every Room of the Houſe: In the mean time he employed his thoughts on a thouſand things, but all relating to *Silvia*; ſometimes the Treachery he ſhewed in this Action to his Lord, cauſed ſhort-liv'd Bluſhes in his Face, which vaniſh'd as ſoon, when he conſider'd his Lord falſe to the moſt beautiful of her Sex: Sometimes he accus'd, and curs'd the Levity of *Silvia*, that could yield to *Octavio*, and was as jealous as if ſhe had indeed been to have received that charming Lover; but when his thought directed him to his own Happineſs, his Pulſe beat high, his Blood flaſh'd apace in his Cheeks, his Eyes languiſh'd with Love, and his Body with a feveriſh

veriſh Fit? In theſe Extreams by turns he paſt at leaſt three tedious Hours, with a ſtriking Watch in his Hand; and when it told 'twas twelve, he advanc'd nearer the Door, but finding it ſhut walk'd yet with greater impatience every half minute going to the Door; at laſt he found it yield to his hand that puſh'd it: But oh, what Mortal can expreſs his Joy! his Heart beats double, his Knees tremble, and a feebleneſs ſeizes every Limb; he breaths nothing but ſhort Sighs, and is ready in the dark Hall to fall on the Floor, and was forc'd to lean on the Rail that begins the Stairs to take a little Courage: while he was there recruiting himſelf, intent on nothing but his vaſt Joy; *Octavio*. who going to meet the Prince, being met half way by that young *Hero*, was diſpacht back again with-

out advancing to the end of his five Leagues, and impatient to see *Silvia*, after *Philander*'s Letter that he had sent her, or at least impatient to hear how she took it, and in what condition she was, he, as soon as he alighted, went towards her house in hope to have met *Antonett*, or her Page, or some that cou'd inform him of her Welfare; tho' 'twas usual for *Silvia* to sit up very late, and he had often made her Visits at that hour: And *Brilljard*, wholly intent on his Adventure, had left the Door open; so that *Octavio* perceiving it, believ'd they were all up in the back Rooms where *Silvia*'s Apartment was towards a Garden, for he saw no light forward: But he was no sooner enter'd (which he did without noise) but he heard a soft breathing, which made him make a stand

stand in the Hall. And by and by he heard the soft tread of some body descending the Stairs: At this he approaches near, and the Hall being a Marble Floor, his Tread was not heard: When he heard one cry with a Sigh —— *Who's there?* And another reply, *'tis I; who are you?* The first reply'd, *A faithful and an impatient Lover. Give me your Hand then*, replyed the Female Voice, *I will conduct you to your Happiness.* You may imagine in what surprize *Octavio* was at so unexpected an Adventure, and like a jealous Lover did not at all doubt but the Happiness expected was *Silvia*, and the impatient Lover some one whom he cou'd not imagine, but rav'd within to know, and in a moment ran over in his Thoughts all the Men of Quality, or celebrated Beauty, or Fortune

in

in the Town, but was at as great a loſs as at firſt thinking : *But be thou who thou wilt*, cry'd he to himſelf: *Traytor as thou art, I will by thy Death, revenge my ſelf on the faithleſs Fair One* : And taking out his Sword, he advanc'd toward the Stairs Foot, when he heard them both ſoftly aſcend ; but being a Man of perfect good Nature, as all the Brave and Witty are, he reflected on the ſevere uſage he had had from *Silvia*, notwithſtanding all his Induſtry, his vaſt Expence, and all the Advantages of Nature. This Thought made him in the midſt of all his Jealouſie and Haſte. pawſe a little Moment; and fain he wou'd have perſwaded himſelf that what he heard was the Errors of his Senſe ; or that he dream'd, or that it was at leaſt not to *Silvia*, to whom this yet

aſcending

aſcending Lover was advancing: but to undeceive him of that favourable Imagination, they were no ſooner on the top of the Stairs, but he not being many Steps behind, cou'd both hear and ſee by the ill light of a great Saſh window on the Stair-Caſe, the happy Lover enter the Chamber-door of *Silvia*, which he knew too well to be miſtaken; not that he cou'd perceive who or what they were, but two Perſons not to be diſtinguiſh'd. Oh what human Fancy, (but that of a Lover, to that degree that was our young Hero,) can imagine the amazement and torture of his Soul, wherein a thouſand other Paſſions reign'd at once, and, maugre all his Courage and Reſolution forc'd him to ſink beneath their weight, he ſtood holding himſelf up by the Rails of the Stair-Caſe, without having

having the Power to aſcend farther, or to ſhew any other Signs of Life, but that of ſighing, had he been a favour'd Lover, had he been a known declar'd Lover to all the World, had he but hope he had had ſo much int'reſt with the falſe Beauty, as but to have been deſign'd upon for a future Love or Uſe, he wou'd have ruſht in, and have made the guilty Night a Covert to a Scene of Blood; but even yet he had an awe upon his Soul for the perjur'd fair One; tho at the ſame time he reſolv'd ſhe ſhould be the Object of his Hate; for the Nature of his honeſt Soul abhor'd an Action ſo treacherous and baſe: He begins in a moment from all his good thoughts of her, to think her the moſt jilting of her Sex; he knew if Int'reſt cou'd oblige her, no Man in *Holland* had a better

ter pretence to her than himſelf; who had already without any return, even ſo much as hope, preſented her the value of eight or ten thouſand pound in fine Plate and Jewels: If it were looſer deſire he fancy'd himſelf to have appear'd as capable to have ſerv'd her as any Man; but oh he conſiders there is a Fate in things; a deſtiny in Love that elevates and advances the moſt mean, deform'd or abject; and debaſes and contemns the moſt worthy and magnificent: Then he wonders at her excellent Art of diſſembling for *Philander*; he runs in a minute over all her Paſſions of rage, jealouſie, tears and ſoftneſs; and now he hates the whole Sex, and thinks 'em all like *Silvia*, than which nothing cou'd appear more deſpicable to his preſent thought, and with a ſmile (while yet

yet his heart was insensibly breaking, he fansies himself a very Coxcomb, a Cully, an impos'd-on Fool, and a conceited Fop: Value's *Silvia* as a common fair Jilt, whose whole design was to deceive the world, and make her self a Fortune, at the price of her Honour, one that receives all kind bidders, and that he being too lavish, and too modest was reserv'd the Cully on purpose to be undone and jilted out of all his Fortune; This Thought was so perfectly fixt in him, that he recover'd out of his excess of Pain, and fancy'd himself perfectly cur'd of his blind Passion, resolves to leave her to her beastly entertainment, and to depart; but before he did so, *Silvia*, (who had conducted the Amorous Spark to the Bed where the expecting Lady lay dress't rich and sweet to receive him) return'd

out

out of the Chamber, and the light being a little more favourable to his Eyes, by his being ſo long in the dark, he perceiv'd it *Antonett*, at leſt ſuch a ſort of Figure, as he fancy'd her, and to confirm him ſaw her go into that Chamber where he knew ſhe lay; he ſaw her perfect Dreſs, and all confirm'd him; this brought him back almoſt to his former confuſion; but yet he commands his Paſſion, and deſcended the Stairs, and got himſelf out of the Hall into the Street; and *Silvia* having forgot the Street Door was open, went and ſhut it, and return'd to *Antonett*'s Chamber with the Letter which *Brilljard* had given to *Antonett*, as ſhe lay in the Bed, believing it *Silvia*: For that trembling Lover was no ſooner enter'd the Chamber and approach'd the Bed ſide, but he kneel'd before it,

and

and offer'd the price of his Happineſs, this Letter; which ſhe immediately gave to *Silvia* unperceiv'd, who quitted the Room: And now with all the eager haſte of impatient Love, ſhe ſtrikes a Light and falls to reading the ſad contents; but as ſhe read ſhe many times fainted over the Paper, and as ſhe has ſince ſaid, 'twas a wonder ſhe ever recover'd, having no Body with her. By that time ſhe had finiſh'd it, ſhe was ſo ill ſhe was not able to get her ſelf into Bed, but threw her ſelf down on the place where ſhe ſate, which was the ſide of it, in ſuch Agonies of Grief and Deſpair, as never any Soul was poſſeſs'd of, but *Silvia's*, wholly abandon'd to the violence of Love and Deſpair: It is impoſſible to paint a Torment to expreſs hers by; and tho ſhe had vow'd to *Antonett* it ſhould

not

not at all affect her, being ſo prepoſſeſs'd before; yet when ſhe had the confirmation of her fears, and heard his own dear ſoft words addreſs'd to another Object, ſaw his Tranſports, his Impatience, his Languiſhing Induſtry and Endeavour to obtain the new deſire of his Soul; ſhe found her reſentment above Rage, and given over to a more ſilent and leſs ſupportable Torment, brought her ſelf into a high Fever; where ſhe lay without ſo much as calling for Aid in this Extremity; not that ſhe was afraid the Cheat ſhe had put on *Octavio* would be diſcover'd, for ſhe had loſt the remembrance that any ſuch Prank was plaid; and in this multitude of thoughts of more concern, had forgot all the reſt of that Night's Action.

Octavio this while was traverſing the Street, wrapt in his Cloak juſt

juſt as if he had come from Horſe, for he was no ſooner gone from the Door, but his reſenting Paſſion return'd, and he reſolv'd to go up again, and diſturb the Lovers, tho' it coſt him his life and fame: But returning haſtily to the Door he found it ſhut; at which being enraged, he was often about to break it open, but ſtill ſome unperceivable Reſpect for *Silvia* prevented him, but he reſolv'd not to ſtir from the Door, till he ſaw the fortunate Rogue come out, who had given him all this Torment? At firſt he curs'd himſelf for being ſo much concern'd for *Silvia* or her Actions, to waſte a Minute, but flattering himſelf that it was not love to her, but pure curioſity to know the Man, who was made the next Fool to himſelf, tho the more happy one, he waited all Night, and when he

he began too ſee the day break, which he thought a thouſand years; his Eye was never off from the Door, and wonder'd at their confidence, who wou'd let the day break upon them, *but the cloſe-drawn Curtains there*, cry'd he, *favours the happy Villainy*: Still he walk'd on, and ſtill he might for any Rival that was to appear for a moſt unlucky accident prevented *Brilliard*'s coming out, as he doubly intended to do, firſt for the better carrying on of his cheat of being *Octavio*; and next that he had challeng'd *Octavio* to fight, and when he knew his Error, deſign'd to have gone this morning and ask'd him pardon if he had been return'd; but the Amorous Lover over Night, ordering himſelf for the Incounter to the beſt advantage had ſent a Note to a Doctor, for ſomething that wou'd encourage

encourage his Spirits, the Doctor came, and opening a little Box, wherein was a powerful Medicine: He told him that a Dose of those little Flies wou'd make him come off with wondrous Honour in the Battle of Love, and the Doctor being gone to call for a Glass of Sack, the Doctor having laid out of the Box what he thought requisite on a piece of Paper, and leaving the Box open; our Spark thought if such a Dose wou'd encourage him so, a greater wou'd yet make him do greater Wonders, and taking twice the quantity out of the Box, puts 'em into his Pocket, and having drunk the first with full Directions, the Doctor leaves him; who was no sooner gone, but he takes those out of his Pocket, and in a Glass of Sack drinks 'em down; after this he Baths and dresses, and

believes

believes himself a very *Hercules*, that cou'd have got at least twelve Sons that happy Night; But he was no sooner laid in Bed with the charming *Silvia*, as he thought, but he was taken with intolerable Gripes and Pains, such as he had never felt before, insomuch as he was not able to lie in the Bed: This enrages him, he grows mad and asham'd, sometimes he had little Intermissions for a moment of ease, and then he wou'd plead softly by her Bed-side, and ask ten thousand Pardons; which being easily granted, he wou'd go into Bed again, but then the pain wou'd seize him anew, so that after two or three hours of Distraction he was forc'd to dress and retire: but instead of going down he went softly up to his own Chamber, where he sate him down and

curs'd

curs'd the World, himself and his hard Fate; and in this extremity of Pain, Shame and Grief, he remain'd till break of Day: By which time *Antonett*, who was most violently afflicted, got her Coats on, and went to her own Chamber, where she found her Lady more dead than alive. She immediately shifted her Bed Linen, and made her Bed, and conducted her to it, without endeavouring to divert her with the History of her own Misfortune; and only ask'd her many Questions concerning her being thus ill: To which the wretched *Silvia* only answer'd with Sighs; so that *Antonett* perceiv'd 'twas the Letter that had disorder'd her, and begg'd she might be permitted to see it; she gave her leave, and *Antonett* read it; but no sooner was she come to that part of

it,

it which nam'd the Counteſs of *Clarinau*, but ſhe ask'd her Lady if ſhe underſtood who that Perſon was, with great Amazement? At this *Silvia* was content to ſpeak, pleas'd a little that ſhe ſhould have an account of her Rival. *No*, ſaid ſhe, *Doſt thou know her?* *Yes, Madam*, replyed *Antonet*, *particularly well, for I have ſerv'd her ever ſince I was a Girl of five years old; ſhe being of the ſame Age with me, and ſent at ſix years old both to a Monaſtry; for ſhe being fond of my Play, her Father ſent me at that Age with her, both to ſerve and to divert her with Babies and Baubles, there we liv'd ſeven years together, when an old rich* Spaniard, *the Count of* Clarinau, *fell in love with my Lady, and married her from the Monaſtery, before ſhe had ſeen any part of the. World beyond thoſe ſanctified*

Walls. She cry'd bitterly to have had me to Collen *with her, but he ſaid I was too young now for her Service, and ſo ſent me away back to my own Town, which is this, and here my Lady was born too; and is Siſter to*——— Here ſhe ſtopt, fearing to tell; which *Silvia* perceiving, with a briskneſs (which her Indiſpoſition one wou'd have thought cou'd not have allowed) ſate up in her Bed, and cry'd, *Hah Siſter to whom? Oh, how thou wouldſt pleaſe me to ſay to* Octavio. *Why Madam would it pleaſe you* ſaid the bluſhing Maid? *Becauſe* ſaid *Silvia, 'twou'd in part revenge me on his bold Addreſſes to me, and he would alſo be obliged in honour to his Family, to revenge himſelf on* Philander. *Ah Madam,* ſaid ſhe, *as to his preſumption towards you, fortune has ſufficiently reveng'd it*; at this ſhe hung down her

her head and look'd very fooliſhly: *How*, ſaid *Silvia*, ſmiling and rearing her ſelf yet more in her Bed, *Is any misfortune arriv'd to* Octavio. *Oh how I will triumph and upbraid the daring Man——— tell me quickly what it is; for nothing would rejoyce me more than to hear he were puniſh'd a little*: Upon this *Antonett* told her what an unlucky Night ſhe had, how *Octavio* was ſeiz'd, and how he departed, by which *Silvia* believ'd he had made ſome diſcovery of the Cheat that was put upon him, and that he only feign'd illneſs to get himſelf looſe from her embraces; and now ſhe falls to conſidering how ſhe ſhall be reveng'd on both her Lovers: And the beſt ſhe can pitch upon is that of ſetting them both at odds, and making them fight and revenge themſelves on one ano-

ther; but ſhe like a right Woman, could not diſſemble her Reſentment of Jealouſie, what ever Art ſhe had to do ſo in any other point; but mad to eaſe her Soul that was full, and to upbraid *Philander*, ſhe writes him a Letter, but not till ſhe had once more, to make her ſtark mad, read his over again, which he ſent *Octavio*.

Silvia *to* Philander.

YES, perjur'd Villain, at laſt all thy Perfidy is arriv'd to my Knowledge; and thou hadſt better have been damn'd, or have fall'n like an ungrateful Traytor as thou art, under the publick Shame of dying by the common Executioner, than have fall'n under the Graſp of my Revenge,

venge, insatiate as thy Lust, false as thy Treasons to thy Prince, fatal as thy Destiny, loud as thy Infamy, and bloody as thy Party. Villain, Villain, where got you the Courage to use me thus, knowing my Injuries, and my Spirit; thou seest, base Traytor, I do not fall on thee with Treachery, as thou hast on thy King, and Mistress; to which thou hast broke thy Holy Vows of Allegiance and Eternal Love! but thou that hast broke the Laws of God and Nature! What cou'd I expect, when neither Religion, Honour, common Justice, nor Law cou'd bind thee to humanity; thou that betray'd thy Prince, abandon'd thy Wife, renounc'd thy Child, kill'd thy Mother, ravish'd thy Sister, and art in open Rebellion against thy Native Country, and very Kindred and Brothers. Oh after this,

what muſt the Wretch expect, who has believ'd thee, and follow'd thy abject Fortunes, the miſerable outcaſt Slave, and contempt of the World: What cou'd ſhe expect, but that the Villain is ſtill potent in thee unrepented, and all the Lover dead and gone, the Vice remains, and all the Vertue vaniſh'd. Oh, what cou'd I expect from ſuch a Devil, ſo loſt in Sin and Wickedneſs, that even thoſe, for whom he ventur'd all his Fame, and loſt his Fortune, lent like a State Cully upon the publick Faith, on the Security of Rogues, Knaves and Traytors: even thoſe I ſay turn'd him out of their Councels, for a Reprobate too lewd for the villainous Society: Oh curs'd that I was by Heaven and Fate, to be blind and deaf to all thy Infamy, and ſuffer thy adorable bewitching face

Face and Tongue to charm me to madneſs and undoing, when that was all thou hadſt left thee thy falſe Perſon, to cheat the ſilly, eaſie, fond, believing World, into any ſort of opinion of thee, for not one good Principle was left, not one poor Vertue to guard thee from Damnation, thou hadſt but one Friend let thee, one true, one real Friend, and that was wretched *Silvia*; ſhe, when all abandon'd thee but the Executioner, fled with thee, ſuffer'd with thee, ſtarv'd with thee, loſt her Fame and Honour with thee, loſt her Friend, her Parents and all her Beauties hopes for thee, and in lieu of all, found only the Accuſation of all the Good, the hate of all the Vertuous, the Reproaches of her Kindred, the ſcorn of all chaſte Maids, and curſes of all honeſt Wives; and in requital had only

thy falſe Vows, thy empty Love, thy faithleſs Embraces, and cold diſſembled Kiſſes. My only Comfort was, (ah miſerable Comfort) to fancy they were true; now that's departed too, and I have nothing but a brave Revenge left in the room of all! in which I'll be as mercileſs and irreligious as even thou haſt been in all thy Actions; and there remains about me only this Senſe of Honour yet; that I dare tell thee of my bold deſign; a bravery thou haſt never ſhewed to me, who takeſt me unawares, ſtabb'ſt me without a warning of the blow; ſo wou'dſt thou ſerve thy King hadſt thou but Power; and ſo thou ſerv'ſt thy Miſtreſs; when I look back even to thy Infancy, thy Life has been but one continued Race of Treachery, and I (deſtin'd thy evil Genius) was born for thy tormen-

Tormentor, for thou haſt made a very Fiend of me, and I have Hell within; all Rage, all Torment, Fire, diſtraction, madneſs; I rave, I burn, I tear my ſelf and faint, am ſtill a dying, but can never fall, till I have graſp'd thee with me: Oh, I ſhould laugh in Flames to ſee thee howling by: I ſcorn thee, hate thee, loath thee more than ever I have lov'd thee, and hate my ſelf ſo much for ever loving thee, (to be reveng'd upon the filthy Criminal) I will expoſe my ſelf to all the World, cheat, jilt, and flatter all as thou haſt done, and having not one Senſe or Grain of Honour left, will yield the abandon'd body, thou has rifled to every asking Fop: Nor is that all, for they that purchaſe this, ſhall buy it at the price of being my *Bravo's*. And all ſhall aid in my Re-

venge on thee; all mercileſs and as reſolv'd as I; as I! the injur'd *Silvia.*

Having ſhot this flaſh of the lightning of her ſoul, and finiſht her rant, ſhe found her ſelf much eaſier in the reſolves on revenge ſhe had fix'd there: She ſcorn'd by any vain endeavour to recal him from his Paſſion, ſhe had Wit enough to have made thoſe eternal Obſervations, that Love once gone is never to be retriev'd, and that it was impoſſible to ceaſe loving, and then again to love the ſame Perſon, one may believe for ſometime ones love is abated, but when it comes to a tryal, it ſhews it ſelf as vigorous as in its firſt ſhine, and finds its own Error; but when once one comes to love a new Object, it can never return with more than pity, compaſſion, or civility for the firſt: This

This is a moſt certain truth which all Lovers will find, as moſt Wives may experience, and which our *Silvia* now took for granted, and gave him over for dead to all but her Revenge. Tho Fits of Softneſs, Weeping, Raving, and Tearing, wou'd by turns ſeize the diſtracted abandon'd Beauty, in which Extremities ſhe has recourſe to Scorn and Pride, too feeble to aid her too often: The firſt thing ſhe reſolv'd on by the advice of her reaſonable Counſellor, was to hear Love at both her ears, no matter whether ſhe regard it or not, but to hear all as a remedy againſt loving one in particular; for 'tis moſt certain that the uſe of hearing Love, or of making Love (tho' at firſt without deſign) either in Women or Men, ſhall at laſt unfix the moſt confirm'd and conſtant Reſoluti-

on

on. *And since you are assur'd,* continu'd *Antonett*, *that Sighs nor Tears brings back the wander'd Lover, and that dying for him will be no revenge on him, but rather a kind assurance that you will no more trouble the Man, who is already weary of you, you ought with all your Power, Industry, and Reason rather to seek the preservation of that Beauty, and fine humour to serve you on all Occasions, either for Revenge or Love, than by a foolish and insignificant Concern and Sorrow reduce your self to the Condition of being scorn'd by all, or at best but pityed*: How! pity'd! cry'd the haughty *Silvia*, Is there any thing so insupportable to our Sex as pity! No surely, reply'd the Servant, when 'tis accompany'd by Love: Oh what blessed comfort 'tis to hear People cry —— She was once Charming, once a Beauty:

Beauty: Is any thing more grating, Madam? At this rate ſhe ran on, and left nothing unſaid that might animate the angry *Silvia* to love a-new, or at leaſt to receive and admit of Love, for in that Climate, the Air naturally breeds Spirits avaritious, and much inclines them to the Love of Money, which they will gain at any price or hazard, and all this diſcourſe to *Silvia* was but to incline the revengeful liſtning Beauty to admit of the Addreſſes of *Octavio*, becauſe ſhe knew he wou'd make her Fortune. Thus was the unhappy Maid, left by her own unfortunate conduct, incompaſs'd in on every ſide with Diſtraction; and ſhe was pointed out by Fate to be made the moſt wretched of all her Sex, nor had ſhe left one faithful Friend to adviſe or ſtay her youth in its ha-

ſty

ſty advance to ruin; ſhe hears the perſwading Eloquence of the flattering Maid, and finds now nothing ſo prevalent on her Soul as Revenge, and nothing ſooths it more; and amongſt all her Lovers, or thoſe at leaſt that ſhe knew ador'd her, none was found ſo proper an inſtrument as the noble *Octavio*, his youth, his wit, his gallantry, but above all his fortune pleads moſt powerfully with her; ſo that ſhe reſolves upon the Revenge and fixes him the Man; whom ſhe now knew by ſo many Obligations was oblig'd to ſerve her turn on *Philander*: Thus *Silvia* found a little Tranquility, ſuch as it was, in hope of revenge, while the paſſionate *Octavio* was wreck'd with a thouſand Pains and Torments, ſuch as none but jilted Lovers can imagine, and having a thouſand times reſolv'd to hate her,

her, and as often to love on, in ſpight of all —— after a thouſand Arguments againſt her, and as many in favour of her, he arriv'd only to this knowledge, that his Love was extream, and that he had no power over his Heart, that Honour, Fame, Int'reſt, and whatever elſe might oppoſe his Violent flame, were all too weak to extinguiſh the leaſt Spark of it, and all the Conqueſt he cou'd get of himſelf was, that he ſuffered all his Torment, all the Hell of raging Jealouſie grown to Confirmation, and all the Pangs of abſence for that whole day, and had the Courage to live on the Rack without eaſing one Moment of his Agony by a Letter or Billet; which in ſuch caſes diſcharges the burthen and preſſures of the Love-ſick Heart; and *Silvia* who dreſt, and ſuffer'd her ſelf wholly to be

carry'd

carry'd away by her Vengeance, expected him with as much impatience as ever she did the coming of the once adorable *Philander*, tho' with a different Passion; but all the live-long day past in expectation of him, and no Lover appear'd; no not so much as a Billet, nor Page at her uprising to ask her Health; so that believing he had been very ill indeed, from what *Antonett* told her of his being so all Night, and fearing now that it was no discovery of the cheat put upon him by the exchange of the Maid for the Mistress, but real sickness, she resolv'd to send to him, and the rather because *Antonett* assur'd her he was really sick, and in a cold damp sweat all over his Face and Hands which she touch'd, and that from his infinite concern at the defeat, the extreme respect he shew'd her in

midſt of all the rage at his own diſappointment, and every Circumſtance; ſhe knew it was no feign'd thing for any diſcovery he had made: On this confirmation, from a Maid cuning enough to diſtinguiſh Truth from flattery, ſhe writ *Octavio* this Letter at Night.

Silvia *to* Octavio.

AFter ſuch a parting from a Maid ſo entirely kind to you; ſhe might at leaſt have hop'd the favour of a Billet from you, to have inform'd her of your health; unleſs you think that after we have ſurrendred all, we are of the Humour of moſt of your Sex, who deſpiſe the obliger, but I believ'd you a Man above the little Crimes and Levities of your Race, and I am yet

ſo

ſo hard to be drawn from that Opinion; I am willing to flatter my ſelf, that 'tis yet ſome other reaſon that has hindred you from viſiting me ſince, or ſending me an account of your recovery, which I am too ſenſible of to believe was feign'd, and which indeed has made me ſo tender, that I eaſily forgive all the diſappointment I receiv'd from it; and beg you will not afflict your ſelf at any loſs, you ſuſtain'd by it, ſince I am ſtill ſo much the ſame I was, to be as ſenſible as before of all the Obligations I have to you, ſend me word immediately how you do, for on that depends a great part of the Happineſs of

Silvia.

You may eaſily ſee by this Letter ſhe was not in a humour of either writing Love or much Flattery, for yet ſhe knew not how ſhe

ſhe ought to reſent this abſence in all kinds from *Octavio*, and therefore with what force ſhe could put upon a Soul too wholly taken up with the thoughts of another, more dear and more afflicting, ſhe only writ this to fetch one from him, that by it ſhe might learn part of his Sentiment of her laſt action, and ſent her Page with it to him; who, as was uſual, was carried directly up to *Octavio*, whom he found in a Gallery, walking in a moſt dejected poſture without a Hat, unbrac'd, his Arms a-croſs his open Breaſt, and his Eyes bent to the Floor; and not taking any notice when the Pages entred, his own was forced to pull him by the Sleeve, before he would look up, and ſtarting from a thouſand thoughts that oppreſt him almoſt to death, he gaz'd wildly about him and

ask'd

ask'd their buſineſs: When the Page deliver'd him the Letter: he took it, but with ſuch Confuſion as he had much a-do to ſupport himſelf, but reſolving not to ſhew his feebleneſs to her Page, he made a ſhift to get to a Wax Light, that was on the Table and read it; and was not much amaz'd at the Contents, believing ſhe was purſuing the buſineſs of her Sex and Life, and jilting him on; (for ſuch was his opinion of all Women now) he forc'd a Smile of ſcorn, tho' his Soul were burſting, and turning to the Page gave him a liberal Reward, as was his daily uſe when he came, and muſter'd up ſo much Courage as to force himſelf to ſay—*Child, tell your Lady it requires no anſwer, you may tell her too, that I am in perfect good Health*——— He was oppreſs'd to ſpeak more, but Sighs ſtopp'd

ſtopp'd him, and his former reſolution, wholly to abandon all Correſpondence with her, check'd his forward Tongue; and he walk'd away to prevent himſelf from ſaying more: While the Page, who wonder'd at this turn of Love, after a little waiting, departed, and when *Octavio* had ended his walk, and turn'd, and ſaw him gone, his Heart felt a thouſand Pangs not to be born or ſupported; he was often ready to recal him, and was angry the Boy did not urge him for an anſwer. He read the Letter again, and wonders at nothing now after her laſt Nights Action, tho all was riddle to him: He found 'twas writ to ſome happier Man than himſelf, however he chanc'd to have it by miſtake; and turning to the out-ſide, view'd the Superſcription, where there happen'd to be none

at

at all, for *Silvia* writ in haſte, and when ſhe did it 'twas the leaſt of her thoughts: And now he believ'd he had found out the real Myſtery, that it was not meant to him; he therefore calls his Page, whom he ſent immediately after that of *Silvia*, who being yet below (for the Lads were laughing together for a Moment) he brought him to his diſtracted Lord; who nevertheleſs aſſum'd a mildneſs to the innocent Boy, and cry'd, *My Child thou haſt miſtaken the Perſon to whom thou ſhou'dſt have carried the Letter, and I am ſorry I open'd it; pray return it to the happy Man 'twas meant to*, giving him the Letter. *My Lord*, reply'd the Boy, *I do not uſe to carry Letters to any but your Lordſhip: 'Tis the Footmens buſineſs to do that to other Perſons. 'Tis a miſtake, where-ever*

it

it lies, cry'd *Octavio* ſighing, *whether in thee or thy Lady*——So turning from the wondring Boy he left him to return with his Letter to his Lady, who grew mad at the relation of what ſhe heard from the Page, and notwithſtanding the torment ſhe had on her Soul, occaſioned by *Philander*, ſhe now found ſhe had more to endure, and that in ſpight of all her Love-Vows and Reſentments, ſhe had ſomething for *Octavio* to which ſhe cou'd not give a Name, ſhe fancies it all Pride, and Concern for the indignity put on her Beauty: But whatever it was this ſlight of his ſo wholly took up her Soul, that ſhe had for ſometime quite forgot *Philander*, or when ſhe did think on him 'twas with leſs Reſentment than of this affront; ſhe conſiders *Philander* with ſome excuſe now; as having

ving long been poſſeſs'd of a Happineſs he might grow weary of; but a new Lover, who had for ſix Months inceſſantly lain at her Feet, Imploring, Dying, Vowing, Weeping, Sighing, Giving, and Acting all things the moſt paſſionate of Men was capable of, or that Love cou'd inſpire, for him to be at laſt admitted to the poſſeſſion of the raviſhing Object of his Vows and Soul, to be laid in her Bed; nay in her very Arms (as ſhe imagin'd he thought) and then, even before gathering the Roſes he came to pluck, before he had begun to compoſe, or finiſh'd his Noſegay, to depart the happy Paradiſe with a diſguſt, and ſuch a diſguſt, as firſt to oblige him to diſſemble Sickneſs, and next fall even from all his Civilities, was a contempt ſhe was not able to bear; eſpecially from

him

him who of all Men living ſhe deſign'd to make the greateſt Property of, as moſt fit for her Revenge, of all degrees and ſorts: But when ſhe reflected with Reaſon, (which ſhe ſeldom did, for either Love or Rage blinded that) ſhe cou'd not conceive it poſſible that *Octavio* cou'd be fall'n ſo ſuddenly from all his Vows and Profeſſions, but on ſome very great provocation: Sometimes ſhe thinks he tempted her to try her Vertue to *Philander*, and being a perfect Honourable Friend, hates her for her levity, but ſhe conſiders his preſents, and his unwearied Induſtry, and believes he wou'd not at that expence have bought a knowledge which cou'd profit neither himſelf or *Philander*; then ſhe believes ſome diſguſtful Scent or ſomething about *Antonett* might diſoblige him; but having call'd the Maid,

conjuring her to tell her whether any thing paſs'd between her and *Octavio*; ſhe again told her Lady the whole truth, in which there cou'd be no diſcovery of Infirmity there; ſhe embrac'd her, ſte kiſs'd her Boſom, and found her Touches ſoft, her Breath and Boſom ſweet as any thing in Nature cou'd be; and now loſt almoſt in a Confuſion of thought, ſhe could not tell what to imagine; at laſt ſhe being wholly poſſeſs'd that all the fault was not in *Octavio*, (for too often we believe as we hope) ſhe concludes that *Antonett* has told him all the cheat ſhe put upon him: This laſt Thought pleas'd her, becauſe it ſeem'd the moſt probable, and was the moſt favourable to her ſelf; and a thought, that if true cou'd not do her any Injury with him. This ſet her Heart

a little to rights, and she grew calm with a belief, that if so it was, as now she doubted not, a sight of her, or a future Hope from her, wou'd calm all his Discontent, and beget a right Understanding: she therefore resolves to write to him and own her little Fallacy: But before she did so; *Octavio* whose Passion was violent as ever in his Soul, tho 'twas oppress't with a thousand Torments, and languish'd under as many feeble Resolutions, burst at last into all its former Softness, and he resolves to write to the false Fair One, and upbraid her with her last Nights Infidelity; nor cou'd he sleep till he had that way charm'd his Senses, and eas'd his sick afflicted Soul. It being now ten at Night, and he retir'd to his Chamber, he set himself down, and writ this.

Octavio *to* Silvia.

Madam,

YOU have at last taught me a perfect Knowledge of my self; and in one unhappy Night made me see all the Follies and Vanities of my Soul, which Self-Love and fond Imagination had too long rendred that way guilty; long, long! I've play'd the Fop as others do, and shew'd the gaudy Monsieur, and set a Value on my worthless Person for being well dress'd, as I believ'd, and furnish'd out for Conquest; by being the gayest Coxcomb in the Town; where even as I past perhaps I fancy'd, I made advances on some wishing Hearts, and vain, with but imaginary Victory, I still fool'd on——and

was

was at laſt undone; for I ſaw *Silvia*, the Charming Faithleſs *Silvia*, a Beauty that one wou'd have thought had had the power to have cur'd the fond diſeaſe of ſelf conceit and foppery, ſince love they ſay's a remedy againſt thoſe faults of Youth; but ſtill my Vanity was powerful in me, and even this Beauty too: I thought it not impoſſible to vanquiſh, and ſtill dreſs'd on, and took a mighty care to ſhew my ſelf — a Blockhead. curſe upon me, while you were laughing at my Induſtry, and turn'd the fancying fool to ridicule. Oh, he deſerv'd it well; moſt wondrous well; for but believing any thing about him, cou'd merit but a ſerious thought from *Sivia*: *Silvia!* whoſe buſineſs is to laugh at all; yet Love, that is my Sin, and puniſhment, reigns ſtill as abſolutely in my Soul, as when I

wiſh'd and hop'd, and long'd for mighty Bleſſings you cou'd give: yes, I ſtill love! only this wretchedneſs is fix'd to it, to ſee thoſe Errors which I cannot ſhun; my love's as high, but all my wiſhes gone; my Paſſion ſtill remains entire and raving, but no deſire, I burn, I dye, but do not wiſh to hope, I would be all Deſpair, and like a Martyr, am vain and proud even in ſuffering. Yes, *Silvia*——when you made me wiſe, you made me wretched too? Before, like a falſe Worſhipper, I only ſaw the gay, the gilded ſide of the deceiving Idol, but now 'tis fall'n—diſcovers all the cheat, and ſhews a God no more; and 'tis in Love as in Religion too, there's nothing makes their Votaries truly happy but being well deceiv'd: For even in Love it ſelf, harmleſs and innocent, as 'tis

by

by Nature, there needs a little Art to hide the daily diſcontents and torments, that fears, diſtruſts, and jealouſies create; a little ſoft diſſimulation's needful, for where the Lover's eaſie, he's moſt conſtant. But oh, when Love it ſelf's defective too, and manag'd by deſign and little intereſt, what cunning, oh what cautions ought the fair deſigner then to call to her defence; yet I confeſs your Plot—ſtill Charming *Silvia*, was ſubtilly enough contriv'd, diſcreetly carry'd on—The ſhades of Night, the happy Lovers Refuge, favour'd you too: 'twas only fate was cruel, fate that conducted me in an unlucky hour, dark as it was, and ſilent too the Night, I ſaw:—Yes, faithleſs Fair, I ſaw, I was betray'd; by too much Faith, by too much Love undone, I ſaw my fatal Ruin and your Perfidy: and like

a tame ignoble Sufferer left you without revenge!

I must confess, oh thou deceiving fair One, I never cou'd pretend to what I wish'd, and yet methinks, because I know my Heart, and the entire Devotion that is paid you, I merited at least not to have been impos'd upon; but after so dishonourable an Action, as the betraying the Secret of my Friend, it was but just that I shou'd be betray'd, and you have paid me well, deservedly well, and that shall make me silent; and whatsoe're I suffer, howe'er I die, howe'er I languish out my wretched life, I'll bear my Sighs where you shall never hear 'em, nor the reproaches my Complaints express: Live thou a punishment to vain fantastick hoping Youth, live and advance in cunning and deceit, to

make the fond believing Men more wise, and teach the Women newer Arts of Falshood, till they deceive so long, that Man may hate and set as vast a distance between Sex and Sex, as I've resolv'd (oh *Silvia*) thou shalt be for ever from

Octavio.

This Letter came just as *Silvia* was going to write to him; of which she was extreamly glad, for all along there was nothing expres'd that cou'd make her think he meant any other than the Cheat she put upon him in *Antonett* instead of her self: And it was some ease to her mind to be assured of the Cause of his anger and absence, and to find her own thought confirm'd, that he

he had indeed discover'd the truth of the matter; she knew since that was all, she cou'd easily reconcile him by a plain Confession, and giving him new Hopes; she therefore writes this answer to him, which she sent by his Page, who waited for it.

Silvia *to* Octavio.

I Own, too angry, and too nice *Octavio*, the Crime you charge me with; and did believe a Person of your Gallantry, Wit, and Gayety wou'd have pass'd over so little a fault, with only reproaching me pleasantly, I did not expect so grave a reproof, or rather so serious an Accusation. Youth has a thousand Follies to answer for, and cannot *Octavio* pardon one Sally of it in *Silvia*. I rather

ther expected to have seen you early here this Morning, pleasantly rallying my little Perfidy, than to find you railing at a distance at it; calling it by a thousand Names that does not merit half this Malice: And sure you did not think me so poor in good nature, but I cou'd some other coming hour have made you amends for those you lost last Night, possibly I cou'd have wish'd my self with you at the same time; and had I perhaps follow'd my Inclination I had made you happy as you wish'd, but there were powerful reasons that prevented me; I conjure you to let me see you, where I will make a confession of my last Nights sin, and give you such Arguments to convince you of the necessity of it, as shall absolutely reconcile you to love, hope, and—

SILVIA.

It

It being late, she only sent this short Billet: And not hoping that Night to see him, she went to Bed, after having enquir'd the health of *Brilljard*, whom she heard was very ill; and that young defeated Lover finding it impossible to meet *Octavio* as he had promis'd, not to fight him, but to ask his Pardon for his mistake, he made a shift, with much ado, to write him a Note, which was this.

My Lord,

I Confess my yesterdays Rudeness, and beg you will give me a Pardon before I leave the World; for I was last Night taken violently ill, and am unable to wait on your Lordship, to beg what this most earnestly does for

Your Lordships
most devoted Servant,
Brilljard.

This

This Billet tho it ſignified nothing to *Octavio*, it ſerv'd *Silvia* afterwards to very good uſe and purpoſe, as a little time ſhall make appear. And *Octavio* receiv'd theſe two Notes from *Brilliard* and *Silvia*, at the ſame time; the one he flung by regardleſs, the other he read with infinite pain, ſcorn, hate, indignation, all at once ſtorm'd in his Heart, he felt every paſſion there but that of Love, which caus'd em all; if he thought her falſe and ungrateful before, he now thinks her fall'n to the loweſt degree of lewdneſs, to own her Crime with ſuch Impudence; he fanſies now he's cur'd of Love, and hates her abſolutely, thinks her below even his Scorn, and puts himſelf to Bed, believing he ſhall ſleep as well as before he ſaw the light, the fooliſh *Silvia*; But oh he boaſts in vain,

vain, the Light, the fooliſh *Silvia* was charming ſtill; ſtill all the Beauty appear'd, even in his ſlumbers the Angel dawn'd about him, and all the Fiend was laid: He ſees her lovely Face, but the falſe Heart is hid; he hears her charming Wit, but all the cunning's huſh'd: He views the motions of her delicate Body, without regard to thoſe of her mind, he thinks of all the tender Words ſhe has given him, in which the jilting part is loſt, and all forgotten; or if by chance it croſs'd his happier thought, he rowls and tumbles in his Bed, he raves and calls upon her charming Name, till he have quite forgot it, and takes all the pains he can to deceive his own Heart: Oh 'tis a tender part, and can endure no hurt; he ſooths it therefore, and at the worſt reſolves, ſince the

vaſt

vaſt Bleſſing may be purchas'd, to revel in Delight; and cure himſelf that way: Theſe flattering thoughts kept him all Night waking, and in the Morning he reſolves his Viſit; but taking up her Letter which lay on the Table, he read it o'er again, and by degrees, wrought himſelf up to madneſs at the thought that *Silvia* was poſſeſs'd: *Philander* he cou'd bear with little Patience, but that becauſe before he lov'd or knew her, he cou'd allow; but this —— this wrecks his very Soul; and in his height of fury writes this Letter without conſideration.

Octavio *to* Silvia.

SInce you profeſs your ſelf a common Miſtreſs, and ſet up for the Glorious Trade of Sin; ſend

ſend me your Price, and I perhap may purchaſe Damnation at your rate. May be you have a Method in your dealing, and I have miſtook you all this while, and dealt not your way; Inſtruct my Youth, great Miſtreſs of the Art, and I ſhall be obedient; tell me which way I may be happy too, and put in for an Adventurer; I have a Stock of ready Youth and Money, pray name your Time and Summ, for Hours or Nights, or Months; I will be in at all; or any, as you ſhall find leiſure to receive the impatient

Octavio.

This in a mad Moment he writ, and ſent it e'er he had conſider'd farther, and *Silvia*, who expected not ſo courſe and rough a return, grew as mad as he in reading

reading it; and she had much ado to hold her hands off from beating the innocent Page that brought it: To whom she turn'd with Fire in her Eyes, Flames in her Cheeks, and Thunder on her Tongue, and cry'd, *Go tell your Master that he is a Villain; and if you dare approach me any more from him; I'll have my Footmen whip you*; and with a Scorn that discover'd all the Indignation in the World she turn'd from him, and tearing his Note, threw it from her and walk'd her way: And the Page, thunder-struck, return'd to his Lord, who by this time was repenting he had manag'd his Passion no better; and at what the Boy told him, was wholly convinc'd of his Error, he now consider'd her Character and Quality, and accus'd himself of great Indiscretion; and as he

he was ſitting the moſt dejected melancholy Man on Earth, reflecting on his misfortune, the Poſt arriv'd with Letters from *Philander*, which he open'd, and laying by that which was inclos'd for *Silvia* he read that from *Philander* to himſelf.

Philander *to* Octavio.

THere is no pain, my dear *Octavio*, either in Love or Friendſhip like that of Doubt; and I confeſs my ſelf guilty of giving it you in a great meaſure by my ſilence the laſt Poſt, but having buſineſs of ſo much greater concern to my heart than even writing to *Octavio*; I found my ſelf unable to purſue any other, and I believe you cou'd too with the leſs impatience bear with my neglect having

having Affairs of the ſame nature there; our circumſtances and the buſineſs of our hearts then being ſo reſembling, methinks I have as great an impatience to be recounting to you the Story of my Love and Fortune, as I am to receive that of yours, and to know what advances you have made in the Heart of the ſtill charming *Silvia*! tho there will be this difference in the Relations; mine, when ever I recount it will give you a double ſatisfaction, firſt from the ſhare your Friendſhip makes you have in all the Pleaſures of *Philander*, and next that it excuſes *Silvia*, if ſhe can be falſe to me, for *Octavio*; and ſtill advances his deſign on her heart: But yours, when ever I receive it, will give me a thouſand pains, which 'tis however but juſt I ſhould feel, ſince I was the firſt breaker of the ſolemn League and

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Covenant made between us: which yet I do by all that's Sacred with a Regret, that makes me reflect with ſome repentance in all thoſe Moments wherein I do not wholly give my Soul up to Love, and the more beautiful *Caliſta*: yes more, becauſe new.

In my laſt, my dear *Octavio*, you left me purſuing, like a Knight-Errant, a Beauty inchanted within ſome inviſible Tree, or Caſtle, or Lake, or any thing inacceſſible, or rather wandring in a Dream after ſome glorious diſappearing Fantom: And for ſome time indeed, I knew not whether I ſlept or wak'd. I ſaw daily the good old Count of *Clarinau*; of whom I durſt not ſo much as ask a civil queſtion towards the ſatisfaction of my Soul; the Page was ſent into *Holland* (with ſome Expreſs to a Brother-in-Law of the Counts) of whom

whom before I had the intelligence of a fair young Wife to the old Lord his Maſter; and for the reſt of the Servants they ſpoke all *Spaniſh*, and the Devil a Word we underſtood each other, ſo that 'twas impoſſible to learn any thing farther from them: and I found I was to owe all my good Fortune to my own Induſtry, but how to ſet it a working, I cou'd not deviſe; at laſt it happen'd, that being walking in the Garden which had very high Walls on three ſides, and a fine large Apartment on the other, I concluded, that 'twas in that part of the Houſe, my fair new Conquereſs reſided, but how to be reſolv'd I cou'd not tell, nor which way the Windows look'd that were to give the Light, forwards that part o'th' Garden there was none; at laſt I ſaw the good old Gentleman

Man come trudging through the Garden fumbling out of his Pocket a Key, I ſtept into an Arbour to obſerve him, and ſaw him open a little Door that led him into another Garden, and locking the Door after him, vaniſht; and obſerving how that ſide of the Apartment lay, I went into the Street, and after a large compaſs, found that which fac'd that Garden, which made the fore-part of the Apartment. I made a ſtory of ſome occaſion I had for ſome upper Rooms, and went into many Houſes, to find which fronted beſt the Apartment, and ſtill diſlik'd ſomething till I met with one ſo directly to it, that I cou'd, when I got a Story higher, look into the very Rooms, which only a delicate Garden parted from this by ſtreet: there 'twas I fixt, and learnt from a young *Dutch* woman that ſpoke good *French*,

that

that, that was the very place I lookt for; the Apartment of Madam, the Countess of *Clarinau*: She told me too, that every day after Dinner the old Gentleman came thither, and sometimes a Nights; and bewail'd the young Beauty, who had no better entertainment than what an old wither'd *Spaniard* of threescore and ten cou'd give her: I found this young Woman apt for my purpose, and having very well pleas'd her with my Conversation, and some little Presents I made her, I left her in good Humour, and resolv'd to serve me on any design; and returning to my Lodging I found old *Clarinau* return'd, as brisk and gay as if he had been caress'd by so fair and young a Lady; which very thought made me rave, and I had abundance of pain to withhold my Rage from breaking out upon him,

so

ſo jealous and envious I was of what now I lov'd and deſir'd a thouſand times more than ever, ſince the relation my new young female Friend had given me: who had Wit and Beauty ſufficient to make her Judgment impartial. However I contain'd my Jealouſie with the hopes of a ſudden revenge; for I fancy'd the buſineſs half accompliſht in my knowledge of her reſidence. I feign'd ſome buſineſs to the old Gentleman, that wou'd call me out of Town for a week to conſult with ſome of our Party, and taking my leave of him, he offered me the Complement of Money, or what elſe I ſhould need in my Affair, which at that time was not unwelcome to me, and being well furniſh'd for my Enterpriſe, I took Horſe without a Page or Footman to attend me, becauſe I prerended my buſineſs

was

was a Secret, and taking a turn about the Town in the Evening, I left my Horse without the Gates, and went to my secret new Quarters, where my young Friend receiv'd me with the Joy of a Mistress, and with whom indeed I cou'd not forbear entertaining my self very well, which engag'd her more to my Service, with the aid of my Liberality; but all this did not allay one spark of the Fire kindled in my Soul for the lovely *Calista*; and I was impatient for Night, against which time I was preparing an Engine to mount the Battlement, for so it was that divided the Garden from the Street, rather than a Wall: All things fitted to my purpose, I fix'd my self at the Window that look'd directly towards her Sasses; and had the satisfaction to see her leaning there, and look-

ing on a Fountain that ſtood in the midſt of the Garden, and caſt a thouſand little Streams into the Air, that made a melancholy noiſe in falling into a large Alablaſter Ciſtern beneath: Oh how my Heart danc'd at the dear ſight, to all the Tunes of Love; I had not power to ſtir or ſpeak, or to remove my Eyes, but languiſht on the window where I leant half dead with Joy and Tranſport; for ſhe appear'd more charming to my view: Undreſs'd and fit for Love! Oh, my *Octavio*, ſuch are the Pangs which I believe thou feltſt at the approach of *Silvia*, ſo beats thy Heart, ſo riſe thy Sighs, and Wiſhes, ſo trembling and ſo pale at every view, as I was in this lucky amorous Moment! and thus I fed my Soul till Night came on, and left my Eyes no Object, but my Heart—a thou-

ſand

ſand dear Ideas: and now I ſal-ly'd out, and with good Succeſs, for with a long Engine which reach'd the top of the Wall I fix'd the end of my Ladder there, and mounted it, and ſitting on the top brought my Ladder eaſily up to me, and turn'd it over to the other ſide; and with abundance of eaſe deſcended into the Garden, which was the fineſt I had ever ſeen; for now, as good luck wou'd have it, who was deſign'd to favour me, the Moon began to ſhine ſo bright, as even to make me diſtinguiſh the Colours of the Flowers that dreſs'd all the Banks in raviſhing order; but theſe were not the Beauty I came to poſſeſs, and my new thoughts of diſpoſing my ſelf, and managing my matters, now took off all that Admiration that was juſtly due to ſo delightful a place, which art

and Nature had agreed to render charming to every Sence, thus much I conſider'd it, that there was nothing that did not invite to Love; a thouſand pretty receſſes of Arbours, Grotts and little Artificial Groves; Fountains inviron'd with Beds of Flowers, and little Rivulets, to whoſe dear fragrant Banks, a wiſhing amorous God wou'd make his ſoft retreat, after having ranged about rather to ſeek a Covert on occaſion, and to know the Paſſes of the Garden, which might ſerve me in any extremity of Surprize that might happen. I return'd to the Fountain that fac'd *Caliſta*'s Window, and leaning on its brink, view'd the whole Apartment, which appear'd very magnificent: Juſt againſt me I perceiv'd a Door that went into it; which while I was conſidering how

how to get open, I heard it unlock, and skulking behind the large Baſon of the Fountain, (yet ſo as to mark who came out) I ſaw to my unſpeakable tranſport the Fair, the Charming *Caliſta*, dreſs'd juſt as ſhe was at the Window, a looſe Gown of Silver ſtuff lapt about her delicate Body, her Head in fine Night cloaths, and all careleſs as my Soul could wiſh; ſhe came, and with her the old Dragon; and I heard her ſay in coming out, ——*This is too fine a Night to ſleep in*: *Prithee* Dormina *do not grudge me the pleaſure of it, ſince there are ſo very few that entertain* Caliſta. This laſt ſhe ſpoke with a Sigh, and a languiſhment in her Voice, that ſhot new Flames of Love into my panting Heart, and trill'd through all my Veins; while ſhe purſu'd her Walk with the old Gentle-

Woman: and ſtill I kept my ſelf at ſuch a diſtance, to have 'em in my ſight, but ſlid along the ſhady ſide of the Walk where I cou'd not be eaſily ſeen, while they kept ſtill on the ſhiny part: She led me thus through all the Walks, through all the Maze of Love; and all the way I fed my greedy Eyes upon the melancholy Object of my raving Deſire; her Shape, her Gate, her Motion, every Step, and every Movement of her Hand and Head, had a peculiar Grace; a thouſand times I was tempted to approach her, and diſcover my ſelf, but I dreaded the Fatal Conſquence, the old Woman being by; nor knew I whether they did not expect the Husband there; I therefore with impatience waited when ſhe wou'd ſpeak, that by that I might make ſome diſcovery of my deſtiny

ſtiny that Night; and after having tir'd her ſelf a little with walking, ſhe ſate down on a fine Seat of White Marble, that was plac'd at the end of a graſſie walk, and only ſhadow'd with ſome tall Trees that rank'd themſelves behind it, gainſt one of which I lean'd: There for a quarter of an hour they ſate as ſilent as the Night, where only ſoft-breath'd Winds were heard amongſt the Bows, and ſoftet Sighs from fair *Caliſta*; at laſt the old thing broke ſilence, who was almoſt aſleep while ſhe ſpoke. *Madam, if you are weary, let us retire to Bed, and not ſit gazing here at the Moon.* *To bed*, reply'd *Caliſta*, *what ſhou'd I do there?* *Marry ſleep*, quoth the old Gentlewoman, *what ſhou'd you do?* *Ah* Dormina (ſigh'd *Caliſta*) *wou'd Age wou'd ſeize me too, for then perhaps I ſhou'd find*

at leaſt the Pleaſure of the Old; be dull and lazy; love to eat and ſleep not, have my Slumbers undiſturb'd with Dreams more inſupportable than my waking Wiſhes; for reaſon, then ſuppreſſes riſing thoughts, and the impoſſibility of obtaining keeps the fond Soul in order, but Sleep—gives an unguarded looſe to ſoft Deſire, it brings the lovely Fantom to my View, and tempts me with a thouſand Charms to Love; I ſee a Face, a Mien, a Shape, a Look! ſuch as Heaven never made, or any thing but fond Imagination! Oh 'twas a wond'rous Viſion! For my part, replyed the old One, I am ſuch a Heathen Chriſtian, Madam, as I do not believe there are any ſuch things as Viſions, or Ghoſts, or Fantoms: But your head runs of a young Man, becauſe you are married to an old One; ſuch an Idea as you fram'd in your Wiſhes, poſſeſs'd

your

your fancy, which was so strong (as indeed fancy will be sometimes,) that it perswaded you, 'twas a very Fantom or Vision. Let it be Fancy or Vision, or whatever else you can give a Name to, reply'd *Calista, still 'tis that that never ceas'd since to torture me with a thousand Pains; and prithee why,* Dormina, *is not Fancy since as powerful in me as it was before? Fancy has not been since so kind; yet I have given it room for thought, which before I never did; I set whole hours and days, and fix'd my Soul upon the lovely Figure; I know its Stature to an inch, tall and divinely made; I saw his Hair, Long, Black, and Curling to his Waste, all loose and flowing; I saw his Eyes, where all the* Cupids *play'd, Black, Large, and Sparkling, Piercing, Loving, Languishing; I saw his Lips, Sweet, Dimpled, Red, and Soft, a Youth compleating all, like early*

May; *that looks, and ſmells, and cheers above the reſt: In fine, I ſaw him ſuch as nothing but the niceſt Fancy can imagine, and nothing can deſcribe, I ſaw him ſuch as robs me of my reſt, as gives me all the raging pains of Love (Love I believe it is) without the Joy of any ſingle Hope: Oh, Madam,* ſaid *Dormina, that Love will quickly die, which is not nurs'd with Hope, why that's its only Food. Pray Heaven I find it ſo,* reply'd *Caliſta.* At that ſhe ſigh'd as if her heart had broken, and lean'd her Arm upon a Rail of the end of the Seat, and laid her lovely Cheek upon her Hand, and ſo continu'd ſighing without ſpeaking; While I, who was not a little tranſported with what I heard with infinite pain, withheld my ſelf from kneeling at her Feet, and proſtrating before her that happy Fantom of which ſhe

had

had ſpoke ſo favourably; but ſtill I fear'd my Fate; and to give any offence, while I was amidſt a thouſand thoughts conſidering which to purſue; I cou'd hear *Dorminia* ſnoring as faſt as cou'd be, leaning at her eaſe on the other end of the Seat, ſupported by a White Marble Rail, which *Caliſta* hearing alſo turn'd, and look'd on her, then ſoftly roſe, and walk'd away to ſee how long ſhe wou'd ſleep there, if not wak'd. Judge now, my dear *Octavio*, whether Love and Fortune were not abſolutely ſubdu'd to my Intereſt, and if all things did not favour my Deſign. The very thought of being alone with *Caliſta*, of making my ſelf known to her, of the opportunity ſhe gave me by going from *Dorminia* into a by Walk, the very Joy of ten thouſand Hopes, that fill'd my

Soul

Soul in that happy moment which I fancy'd the moſt bleſs'd of my Life, made me tremble all over; and with unaſſur'd Steps, I ſoftly purſu'd the Object of my new Deſire: Sometimes I even overtook her, and fearing to fright her, and cauſe her to make ſome noiſe that might alarm the ſleeping *Dormina*, I ſlack'd my pace, till in a Walk, at the end of which ſhe was oblig'd to turn back, I remain'd, and ſuffer'd her to go on; 'twas a Walk of Graſs, broad, and at the end of it a little Arbour of Greens; into which ſhe went and ſate down, looking towards me, and methought ſhe look'd full at me; ſo that finding ſhe made no noiſe, I ſoftly approach'd the Door of the Arbour, at a convenient diſtance, ſhe then ſtood up in great amaze as ſhe after ſaid, and I kneeling down

in

in an humble posture; cry'd —— Wonder not, oh sacred Charmer of my Soul, to see me at your Feet at this late Hour, and in a place so inaccessible; for what Attempt is there so hazardous, despairing Lovers dare not undertake, and what impossibility almost can they not overcome? Remove your Fears, oh Conquerefs of my Soul, for I am an humble Mortal that adores you; I have a thousand Wounds, a thousand Pains that prove me Flesh and Blood, if you would hear my Story: Oh give me leave to approach you with that Awe you do the sacred Altars; for my Devotion is as pure as that which from your Charming Lips ascends the Heavens: —— With such Cant and Stuff as this, which Lovers serve themselves with on occasion, I lessen'd the terrors of the fright-

ed

ed Beauty, and she soon saw with Joy in her Eyes, that I was both a mortal, and the same she had before seen in the outward Garden. I rose from my Knees then, and with a Joy that wandred all over my body, trembling, and panting I approach'd her, and took her hand and kiss'd it with a Transport that was almost ready to lay me fainting at her Feet; nor did she answer any thing to what I had said, but with Sighs suffer'd her hand to remain in mine; her Eyes she cast to Earth, her Breast heav'd with nimble Motions, and we both unable to support our selves, sate down together on a Green Bank in the Arbour, where by that Light we had, we gaz'd at each other, unable to utter a Syllable on either side. I confess, my dear *Octavia*, I have felt Love before, but do

not

not know, that ever I was poſ-
ſeſs'd with ſuch pleaſing pain, ſuch
agreeable Languiſhment in all my
Life, as in thoſe happy Moments,
with the fair *Caliſta*: And on
the other, I dare anſwer for the
ſoft fair One; ſhe felt a Paſſion
as tender as mine; which, when
ſhe cou'd recover her firſt tranſ-
port, ſhe expreſs'd in ſuch a man-
ner as has wholly charm'd me: For,
with all the Eloquence of young
Angels, and all their Innocence
too, ſhe ſaid, ſhe whiſper'd, ſhe
ſigh'd, the ſofteſt things that ever
Lover heard: I told you before
ſhe had from her Infancy been
bred in a Monaſtry, kept from
the ſight of Men, and knew no
one Art or Subtilty of her Sex:
But in the very purity of her In-
nocence, ſhe appear'd like the firſt
born Maid in Paradice, generouſly
giving her Soul away to the great

Lord

Lord of all, the new form'd Man, and nothing of her Hearts dear thoughts did ſhe reſerve, (but ſuch as modeſt Nature ſhou'd conceal) yet, if I touch'd but on that tender part where Honour dwelt; ſhe had a Senſe too nice, as 'twas a wonder to find ſo vaſt a ſtore of that mixt with ſo ſoft a Paſſion. Oh what an excellent thing a perfect Woman is, e'er Men has taught her Arts to keep her Empire, by being himſelf inconſtant? all I cou'd ask of Love ſhe freely gave, and told me every Sentiment of her Heart, but 'twas in ſuch a way, ſo innocently ſhe confeſs'd her Paſſion, that every Word added new Flames to mine, and mad me raging mad: at laſt ſhe ſuffer'd me to kiſs with caution; but one begat another,—that, a Number—— And every one was an advance to Happi-

neſs

neſs, and I, who knew my advantage, loſt no time, but put each Minute to the propereſt uſe, now I embrace, claſp her fair lovely Body cloſe to mine, which nothing parted but her Shift and Gown; my buſie Hands find Paſſage to her Breaſts, and give, and take a thouſand nameleſs Joys; all but the laſt I reap'd; that Heaven was ſtill deny'd; though ſhe were fainting in my trembling Arms, ſtill ſhe had watching ſenſe to guard that Treaſure: Yet in ſpight of all, a thouſand times I brought her to the very point of yielding; but oh ſhe begs and pleads with all the Eloquence of Love! tells me that what ſhe had to give ſhe gave, but wou'd not violate her Marriage-Vow: No, not to ſave that Life ſhe found in danger with too much Love, and too extream deſire; ſhe told me

that

that I had undone her quite, she sigh'd and wish'd, that she had seen me sooner, e'er Fate had rendred her a Sacrifice to the embraces of old *Clarinau*, she wept with Love and answer'd with a Sob to every Vow I made: Thus by degrees she wrought me to undoing, and made me mad in Love: 'Twas thus we past the Night; we told the Hasty Hours and curs'd their coming: We told from ten to three; and all what time seem'd but a little Minute: Nor would I let her go, who was as loath to part, till she had given me leave to see her often there; I told her all my Story of her Conquest, and how I came into the Garden: She ask'd me pleasantly if I were not afraid of old *Clarinau*, I told her no, of nothing but of his being happy with her; which thought I could

not

not bear: ſhe aſſur'd me I had ſo little reaſon to envy him, that he rather deſerv'd my Compaſſion, for that her averſion was ſo extream to him; his Perſon, Years, his Temper, and his Diſeaſes were ſo diſagreeable to her, that ſhe cou'd not diſſemble her diſguſt, but gave him moſt evident Proofs of it too frequently; ever ſince ſhe had the misfortune of being his Wife; but that ſince ſhe had ſeen the charming *Philander*, (for ſo we muſt let her call him too) his Company and Converſation was wholly inſupportable to her; and but that he had ever us'd to let her have four Nights in the Week her own, wherein he never diſturb'd her Repoſe, ſhe ſhou'd have been dead with his naſty Entertainment: She vow'd ſhe never knew a ſoft deſire, but for *Philander* ſhe never had the leaſt con-

concern for any of his Sex beſides, and till ſhe felt his touches —— took in his Kiſſes, and ſuffer'd his dear Embraces, ſhe never knew that Woman was ordained for any Joy with Man, but fancy'd it deſign'd in its Creation for a poor Slave to be oppreſs'd at pleaſure by the Husband, dully to yield Obedience and no more: But I had taught her now ſhe ſaid to her eternal Ruin, that there was more in nature than ſhe knew, or ever ſhou'd, had ſhe not ſeen *Philander*; ſhe knew not what dear Name to call it by, but ſomething in her Blood; ſomething that panted in her Heart, glow'd in her Cheeks and languiſh'd in her Looks, told her ſhe was not born for *Clarinau*; or Love wou'd do her wrong: I ſooth'd the thought, and urg'd the Laws of Nature, the power

of

of Love, neceſſity of Youth—— And the VVonder that was yet behind, that raviſhing ſomething, which not love orkiſſes cou'd make her gueſs at; ſo beyond all ſoft imagination that nothing but a tryal cou'd convince her; but ſhe reſiſted ſtill, and ſtill I pleaded with all the ſubt'leſt Arguments of Love, Words mix'd with Kiſſes; ſighing mix'd with Vows, but all in vain, Religion was my Foe, and Tyrant Honour guarded all her Charms: thus did we paſs the Night till the young Morn advancing in the Eaſt forc'd us to bid adieu: Which oft we did, and oft we ſigh'd and kiſs'd, oft parted aud return'd, and ſigh'd again, and as ſhe went away ſhe weeping cry'd,——wringing my hand in hers, pray Heaven, *Philander*, this dear Interview do not prove fatal to me; for, oh, I

find

find frail Nature weak about me, and one dear minute more wou'd forfeit all my Honour. At this ſhe ſtarted from my trembling Hand, and ſwept the Walk like Wind ſo ſwift and ſudden, and left me panting, ſighing, wiſhing, dying, with mighty Love and Hope, and after a little time I ſcal'd my Wall, and return'd unſeen to my new Lodging. It was four Days after, before I cou'd get any other Happineſs but that of ſeeing her at her window, which was juſt againſt mine, from which I never ſtirr'd, hardly to eat or ſleep, and that ſhe ſaw with Joy, for every Morning I had a Billet from her; which we contriv'd that Happy Night ſhould be conveyed me thus—It was a Bye ſtreet where I lodg'd, and the other ſide was only the dead Wall of her Garden

Garden, where early in the Morning she us'd to walk; and having the Billet ready, she put it with a Stone into a little Leathern Purse, and tos's'd it over the Wall, where either my self from the Window or any young Friend below waited for it, and that way every Morning and every Evening she receiv'd one from me; but 'tis impossible to tell you the innocent Passion she expres's'd in them, innocent in that there was no art, no fain'd nice folly to expres's a Vertue that was not in the Soul; but all she spoke confest her heart's soft wishes. At last, (for I am tedious in a relation of what gave me so much pleasure in the Enjoyment) at last, I say, I receiv'd the happy invitation to come into the Garden as before, and Night advancing for my purpose I need not say that I deliver'd my

my ſelf upon the place appointed, which was by the Fountain ſide beneath her Chamber Window; towards which I caſt, you may believe, many a longing Look: The Clock ſtruck ten, eleven, and then twelve, but no dear Star appear'd to conduct me to my Happineſs; at laſt I heard the little Garden Door (againſt the Fountain) open, and ſaw *Caliſta* there wrap'd in her Night-Gown only: I ran like Lightning to her Arms, with all the Tranſports of an eager Lover, and almoſt ſmother'd my ſelf in her warm riſing Breaſt, for ſhe taking me in her Arms, let go her gown, which falling open, left nothing but her Shift between me and all her charming Body. But ſhe bid me hear what ſhe had to ſay before I proceeded farther, ſhe told me ſhe was

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forc'd to wait till *Dormina* was asleep, who lay in her Chamber, and then stealing the Key, she came softly down to let me in. *But*, said she, *since I am all-undress'd, and cannot walk in the Garden with you, will you promise me on Love and Honour, to be obedient to all my Commands, if I carry you to my Chamber, for* Dormina's *Sleep is like death it self; however lest she chance to awake, and should take an occasion to speak to me, 'twere absolutely necessary, that I were there; for since I serv'd her such a trick the other Night, and let her sleep so long, she will not let me walk late.* A very little Argument perswaded me to yield to any thing to be with *Calista* any where; so that both returning softly to her Chamber, she put her self into Bed, and left me kneeling on the Carpet: But

'twas not long that I remain'd so; from the dear touches of her Hands and Breast, we came to Kisses, and so equally to a forgetfulness of all we had promis'd and agreed on before, and broke all Rules and Articles, that were not in the Favour of Love; so that stripping my self by degrees, while she with an unwilling force made some feeble resistance, I got into the Arms of the most charming Woman that ever Nature made; she was all over Perfection; I dare not tell you more; let it suffice she was all that luxurious Man could wish, and all that renders Woman fine and ravishing. About two hours thus was my Soul in rapture, while sometimes she reproach'd me, but so gently, that 'twas to bid me still be false and perjur'd if these were the effects of it; *if disobedience*

dience have ſuch wondrous Charms; may I, ſaid ſhe, *be ſtill commanding thee, and thou ſtill diſobeying*: While thus we lay with equal Raviſhment, we heard a murmuring noiſe at diſtance, which we knew not what to make of, but it grew ſtill louder and louder, but ſtill at diſtance too: this firſt alarm'd us, and I was no ſooner perſwaded to riſe; but I heard a Door unlock at the ſide of the Bed; which was not that by which I enter'd, for that was at the other end of the Chamber towards the Window. *Oh Heavens*, ſaid the fair frighted Trembler, *here is the Count of* Clerinau: For he always came up that way, and thoſe Stairs by which I aſcended was the Back Stairs; ſo that I had juſt time to grope my way towards the Door without ſo much as taking my Cloaths

with me; never was any Amorous Adventurer in so lamentable a Condition, I would fain have turn'd upon him, and at once have hindred him from entring, with my Sword in my Hand, and secur'd him from ever disturbing my Pleasure any more, but she implor'd I would not; and in this Minutes Dispute he came so near me, that he touch'd me as I glided from him; but not being acquainted very well with the Chamber, having never seen my way, I lighted in my Passage on *Dormina*'s Pallat Bed, and threw my self quite over her, to the Chamber Door, which made a damnable clattering, and awaking *Dormina* with my Catastrophe, she set up such a Bawl, as frighted, and alarm'd the old Count, who was just taking in a Candle from his Footman,

man, who had lighted it at his Flamboy : So that hearing the noiſe, and knowing it muſt be ſome Body in the Chamber, he lets fall his Candle in the fright, and call'd his Footman in with the Flamboy, draws his Tolledo, which he had in his Hand, and wrap'd in his Night-Gown, with three or four woollen Caps one upon the top of another, ty'd under his tawny Leathern Chops, he made a very pleaſant Figure, and ſuch a one as had like to have betray'd me by langhing at it ; he cloſely purſu'd me, though not ſo cloſe as to ſee me before him, yet ſo as not to give me time to aſcend the Wall, or to make my eſcape up or down any Walk, which were ſtreight and long, and not able to conceal any body from Purſuers, approach'd ſo near as the

Count was to me: What ſhou'd I do? I was naked, unarm'd, and no defence againſt his jealous Rage; and now in danger of my Life, I knew not what to reſolve on; yet I ſwear to you *Octavio*, even in that minute (which I thought my laſt) I had no repentance of the dear Sin, or any other Fear, but that which poſſeſs'd me for the fair *Caliſta*; and calling upon *Venus* and her Son for my ſafety (for I had ſcarce a thought yet of any other Deity) the Sea born Queen lent me immediate aid, and e'er I was aware of it, I touch'd the Fountain, and in the ſame minute threw my ſelf into the Water, which a mighty large Baſon or Ciſtern of White Marble contain'd, of a Compaſs, that forty Men might have hid themſelves in it, they had purſu'd me ſo hard,

hard, they fancy'd they heard me preſs the Gravel near the Fountain, and with the Torch they ſearch'd round about it, and beat the fringing Flowers that grew pretty high about the bottom of it, while I ſometimes div'd, and ſometimes peep'd up to take a view of my buſie Coxcomb; who had like to have made me burſt into laughter many times, to ſee his Figure, the daſhing of the Stream, which continually fell from the little Pipes above into the Baſon, hindred him from hearing the noiſe I might poſſibly have made by my ſwimming in it: after he had ſurveyed it round without ſide, he took the Torch in his own hand, and ſurvey'd the Water it ſelf while I div'd, and ſo long forc'd to remain ſo, that I believ'd I had eſcap'd his Sword to die that fooliſher way;

but just as I was like to expire, he departed muttering, that he was sure some body did go out before him; and now he search'd every Walk and Arbour of the Garden, while like a Fish I lay basking in Element still, not daring to adventure out, lest his hasty return should find me on the Wall, or in my Passage over: I thank'd my Stars he had not found the Ladder, so that at last returning to *Calista*'s Chamber, after finding no body, he desir'd (as I heard the next Morning) to know what the Matter was in her Chamber: But *Calista*, who till now never knew an Art, had before he came laid her Bed in order, and taken up my cloaths, and put them between her Bed and Quilt; not forgetting any one thing that belong'd to me, she was laid as fast asleep as innocence it self; so that *Cla-*

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rinau awaking her, ſhe ſeem'd as ſurpriz'd and ignorant of all, as if ſhe had indeed been innocent; ſo that *Dormina* now remain'd the only ſuſpected Perſon; who being ask'd what ſhe cou'd ſay concerning that Uproar ſhe made, ſhe only ſaid, as ſhe thought, that ſhe dream'd his Honour fell out of the Bed upon her, and awaking in a Fright, ſhe found 'twas but a Dream, and ſo ſhe fell aſleep again till he wak'd her, whom ſhe wonder'd to ſee there at that Hour; he told 'em that while they were ſecurely ſleeping he was like to have been burn'd in his Bed, a piece of his Apartment being burn'd down, which caus'd him to come thither; but he made them both ſwear that there was no body in the Chamber of *Caliſta*, before he wou'd be undeceived, for

he vow'd he ſaw ſomething in the Garden, which, to his thinking was all in White, and it vaniſh'd on the ſudden behind the Fountain, and we cou'd ſee no more of it. *Caliſta* diſſembled abundance of Fear, and ſaid ſhe wou'd never walk out after Candelight for fear of that Ghoſt; and ſo they paſt the reſt of the Night, while I, all wet and cold got me to my Lodging, unperceiv'd, for my young Friend had left the Door open for me.

Thus, dear *Octavio*, I have ſent you a Novel, inſtead of a Letter, of my firſt moſt happy Adventure, of which I muſt repeat thus much again, that of all the Enjoyments I ever had, I never was ſo perfectly well entertain'd for two hours, and I am waiting with infinite impatience a ſecond Encounter. I ſhall be extreamly glad to hear

hear what progreſs you have made in your Amour, for I have loſt all, for *Silvia*, but the Affection of a Brother, with that natural Pity we have for thoſe we have undone; for my Heart, my Soul and Body are all *Caliſta*'s, the Bright, the Young, the Witty, the Gay, the fondly Loving *Caliſta*: Only ſome reſerve I have in all for *Octavio*. Pardon this long Hiſtory, for 'tis a ſort of acting all ones Joys again, to be telling 'em to a Friend ſo dear as is the Gallant *Octavio* to

Philander.

POSTSCRIPT.

I ſhou'd for ſome Reaſons that concern my ſafety have quitted this Town before, but I am chain'd

chain'd to it, and have no sence of danger while *Calista* compels my stay.

If *Octavio*'s Trouble was great before from but his fear of *Calista*'s yielding, what must it be now, when he found all his Fears confirm'd, the Pressures of his Soul were too extream before, and the concern he had for *Silvia* had brought it to the highest Tide of Grief; so that this addition o'erwhelm'd it quite, and left him no room for Rage; no, it could not discharge it self so happily, but bow'd and yielded to all the extreams of Love, Grief, and sence of Honour; he threw himself upon his Bed, and lay without Sense or motion for a whole Hour, confus'd with thought, and divided in his concern, half for a Mistress false, and half for a Sister loose and undone;

done; by turns the Sister and the Mistress torture; by turns they break his Heart: he had this comfort left before, that if *Calista* were undone, her ruin made way for his Love and Happiness with *Silvia*, but now—he had no Prospect left that cou'd afford any ease, he changes from one sad Object to another, from *Silvia* to *Calista*, then back to *Silvia*, but like to feverish Men, that toss about here and there, remove for some relief, he shifts but to new pain, where e'er he turns he finds the mad man still; in this distraction of thought he remain'd till a Page from *Silvia* brought him this Letter: Which in midst of all, he started from his Bed with excess of Joy and read.

Silvia

Silvia *to* Octavio.

My Lord,

AFter your laſt Affront by your Page, I believe it will ſurpriſe you to receive any thing from *Silvia* but Scorn and Diſdain: But, my Lord, the int'reſt you have by a thouſand ways been ſo long making in my heart, cannot ſo ſoon be cancell'd by a Minutes Offence, and every Action of your life has been too generous to make me think you writ what I have receiv'd, at leaſt you are not well in your Senſes: I have committed a fault againſt your Love, I muſt confeſs, and am not aſham'd of the little cheat I put upon you in bringing you to Bed to *Antonett* inſtead of *Silvia*: I was aſham'd

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to be ſo eaſily won, and took it ill your paſſion was ſo mercenary, to ask ſo courſely for the poſſeſſion of me; too great a pay I thought for ſo poor Service, as rendring up a Letter, which in Honour you ought before to have ſhew'd me: I own I gave you hope, in that too I was Criminal; but theſe are Faults that ſure deſerv'd a kinder puniſhment than what I laſt receiv'd——A Whore——A common Miſtreſs! Death, you are a Coward—And even to a Woman dare not ſay it, when ſhe confronts the Scandaller,——Yet pardon me, I meant not to revile, but gently to reproach; it was unkind—at leaſt allow me that, and much unlike *Octavio*.

I think I had not troubled you, my Lord, with the leaſt Confeſſion of my Reſentment, but I cou'd

cou'd not leave the Town, where for the Honour of your Converſation and Friendſhip alone I have remain'd ſo long without acquitting my ſelf of thoſe Obligations I had to you; I ſend you therefore the Key of my Cloſet and Cabinet, where you ſhall find, not only your Letters, but all thoſe Preſents you have been pleas'd once to think me worthy of: But having taken back your Friendſhip, I render you the leſs valuable Trifles, and will retain no more of *Octavio* than the dear memory of that part of his Life that was ſo agreeable to the unfortunate

Silvia.

He finiſh'd this Letter, reading with Tears of tender Love; but conſidering it all over, he fancy'd

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ſhe had put great Conſtraint upon her natural high Spirit, to write in this calm manner to him, and through all he found diſſembled Rage, which yet was viſible in that one breaking out in the middle of the Letter: He found ſhe was not able to contain at the Word Common Miſtreſs: in fine, however calm it was, and however deſign'd, he found, at leaſt he thought he found the charming Jilt all over; he fancies from the Hint ſhe gave him of the change of *Antonett* for her ſelf in Bed, that it was ſome new cheat that was to be put upon him, and to bring her ſelf off with Credit: Yet in ſpight of all this appearing Reaſon, he wiſhes, and has a ſecret Hope, that either ſhe is not in fault, or that ſhe will ſo cozen him into a belief ſhe is not, that it may ſerve as well

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to ſooth his willing Heart; and now all he fears is, that ſhe will not put ſo neat a Cheat upon him, but that he ſhall be able to ſee through it, and ſtill be oblig'd to retain his ill Opinion of her: But Love return'd, ſhe had rous'd the Flame a-new; and ſoftned all his rougher Thoughts with this dear Letter, and now in haſte he calls for his Cloaths, and ſuffering himſelf to be dreſs'd with all the Advantage of his Sex, he throws himſelf into his Coach, and goes to *Silvia*, whom he finds juſt dreſs'd *en Chavalier*, (and ſetting her Hat and Feather in good order, before the Glaſs) with a deſign to depart the Town, at leaſt ſo far as ſhould have rais'd a concern in *Octavio*, if yet he had any for her, to have follow'd her: he ran up without asking leave, into her Chamber, and

and e'er ſhe was a-ware of him, threw himſelf at her Feet, and claſping her Knees, to which he fixt his Mouth; he remain'd there for a little ſpace without Life or Motion, and preſs'd her in his Arms as faſt as a dying Man. She was not offended to ſee him there, and he appear'd more lovely than ever he yet had been: His Grief had added a languiſhment and paleneſs to his Face; which ſufficiently told her he had not been at eaſe while abſent from her; and on the other ſide *Silvia* appear'd ten thouſand times more charming than ever; that Dreſs of a Boy adding extreamly to her Beauty: *Oh you are a pretty Lover*, ſaid ſhe, raiſing him from her Knees to her Arms, *to treat a Miſtreſs ſo for a little innocent Raillery.—Come ſit and tell me how you came to diſcover the harmleſs*

harmleſs cheat; ſetting him down on the ſide of her Bed: *Oh name it no more*, cry'd he, *let that damned Night be blotted from the year, deceive me, flatter me, ſay you are innocent, tell me my Senſes rave, my Eyes were falſe, deceitful, and my Ears were deaf: Say any thing that may convince my madneſs, and bring me back to tame adoring Love. What means* Octavio, reply'd *Silvia, ſure he is not ſo nice and ſquemiſh a Lover, but a fair young Maid might have been welcome to him coming ſo prepar'd for Love; tho it was not ſhe whom he expected; it might have ſerv'd as well i'th' dark at leaſt. Well ſaid*, reply'd *Octavio*, forcing a Smile —*advance, purſue the dear deſign, and cheat me ſtill, and to convince my Soul; oh ſwear it too, for Women want no Weapons of Defence, Oaths, Vows, and Tears, Sighs,*

Sighs, Imprecations, Ravings, are all the Tools to faſhion mankind Coxcombs: I am an eaſie fellow, fit for uſe, and long to be initiated Fool, come ſwear I was not here the other Night. 'Tis granted, Sir, you were; Why all this Paſſion? This *Silvia* ſpoke and took him by the hand, which burnt with raging Fire; and though he ſpoke with all the heat of Love, his Looks were ſoft the while as infant *Cupids*: ſtill he proceeded, *Oh charming* Silvia, *ſince you are ſo unkind to tell me truth, ceaſe, ceaſe to ſpeak at all, and let me only gaze upon thoſe Eyes that can ſo well deceive: Their Looks are innocent, at leaſt they'll flatter me, and tell mine that they loſt their Faculties that other Night. No,* reply'd *Silvia, I am convinc'd they did not, you ſaw* Antonett——*Conduct a happy Man* (interrupted he) *to* Silvia's

via's *Bed, oh why by your Confession muſt my Soul be tortur'd o'er anew!* at this he hung his head upon his Boſom, and ſigh'd, as if each Breath would be his laſt, *Heavens!* cry'd *Silvia, What is't* Octavio *ſays, conduct a happy Lover to my Bed! by all that's Sacred I am abus'd, deſign'd upon to be betrayed and loſt; what ſaid you Sir, a Lover to my Bed!* When he reply'd in a fainting Tone, claſping her to his Arms, *Now*, Silvia, *you are kind, be perfect Woman, and keep to couzening ſtill—Now back it with a very little Oath, and I am as well as e'er I ſaw your Falſhood, and ne'er will loſe one thought upon it more. Forbear*, ſaid ſhe, *you'll make me angry: In ſhort, what is it you wou'd ſay? or ſwear you rave, and then I'll pity what I now deſpiſe, if you can think me falſe.* He only anſwered with a ſigh,

ſigh, and ſhe purſu'd, *Am I not worth an anſwer; tell me your Soul and Thoughts, as e'er you hope for Favour from my Love, or to preſerve my Quiet. If you will promiſe me to ſay 'tis falſe*, reply'd he ſoftly, *I will confeſs the Errors of my Senſes. I came the other Night at twelve, the Door was open*——*'Tis true*, ſaid *Silvia*——*At the Stairs-Foot I found a Man, and ſaw him led to you, into your Chamber; ſighing as he went, and panting with impatience: Now*, Silvia, *if you value my repoſe, my life, my reputation, or my ſervices; turn it off handſomly, and I'm happy*: At that being wholly amaz'd, ſhe told him the whole ſtory, as you heard, of her dreſſing *Antonett*, and bringing him to her; at which he ſmil'd, and beg'd her to go on——She fetcht the pieces of *Brilliard*'s counterfeit Letters, and ſhew'd him;

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this brought him a little to his Wits; and at first sight he was ready to fancy the Letters came indeed from him, he found the Character his, but not the Business; and in great amaze reply'd, - *Ah Madam, did you know* Octavio's *Soul so well, and cou'd you imagine it capable of a thought like this? A Presumption so dareing to the most awful of her Sex; this was unkind indeed: And did you answer 'em? Yes,* reply'd she, *with all kindness I cou'd force my Pen to express.* So that after canvasing the matter, and relating the whole Story again with his being taken ill, they concluded from every Circumstance *Brilljard* was the Man; for *Antonett* was call'd to Councel; who now recollecting all things in her mind, and knowing *Brilljard* but too well; she confess'd she verily believ'd it was

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he, eſpecially when ſhe told how ſhe ſtole a Letter of *Octavio*'s for him that day, and how he was ill of the ſame Diſeaſe ſtill. *Octavio* then call'd his Page, and ſent him home for the Note *Brilljard* had ſent him, and all appear'd as clear as day: But *Antonett* met with a great many Reproaches for ſhewing her Ladies Letters, which ſhe excus'd as well as ſhe cou'd: But never was Man ſo raviſh'd with Joy as *Octavio* was at the knowledge of *Silvia*'s innocence; a thouſand times he kneel'd and beg'd her Pardon, and her Figure encouraging his Careſſes: a thouſand times he imbrac'd her, he ſmil'd, and bluſh'd, and ſigh'd with Love and Joy, and knew not how to expreſs it moſt effectually: And *Silvia*, who had other buſineſs than Love in her heart and head, ſuffer'd all the

marks of his eager Paſſion and Tranſport, out of deſign, for ſhe had a farther uſe to make of *Octavio*; tho' when ſhe ſurvey'd his Perſon handſom, young, and adorn'd with all the Graces and Beauties of his Sex, not at all inferior to *Philander*, if not exceeding in every Judgment but that of *Silvia*; when ſhe conſider'd his Soul, where Wit, Love, and Honour equally reign'd, when ſhe conſults the excellence of his Nature, his Generoſity, Courage, Friendſhip, and Softneſs, ſhe ſigh'd and cry'd, 'twas pity to impoſe upon him; and make his Love, for which ſhe ſhou'd eſteem him a Property to draw him to his ruine, for ſo ſhe fancy'd it muſt be if ever he encounter'd *Philander*; and tho good Nature was the leaſt Ingredient that form'd the Soul of this fair Gharmer,

mer, yet now she found she had a mixture of it, from her concern for *Octavio*; and that generous Lover made her so many soft Vows, and tender Protestations of the Respect and Awfulness of his Passion, that she was wholly convinc'd he was her Slave, nor could she see the constant Languisher pouring out his Soul and Fortune at her Feet, without suffering some warmth about her Heart, which she had never felt, but for *Philander*; and this Day she express'd her self more obligingly than ever she had done: and allows him little Freedoms of approaching her with more softness than hitherto she had; and absolutely charm'd, he promises lavishly and without reserve, all she would ask of him; and in requital she assured him all he could wish or hope, if he

would serve her in her Revenge against *Philander*: She recounts to him at large the Story of her undoing, her Quality, her Fortune, her nice Education, the care and tenderness of her Noble Parents, and charges all her Fate to the evil Conduct of her heedless youth: Sometimes the reflection on her Ruine, she looking back upon her former Innocence and Tranquility, forces the Tears to flow from her fair Eyes, and makes *Otthuio* sigh and weep by Sympathy: Sometimes (arriv'd at the Amorous part of her Relation, she would sigh and languish with the remembrance of past Joys, in their beginning Love;) and sometimes smile at the little unlucky Adventures they met with, and their Escapes; so that different Passions fill'd her Soul while she spoke, while that of all Love

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fill'd *Octavio's*: He doats, he burns, and every Word she utters inflames him still the more; he fixes his very Soul upon her Tongue, and darts his very Eyes into her Face; and every thing she says, raises his vast Esteem and Passion higher. In fine, having with the Eloquence of fired Wit, and all the Charms of every differing Passion finish'd her moving Tale, they both declin'd their Eyes, whose falling Showers kept equal time and pace, and for a little time were still as thought: When *Octavio*, oppress't with mighty Love! broke the soft silence, and burst into extravagance of passion, says all that men (grown mad with love and wishing) cou'd utter to the Idol of the Heart; and to oblige her more recounts his Life in short; wherein, in spight of all his Modesty,

ſhe found all that was Great and Brave; all that was Noble, Fortunate, and Honeſt: And having now confirm'd her, he deſerv'd her, kneeling implor'd ſhe would accept of him, not as a Lover for a Term of Paſſion, for dates of Months or Years, but for a long Eternity; not as a Rifler of her Sacred Honour, but to defend it from the cenſuring World; he vow'd he would forget that ever any part of it was loſt, nor by a Look or Action e'er upbraid her with a Misfortune paſt, but ſtill look forward on nobler Joys to come: And now implores that he may bring a Prieſt to tie the ſolemn Knot: in ſpight of all her Love for *Philander*, ſhe cou'd not chuſe but take this offer kindly; and indeed it made a very great impreſſion on her Heart, ſhe knew nothing but the height of Love could

could oblige a Man of his Quality and vaſt Fortune, with all the advantages of Youth and Beauty, to marry her in ſo ill Circumſtances; and paying him firſt thoſe Acknowledgments that were due on ſo great an Occaſion, with all the Tenderneſs in her Voice and Eyes that ſhe could put on; ſhe excus'd her ſelf from receiving the Favour, by telling him ſhe was ſo unfortunate as to be with Child by the ungrateful Man; and falling at that thought into new Tears, ſhe mov'd him to infinite Love; and infinite Compaſſion; in ſo much that wholly abandoning himſelf to Softneſs, he aſſur'd her, if ſhe would ſecure him all his Happineſs by marrying him now, that he would wait till ſhe were brought to Bed, before he would demand the glorious Recompence

he aſpir'd to; ſo that *Silvia* being oppreſs'd with Obligation, finding yet in her Soul a violent Paſſion for *Philander*, ſhe knew not how to take, or how to refuſe the Bleſſing offered, ſince *Octavio* was a Man, whom in her height of Innocence and Youth ſhe might have been vain and proud of engaging to this degree: He ſaw her pain and irreſolution, and being abſolutely undone with Love, delivers her *Philander's* laſt Letter to him, with what he had ſent her inclos'd; the ſight of the very out-ſide of it made her grow pale as Death; and a feebleneſs ſeiz'd her all over, that made her unable for a moment to open it; all which confuſion *Octavio* ſaw with pain; which ſhe perceiving recollected her thoughts as well as ſhe could, and opened it, and read it; that

to

to *Octavio* first, as being fondest of the continuation of the History of his Falshood, she read, and often paus'd to recover her Spirits that were fainting at every Period: and having finish'd it she fell down on the Bed, where they sate; *Octavio* caught her in her fall in his Arms, where she remain'd dead some Moments; whilst he just on the point of being so himself, ravingly call'd for help; and *Antonett* being in the dressing Room, ran to 'em, and by degrees *Silvia* recover'd, and ask'd *Octavio* a thousand Pardons for exposing a weakness to him, which was but the effects of the last blaze of Love: And taking a Cordial which *Antonett* brought her, she rous'd, resolv'd, and took *Octavio* by the Hand: *Now*, said she, *shew your self that generous Lover you have profess'd, and give me your Vows of re-*

revenge on Philander, *and after that, by all that's Holy,* kneeling as she spoke, and holding him fast, *by all my injured Innocence, by all my Noble Fathers wrong, and my dear Mothers Grief; by all my Sisters Sufferings; I swear! I'll marry you, love you, and give you all!* This she spoke without considering *Antonett* was by, and spoke it with all the Rage and Blushes in her Face, that injured Love and Revenge could inspire: And on the other side, the Sense of his Sisters Honour lost, and that of the tender Passion he had for *Silvia*, made him swear by all that was Sacred, and by all the Vows of eternal Love and Honour he had made to *Silvia*, to go and revenge himself and her on the false Friend and Lover, and confess'd the second motive; which was his Sisters Fame; *For*, cry'd he

he, *that foul Adultreſs, that falſe* Caliſta, *is ſo allied to me.* But ſtill he urg'd that would add to the juſtneſs of his Cauſe, if he might depart her Husband as well as Lover; and revenge an injured Wife as well as Siſter; and now he cou'd ask nothing ſhe did not eaſily grant; and becauſe 'twas late in the day, they conclude that the Morning ſhall conſummate all his deſires: And now ſhe gives him her Letter to read; *For,* ſaid ſhe, *I ſhall eſteem my ſelf henceforth ſo abſolutely* Octavio's, *that I will not ſo much as read a Line from that perjured Ruiner of my Honour,* he took the Letter with Smiles and bows of Gratitude, and read it.

Philander

Philander *to* Silvia.

THere are a thouſand Reaſons, deareſt *Silvia*, at this time that prevents my writing to you, Reaſons that will be convincing enough to oblige my Pardon; and plead my Cauſe with her, that loves me, all which I will lay before you, when I have the Happineſs to ſee you; I have met with ſome Affairs ſince my arrival to this place, that wholly takes up my time, Affairs of State, whoſe Fatigues have put my Heart extreamly out of Tune, and if not carefully managed may turn to my perpetual Ruin, ſo that I have not an hour in a day to ſpare for *Silvia*; which, believe me, is the greateſt Affliction of my Life; and I have no

proſpect

prospect of Ease in the endless Toyls of Life, but that of reposing in the Arms of *Silvia*: Some short Intervals: Pardon my haste, for you cannot guess the weighty Business that at present robs you of

Your Philander.

You lye, false Villain—— reply'd *Silvia*, in mighty Rage, *I can guess your Business, and can revenge it too; curse on thee Slave, to think me grown as poor in Sense as Honour: To be cajol'd with this—— Stuff that would never sham a Chamber-Maid: Death! am I so forlorn, so despicable, I am not worth the pains of being well dissembled with? Confusion overtake him, Misery seize him, may I become his Plague while Life remains,*

or

or publick tortures end him. This, with all the Madneſs that ever inſpir'd a Lunatick, ſhe utter'd with Tears and violent Actions: When *Octavio* beſought her not to afflict her ſelf, and almoſt wiſh'd he did not love a Temper ſo contrary to his own: He told her he was ſorry, extreamly ſorry, to find ſhe ſtill retain'd ſo violent a paſſion for a man unworthy of her leaſt concern, when ſhe reply'd——*Do not miſtake my Soul, by Heaven 'tis Pride, Diſdain, Deſpight, and Hate——to think he ſhould believe this dull excuſe could paſs upon my Judgment, had the falſe Traytor told me that he hated me, or that his faithleſs date of Love was out, I had been tame with all my Injuries, but poorly thus to impoſe upon my Wit—— By Heav'n he ſhall not bear the Affront to Hell in Triumph! no*

more—

more—I've vow'd he shall not—my Soul has fix'd, and now will be at ease.—Forgive me, oh *Octavio*, and letting her self fall into his Arms, she soon obtain'd what she ask'd for, one touch of the fair Charmer could calm him into Love, and softness.

Thus, after a thousand Transports of Passion on his side, and all the seeming Tenderness on hers, the Night being far advanc'd, and new Confirmations given and taken on either side of pursuing the Happy Agreement in the Morning, which they had again resolv'd, they appointed that *Silvia* and *Antonett* should go three Miles out of Town to a little Village, where there was a Church, and that *Octavio* should meet 'em there to be confirm'd and secured of all the Happiness

he

he propos'd to himself in this World —— *Silvia* being so wholly bent upon Revenge (for the Accomplishment of which alone, she accepted of *Octavio*,) that she had lost all remembrance of her former Marriage with *Brilljard*: Or if it ever entred into her Thought 'twas only consider'd as a Sham, nothing design'd but to secure her from being taken from *Philander* by her Parents; and, without any Respect to the Sacred Tie, to be regarded no more; nor did she design this with *Octavio* from any respect she had to the Holy State of Matrimony, but from a Lust of Vengeance which she would buy at any Price; and which she found no Man so well able to satisfie as *Octavio*.

But

But what wretched Changes of Fortune ſhe met with after this, and a miſerable Portion of Fate was deſtin'd to this unhappy Wanderer; the laſt Part of *Philander*'s Life, and the Third and Laſt Part of this Hiſtory, ſhall moſt faithfully relate.

The End of the Second Part.

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Sold

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THE AMOURS OF PHILANDER AND SILVIA:

Being the Third and Laſt Part OF THE

Love-Letters

Between a

NOBLE-MAN AND HIS SISTER.

LONDON,
Printed, and are to be Sold by moſt Book-Sellers, 1687.

LONDON:
Printed and sold by [illegible]
Book-Sellers. 1787.

TO THE
LORD *SPENCER.*

My Lord,

WHEN a New Book comes into the World, the first thing we consider, is the Dedication; *and according to the Quality and Humour of the Patron, we are apt to make a Judgment of the following Subject: If to a States-man we believe it Grave and Politick; if a Gown-man, Law or Divinity; if to the Young and Gay, Love and Gallantry. By this Rule, I believe the gentle*

Reader, who finds your Lordship's Name prefix'd before this, will make as many various Opinions of it, as they do Characters of your Lordship, whose youthful Sallies, have been the business of so much Discourse, and which according to the Relator's Sence or good Nature, is either aggravated or excused; though the Womans Quarrel to your Lordship has some more reasonable Foundation, than that of your own Sex; for your Lordship being Form'd with all the Beauties and Graces of Man-kind, all the Charms of Wit, Youth and Sweetness of Disposition (derived to you from an Illustrious Race of Hero's *) adapting you to noblest Love and Softness;*

they

they cannot but complain on that miſtaken Conduct of Yours, that ſo laviſhly deals out thoſe agreeable Attractions, Squandering away that Youth and Time on many, which might be more advantageouſly dedicated to ſome one of the Fair; and by a Liberty (which they call) not being Diſcreet *enough, robb 'em of all the Hopes of Conqueſt over that Heart which they believe can fix no where; they cannot carreſs you into Tameneſs, or if you ſometimes appear ſo, they are ſtill upon their Guard with you; for like a Young Lyon, you are ever apt to leap into your Natural Wildneſs; the Great-*

neſs of your Soul diſdaining to be confined to lazy Repoſe; tho the Delicacy of your Perſon and Conſtitution ſo abſolutely require it; your Lordſhip not being made for Diverſions ſo rough and fatigueing, as thoſe your active Mind would impoſe upon it. Your Lordſhip is placed in ſo Glorious a Station (the Son of ſo Great a Father) as renders all you do more perſpicuous to the World, than the Actions of common Men already; the advantages of your Birth have drawn all Eyes upon you, and yet more on thoſe coming Greatneſſes, to which you were born; if Heaven preſerves your Lordſhip amidſt the

too vigorous Efforts, and too dangerous Adventures, which a too brisk Fire in your Noble Blood, a too forward desire of gaining Fame daily exposes you to; and will, unless some force confine your too impatient Bravery, shorten those Days which Heaven has surely designed for more Glorious Actions; for according to all the Maxims of the Judging Wise, the little Extravagancies of Youth accomplish, and perfect the Riper Years. 'Tis this that makes indulgent Parents permit those Sparks of Fire, that are Gleaming in Young Hearts, to kindle into a Flame, knowing well that the Consideration and Temperament of a few more Years will regulate

regulate it to that just degree, where the noble and generous Spirit should fix it self: And for this we have had the Examples of some of the greatest Men that ever adorned History.

My Lord, I presume to lay at your Lordship's Feet, an Illustrious Youth; the unhappy Circumstances of whose Life ought to be Written in lasting Characters of all Languages, for a President to succeeding Ages, of the Misfortune of heedless Love, and a too Early Thirst of Glory; for in him, your Lordship will find the fatal Effects of great Courage without Conduct, Wit without Dis-

Diſcretion, and a Greatneſs of Mind without the ſteady Vertues of it; ſo that from a Prince even ador'd by all, by an imprudence, that too often attendss the Great and Young, and from the moſt exhalted Height of Glory, mis-led by falſe notions of Honour, and falſer Friends, fell the moſt pityed Object, that ever was abandoned by Fortune. I hope no One will imagine I intend this as a Parallel between your Lordſhip and our miſtaken brave Unfortunate, ſince your Lordſhip hath an unqueſtioned and hereditary Loyalty, which nothing can deface, born from a Father, who has given the World ſo evident Proofs, that

no

no fear of threatned danger can ſeparate his uſeful Service, and Duties from the Intereſt of his Royal and God-like Maſter, which he purſues with an undaunted Fortitude, in diſdain of Phanatical Cenſures, and thoſe that want the Bravery to do a juſt Action, for fear of future Turns of State. And ſuch indeed is your true Man of Honour; *and as ſuch I doubt not but your Lordſhip will acquit your ſelf in all times, and on all occaſions.*

Pardon the Liberty, my Zeal for your Lordſhip has here preſumed to take, ſince among all thoſe that make Vows and Prayers for your Lordſhip's

Health

Health and Preservation, none offers them more devoutly, than,

My Lord,

Your Lordships,

Most Humble and

Obedient Servant,

A. B.

THE AMOURS OF *PHILANDER* and *SILVIA*.

OCTAVIO the Brave, the Generous, and the Amorous, having left *Silvia* abſolutely reſolv'd to give her ſelf to that doting fond Lover, or rather to ſacrifice her ſelf to her Revenge, that unconſidering Unfortunate, whoſe Paſſion had expos'd him to all the unreaſonable Effects of it, return'd to his own Houſe, wholly tranſported with his happy Succeſs. He thinks on nothing but vaſt coming Joys: Nor did one kind Thought direct him back to the evil Conſequences of

what he ſo haſtily purſu'd; he reflects not on her Circumſtances, but her Charms; not on the Infamy he ſhould eſpouſe with *Silvia*, but of thoſe raviſhing Pleaſures ſhe was capable of giving him: he regards not the Reproaches of his Friends; but wholly abandon'd to Love and youthful Imaginations, gives a Looſe to young Deſire and Fancy, that deludes him with a thouſand ſoft Ideas: He reflects not that his gentle and eaſy Temper, was moſt unfit to joyn with that of *Silvia*, which was the moſt haughty and humorous in Nature; for tho' ſhe had all the Charms of Youth and Beauty, that are conquering in her Sex, all the Wit and Inſinuation that even ſurpaſſes Youth and Beauty, yet to render her Character impartially, ſhe had alſo abundance of diſagreeing Qualities mixt with her Perfections. She was Imperious and Proud, even to Inſolence; Vain and Conceited even to Folly; ſhe knew her Ver-

Vertues and her Graces too well, and her Vices too little; ſhe was very Opinionated and Obſtinate, hard to be convinced of the falſeſt Argument, but very poſitive in her fancied Judgment: Abounding in her own Senſe, and very critical on that of others: Cenſorious, and too apt to charge others with thoſe Crimes to which ſhe was her ſelf addicted, or had been guilty of: Amorouſly inclin'd, and indiſcreet in the Management of her Amours, and conſtant rather from Pride and Shame than Inclination; fond of catching at every trifling Conqueſt, and lov'd the Triumph tho' ſhe hated the Slave. Yet ſhe had Vertues too, that balanc'd her Vices, among which we muſt allow her to have lov'd *Philander* with a Paſſion, that nothing but his Ingratitude could have decay'd in her Heart, nor was it leſſen'd but by a Force that gave her a thouſand Tortures, Racks, and Pangs, which had al-

moſt coſt her her leſs valu'd Life; for being of a Temper nice in Love, and very fiery, apt to fly into Rages at every Accident that did but touch that tendereſt Part, her Heart; ſhe ſuffered a world of Violence and Extremity of Rage and Grief by turns: at this Affront and Inconſtancy of *Philander*. Nevertheleſs ſhe was now ſo diſcreet, or rather Cunning, to diſſemble her Reſentment the beſt ſhe could to her generous Lover, for whom ſhe had more Inclination than ſhe yet had leiſure to perceive, and which ſhe now attributes wholly to her Revenge; and conſidering *Octavio* as the moſt proper Inſtrument for that, ſhe fancies, what was indeed a growing Tenderneſs from the ſenſe of his Merit, to be the Effects of that Revenge ſhe ſo much deſired and thirſted after; and tho' without ſhe diſſembled a Calm; within ſhe was all Fury and Diſorder, all Storm and Diſtraction: She went to Bed rack'd with a thouſand

thoughts

thoughts of diſpairing Love; ſometimes all the Softneſs of *Philander* in their happy Enjoyments came in view, and made her ſometimes weep, and ſometimes faint with the dear lov'd Remembrance; ſometimes his late Enjoyments with *Caliſta*, and then ſhe rav'd and burnt with frantick Rage: But oh! at laſt ſhe found her Hope was gon, and wiſely fell to argue with her Soul. She knew Love would not long ſubſiſt on the thin Diet of Diſpair, and reſolving he was never to be retriev'd who once had ceas'd to Love, ſhe ſtrove to bend her Soul to uſeful Reaſon, and thinks on all *Octavio*'s Obligations, his Vows, his Aſſiduity, his Beauty, his Youth, his Fortune, and his generous Offer, and with the Aid of Pride reſolves to unfix her Heart, and give it better Treatment in his Boſom: To ceaſe at leaſt to love the falſe *Philander*, if ſhe could never force her Soul to hate him: And tho' this was not ſo ſoon done

as thought on, in a Heart ſo prepoſſeſt as that of *Silvia*'s, yet there is ſome Hope of a Recovery, when a Woman in that Extremity will but think of liſtening to Love from any new Adorer; and having once reſolv'd to purſue the Fugitive no more with the natural Artillery of their Sighs and Tears, Reproaches and Complaints, they have Recourſe to every thing that may ſooneſt chaſe from the Heart thoſe Thoughts that oppreſs it: For Nature is not inclin'd to hurt it ſelf, and there are but very few who find it neceſſary to die of the Diſeaſe of Love. Of this ſort was our *Silvia*, tho' to give her her due, never any Perſon who did not indeed die, ever languiſhed under the Torments of Love, as did that charming and afflicted Maid.

While *Silvia* remain'd in theſe eternal Inquietudes, *Antonett* having quitted her Chamber, takes this Opportunity to go to that of *Brilljard*, whom

whom ſhe had not viſited in two days before, being extreamly troubled at his Deſign which ſhe now found he had on her Lady; ſhe had a mind to vent her Spleen, and as the Proverb ſays, *call W——re firſt. Brilljard* long'd as much to ſee her, to rail at her for being privy to *Octavio*'s Approach to *Silvia*'s Bed, as he thought (ſhe imagin'd) and not giving him an account of it, as ſhe us'd to do, of all the Secrets of her Lady. She finds him alone in his Chamber, recover'd from all but the Torments of his unhappy Diſappointment. She approach'd him with all the Anger her ſort of Paſſion could inſpire (for Love in a mean unthinking Soul, is not that glorious thing it is in the Brave) however ſhe had enough to ſerve her Pleaſure, for *Brilljard* was young and handſome, and both being bent on Railing, without knowing each others Intentions, they both equally flew into high Words; he up-

braiding her with her Infidelity, and she him with his. *Are not you,* said he (growing more calm) *the falsest of your Tribe, to keep a Secret from me that so much concern'd me? is it for this I have refus'd the Addresses of Burgomasters Wives and Daughters, where I could have made my Fortune and my Satisfaction, to keep myself intirely for a thing that betrays me, and keeps every Secret of her Heart from me? false and forsworn, I will be Fool no more. 'Tis well Sir* (reply'd *Antonett*) *that you having been the most perfidious Man alive, should accuse me who am Innocent*; Come, come Sir, *you have not carried Matters so swimingly but I could easily dive into the other Nights Intrigue and Secret. What Secret, thou false one? Thou art all over secret; a very hopeful Bawd at eighteen——go I hate ye*——At this she wept, and he pursu'd his Railing to out-noyse her, *You thought because your Deeds were done in Darkness,*

they

they were conceal'd from a Lovers Eyes; no thou young Viper, I ſaw, I heard, and felt, and ſatisfi'd every Senſe of this thy Falſhood, when Octavio *was conducted to* Silvia's *Bed by thee. But what,* ſaid ſhe, *if inſtead of* Octavio *I conducted the perfidious Traytor to love* Brilljard *? Who then was falſe and perjur'd?* At this he bluſh'd extreamly, which was too viſible on his fair Face. She being now confirm'd ſhe had the better of him, continued——*Let thy Confuſion,* ſaid ſhe with Scorn, *witneſs the Truth of what I ſay, and I have been but too well acquainted with that Body of yours,* weeping as ſhe ſpoke, *to miſtake it for that of* Octavio. *Softly dear* Antonett, reply'd he, ——*nay now your Tears have calm'd me*; and taking her in his Arms, ſought to appeaſe her by all the Arguments of ſeeming Love and Tenderneſs; while ſhe yet wholly unſatisfied in that Cheat of his of going to *Silvia*'s Bed, remain'd ſtill

pouting and very frumpiſh. But he that had but one Argument left, that on all Occaſions ſerv'd to convince her, had at laſt Recourſe to that, which put her in good Humour, and hanging on his Neck ſhe kindly chid him for puting ſuch a Trick upon her Lady. He told her, and confirm'd it with an Oath, That he did it but to try how far ſhe was Juſt to his Friend and Lord, and not any Deſire he had for a Beauty that was too much of his own Complexion to charm him, 'twas only the Brunet and the Black, ſuch as her ſelf, that could move him to Deſire; thus he ſhams her into perfect Peace. *And why*, ſaid ſhe, *were you not ſatisfied that ſhe was Falſe, as well from the Aſſignation as the Tryal. Oh no*, ſaid he, *you Women have a thouſand Arts of Gibing, and no Man ought to believe you, but put you to the Tryal. Well*, ſaid ſhe, *when I had brought you to the Bed, when you found her Arms ſtretch'd out*

to

to receive you, why did you not retire like an honeſt Man, and leave her to her ſelf? Oh fy, ſaid he, *that had not been to have acted* Octavio *to the Life, but would have made a Diſcovery. Ay*, ſaid ſhe, *that was your Aim to have acted* Octavio *to the Life, I believe, and not to diſcover my Lady's Conſtancy to your Lord, but I ſuppoſe you have been ſworn at the But of* Hedleburgh, *never to kiſs the Maid when you can kiſs the Miſtreſs:* But he renewing his Careſſes and Aſſeverations of Love to her, ſhe ſuffered herſelf to be convinc'd of all he had a mind to have her believe. After this ſhe could not contain any Secret from him, but told him ſhe had ſomething to ſay to him, which if he knew, would convince him ſhe had all the Paſſion in the World for him. He preſſes eagerly to know, and ſhe purſues to tell him, 'tis as much as her Life is worth to diſcover it, and that ſhe lies under the Obligation of an Oath

not to tell it; but Kiſſes and Rhetorick prevails, and ſhe crys——*What will you ſay now if my Lady may Marry one of the greateſt and moſt conſiderable Perſons in all this Country? I ſhould not wonder at her Conqueſts* (reply'd *Brilljard*) *but I ſhould wonder if ſhe ſhould Marry. Then ceaſe your Wonder*, reply'd ſhe, *for ſhe is to morrow to be married to Count* Octavio, *whom ſhe is to meet at nine in the Morning to that end, at a little Village a League from this place.* She ſpoke, and he believes; and finds it true by the raging of his Blood, which he could not conceal from *Antonett*, and for which he feigns a thouſand Excuſes to the Amorous Maid, and charges his Concern on that for his Lord: At laſt (after ſome more Diſcourſe on that Subject) he pretends to grow ſleepy, and haſtens her to her Chamber, and locking the Door after her, he began to reflect on what ſhe had ſaid, and grew to all the Torment of

of Rage, Jealouſie, and all the Diſpairs of a paſſionate Lover: And tho' his Hope was not Exſtreme before, yet as Lovers do, he found, or fancy'd a Probability (from his Lords Inconſtancy, and his own right of Marriage) that the Neceſſity ſhe might chance to be in of his Friendſhip and Aſſiſtance in a ſtrange Country, might ſome happy Moment or other render him the Bleſſing he ſo long had waited for from *Silvia*; for he ever deſign'd, when either his Lord left her, grew cold, or ſhould happen to die, to put in his Claim of Husband. And the ſoft familiar way, with which ſhe eternally liv'd with him, incourag'd this Hope and Deſign; nay ſhe had often made him Advances to that happy Expectation. But this fatal Blow had driven him from all his fancy'd Joys, to the moſt wretched Eſtate of a deſperate Lover. He traverſes his Chamber wounded with a thouſand different Thoughts, mixt

with

with thoſe of preventing this Union the next Morning. Sometimes he reſolves to fight *Octavio*, for his Birth might pretend to it, and he wanted no Courage; but he is afraid of being overcome by that gallant Man, and either looſing his Hopes with his Life, or if he kill *Octavio*, to be forc'd to fly from his Happineſs, or die an ignominious Death. Sometimes he reſolves to own *Silvia* for his Wife, but then he fears the Rage of that dear Object of his Soul, which he dreads more than Death it ſelf: So that toſt from one Extream to another, from one Reſolution to a hundred, he was not able to fix upon any thing. In this Perplexity he remain'd till Day appear'd; that Day that muſt advance with his undoing, while *Silvia* and *Antonett* were preparing for the Deſign concluded on the laſt Night. This he heard, and every Minute that approach'd gave him new Torments, ſo that now he would have given

given himſelf to the Prince of Darkneſs for a kind Diſappointment: He was often ready to go and throw himſelf at her Feet, and plead againſt her Enterprize in hand, and to urge the unlawfulneſs of a double Marriage, ready to make Vows for the Fidelity of *Philander*, tho' before ſo much againſt his own Intereſt, and to tell her all thoſe Letters from him were forg'd: He thought on all things, but nothing remain'd with him, but Diſpair of every thing. At laſt the Devil and his own Subtilty, put him upon a Prevention, tho' baſe, yet the moſt likely to ſucceed in his Opinion.

He knew there were many Factions in *Holland*, and that the States themſelves were divided in their Intereſts, and a thouſand Jealouſies and Fears were eternally ſpread amongſt the Rable; there were Cabals for every Intereſt, that of the *French* ſo prevailing, that of the *Engliſh*, and that of the Illuſtrious *Orange*, and others

others for the States; ſo that it was not a Difficulty to move any Miſchief, and paſs it off among the Crowd for dangerous Conſequences. *Brilljard* knew each Diviſion, and which way they were inclin'd, he knew *Octavio* was not ſo well with the States as not to be eaſily rendred worſe; for he was ſo intirely a Creature and Favourite of the Prince that they conceiv'd abundance of Jealouſies of him which they durſt not own. *Brilljard* beſides knew a great Man, who having a Pique to *Octavio*, might the ſooner be brought to receive any ill Character of him: To this ſullen Magiſtrate he applies himſelf, and deluding the Credulous buſie old Man with a thouſand circumſtantial Lies, he diſcovers to him that *Octavio* held a Correſpondence with the *French* King to betray the State; and that he Caball'd to that end with ſome who were look'd upon as *French* Rebels, but indeed were no other than Spies

to

to *France*. This coming from a Man of that Party, and whoſe Lord was a *French* Rebel, gain'd a perfect Credit with the old Sr. *Politic*; ſo that immediately haſting to the State-Houſe he lays this weighty Affair before them, who ſoon found it reaſonable, and if not true, at leaſt they fear'd, and ſent out a Warrant for the ſpeedy apprehending him; but coming to his Houſe, tho' early, they found him gone, and being inform'd which way he took, the Meſſenger purſu'd him, and found his Coach at the Door of a *Caberett*, too Obſcure for his Quality; which made them apprehend this was ſome place of Rendezvouz, where he poſſibly met with his Trayterous Aſſociators: They ſend in, and cunningly inquire who he waited for, or who was with him, and they underſtood he ſtay'd for ſome Gentlemen of the *French* Nation, for he had ordered *Silvia* to come in mans Cloaths, that ſhe might not be known;

known; and had given Order below, that if two *French* Gentlemen came they ſhould be brought to him. This Information made the Scandal as clear as Day, and the Meſſenger no longer doubted of the Reaſonableneſs of his Warrant, tho' he was loath to ſerve it on a Perſon whoſe Father he had ſerv'd many Years. He waits at ſome diſtance from the Houſe unſeen, tho' he could take a View of all; he ſaw *Octavio* come often out into the Balcony and look with longing Eyes towards the Road that leads to the Town; he ſaw him all rich and gay as a young Bridegroom, lovely and young as the Morning that flattered him with ſo fair and happy a Day; at laſt he ſaw two Gentlemen alight at the Door, and giving their Horſes to a Page to walk a while, they ran up into the Chamber where *Octavio* was waiting, who had already ſent his Page to prepare the Prieſt in the Village Church to marry them. You may

may imagine with what Love and Joy the raviſhed Youth approach'd the Idol of his Soul, and ſhe who beholds him in more Beauty than ever yet ſhe thought he had appear'd, pleas'd with all things he had on, with the gay Morning, the flowry Field, the Air, the little Journey, and a thouſand diverting things, made no Reſiſtance to thoſe fond Imbraces that preſt her a thouſand times with ſilent Tranſport, and falling Tears of eager Love and Pleaſure, but even in that moment of Content ſhe forgot *Philander*, and receiv'd all the Satisfaction ſo ſoft a Lover could diſpence: While they were mutually thus exchanging Looks, and almoſt Hearts, the Meſſenger came into the Room, and as civilly as poſſible told *Octavio* he had a Warrant for him to ſecure him as a Traytor to the State, and a Spy for *France*. You need not be told the Surprize and Aſtoniſhment he was in; however he obey'd:

The

The Meſſenger turning to *Silvia*, cry'd Sr. Tho' I can hardly credit this Crime that is charged to my Lord, yet the finding him here with two *French* Gentlemen gives me ſome more Fears that there may be ſomething in it; and it would do well if you would deliver your ſelves into my Hands for the farther clearing this Gentleman. The fooliſh grave Speech of the Meſſenger had like to have put *Octavio* into a loud Laughter, he addreſſing himſelf to two Women, for two Men: But *Silvia* reply'd, Sir, I hope you do not take us for ſo little Friends to the gallant *Octavio*, to abandon him in his Misfortune; no, we will ſhare it with him, be it what it will. To this the generous Lover, bluſhing with kind Surprize, bow'd, and kiſſing her Hand with Tranſport, calling her his charming Friend; and ſo all three being guarded back in *Octavio*'s Coach, they return to the Town, and to the Houſe of the Meſſenger, which made

made a great Noiſe all over, that *Octavio* was taken with two *French* Jeſuits plotting to fire *Amſterdam*, and a thouſand things equally Ridiculous. They were all three lodg'd together in one Houſe, that of the Meſſenger, which was very fine, and fit to entertain any Perſons of Quality; while *Brilljard*, who did not like that part of the Project, bethought him of a thouſand ways how to free her from thence; for he deſign'd as ſoon as *Octavio* ſhould be taken to have got her to have quitted the Town under pretence of being taken upon Suſpicion of holding Correſpondence with him, becauſe they were *French*; but her delivering herſelf up, had not only undone all his Deſign, but had made it unſafe for him to ſtay. While he was thus bethinking himſelf what he ſhould do, *Octavio's* Uncle, who was one of the States, extreamly affronted at the Indignity put upon his Nephew and his ſole Heir, the Darling

ling of his Heart and Eyes, commands that this Informer may be ſecur'd; and accordingly *Brilljard* was taken into Cuſtody, who giving himſelf over for a loſt Man, reſolves to put himſelf upon *Octavio*'s Mercy, by telling him the Motives that induc'd him to this violent and ungenerous Courſe. It was ſome days before the Council thought fit to call for *Octavio*, to hear what he had to ſay for himſelf in the mean time, he having not had Permiſſion yet to ſee *Silvia*; and being extreamly deſirous of that Happineſs, he bethought himſelf that the Meſſenger having been in his Fathers Service, might have ſo much Reſpect for the Son as to allow him to ſpeak to that fair Charmer, provided he might be a Witneſs to what he ſhould ſay: He ſends for him, and demanded of him where thoſe two fair Priſoners were lodg'd who came with him in the Morning; he told him, in a very good Apartment on the ſame Floor,

and

and that they were very well Accommodated, and ſeem'd to have no other Trouble but what they ſuffered for him. I hope my Lord, added he ——your Confinement will not be long, for I hear there is a Perſon taken up, who has confeſt he did it for a Revenge on you. At this *Octavio* was very well pleaſed, and asked him who it was; and he told him a *French* Gentleman belonging to the Count *Philander*, who about ſix Months ago was obliged to quit the Town as an Enemy to *France*. He ſoon knew it to be *Brilljard*, and comparing this Action with ſome others of his lately Committed, he no longer doubts it the Effects of his Jealouſie. He ask'd the Meſſenger if it were impoſſible to gain ſo much Favour of him, as to let him viſit thoſe two *French* Gentlemen, he being by while he was with them: The Keeper ſoon granted his Requeſt, and reply'd——There was no Hazzard, he would not run to ſerve him;

him; and immediately, putting back the Hangings, with one of those Keys he had in his Hand, he opened a Door in his Chamber that led into a Gallery of fine Pictures, and from thence they past into the Apartment of *Silvia*: As soon as he came in he threw himself at her Feet, and she received him, and took him up into her Arms with all the Transports of Joy a Soul (more than ever possest with Love for him) could conceive; and tho' they all appear'd of the Masculine Sex, the Messenger soon perceiv'd his Error, and beg'd a thousand Pardons. *Octavio* makes haste to tell her his Opinion of the cause of all this Trouble to both; and she easily believ'd, when she heard *Brilljard* was taken, that it was as he imagin'd, for he had been found too often faulty not to be suspected now: This Thought brought a great Calm to both their Spirits, and almost reduc'd them to their first soft Tranquillity, with which

which they began the day: For he proteſted his Innocence a thouſand times, which was wholly needleſs, for the generous Maid believed before he ſpoke, he could not be guilty of the Sin of Treachery. He renews his Vows to her of eternal Love, and that he would perform what they were ſo unluckily prevented of doing this Morning, and that tho' poſſibly by this unhappy Adventure his Deſign might have taken Air, and have arrived to the Knowledge of his Uncle, yet in ſpite of all Oppoſition of Friends, or the Malice of *Brilljard*, he would purſue his Glorious Deſign of marrying her, tho' he were forc'd for it to wander to the fartheſt parts of the Earth with his lovely Prize. He begs ſhe will not diſeſteem him for this Scandal on his Fame, for he was all Love, all ſoft Deſire, and had no other Deſign than that of making himſelf Maſter of that greateſt Treaſure in the World; that of

the poſſeſſing the moſt charming, the all raviſhing *Silvia*: In return, ſhe paid him all the Vows that could ſecure an Infidel in Love, ſhe made him all the indearing Advances a Heart could wiſh, wholly given up to tender Paſſion, inſomuch that he believes, and is the gayeſt Man that ever was bleſt by Love. And the Meſſenger who was preſent all this while, found that this Caballing with the *French* Spies, was only an innocent Deſign to give himſelf away to a fine young Lady: And therefore fully convinc'd he was guilty of no other Crime, he gave them all the Freedom they deſired; and which they made uſe of to the moſt Advantage Love could direct or Youth inſpire. This Suffering with *Octavio* begot a Pity and Compaſſion in the Heart of *Silvia*, and that grew up to Love, for he had all the Charms that could inſpire it; and every Hour was adding new Fire to her Heart, which

at

at laſt burnt into a Flame, ſuch Power has mighty Obligation on a Heart that has any grateful Sentiments: And yet when ſhe was abſent anights from *Octavio*, and thought on *Philander*'s Paſſion for *Caliſta*, ſhe would Rage and Rave, and find the Effects of wondrous Love, and wondrous Pride, and be even ready to make Vows againſt *Octavio*: But thoſe were Fits that ſeldomer ſeiz'd her now, and every Fit was like a departing Ague, ſtill weaker than the former, and at the ſight of *Octavio* all would vaniſh, her Bluſhes would riſe and diſcover the ſoft Thoughts her Heart conceived for the approaching Lover; and ſhe ſoon found that vulgar Error of the Impoſſibility of Loving more than once. It was four days they thus remained without being call'd to the Councel, and every day brought its new Joys along with it: They were never aſunder, never interrupted with any

Viſit, but once for a few Moments in a day by *Octavio*'s Uncle, and then he would go into his own Apartment to receive him: He offered to baile him out; but *Octavio*, who had found more real Joy there than in any part of the Earth beſides, evaded the Obligation, by telling his Uncle he would be oblig'd to nothing but his Innocence for his Liberty: So would get rid of the fond old Gentleman, who never knew a Paſſion but for his darling Nephew, and return with as much Joy to the Lodgings of *Silvia* as if he had been abſent a Week, which is an Age to a Lover; there they ſometimes would play at Cards, where he would loſe conſiderable Summs to her, or at Hazard, or be ſtudying what they ſhould do next to paſs the Hours moſt to her Content; not but he had rather have lain eternally at her Feet, gazing, doating, and ſaying a thouſand fond things, which at every View he

took were conceived in his Soul: And tho' but this laſt Minute he had finiſh'd ſaying all that Love could Dictate, he found his Heart oppreſs'd with a vaſt ſtore of new Softneſs, which he languiſh'd to unload in her raviſhing Boſom: But ſhe, who was not arrived to his pitch of Loving, diverts his ſofter Hours with Play ſometimes, and otherwhile with making him follow her into the Gallery, which was adorn'd with pleaſant Pictures, all of *Hempskerk*'s hand, which afforded great Variety of Objects very Drole and Antique, *Octavio* finding ſomething to ſay of every one that might be of Advantage to his own Heart; for whatever Argument was in diſpute, he would be ſure to bring it home to the Paſſion he had for *Silvia*; it ſhould end in Love however remotely begun: So ſtrange an Art has Love to turn all things to the Advantage of a Lover.

'Twas thus they paſs'd their time, and nothing was wanting that laviſh Expence could procure, and every Minute he advances to new Freedoms, and unſpeakable Delights, but ſtill ſuch as might hitherto be allow'd with Honour; he ſighs, and wiſhes, he languiſhes and dies for more, but dares not utter the Meaning of one Motion of Breath, for he lov'd ſo very much that every Look from thoſe fair Eyes that charm'd him, aw'd him to a Reſpect that rob'd him of many happy Moments a bolder Lover would have turn'd to his Advantage, and he treated her as if ſhe had been an unſpotted Maid; with Caution of Offending, he had forgot that general Rule, That where the ſacred Laws of Honour are once invaded, Love makes the eaſier Conqueſt.

All this while you may imagine *Brilljard* indured no little Torment, he could not on the one ſide determine what the *States* would do with

with him, when once they ſhould find him a falſe Accuſer of ſo great a Man, and on the other ſide he ſuffered a thouſand Pains and Jealouſies from Love; he knew too well the Charms and Power of *Octavio*, and what Effects Importunity and Opportunity have on the Temper of feeble Woman: He found the *States* did not make ſo conſiderable a matter of his being Impeach'd as to confine him ſtrictly, and he dies with the Fears of thoſe happy Moments he might poſſibly enjoy with *Silvia*, where there might be no Spies about her to give him any kind Intelligence; and all that could afford him any glimps of Conſolation, was, That while they were thus confin'd he was out of Fear of their being married. *Octavio*'s Uncle this while was not Idle, but taking it for a high Indignity his Nephew ſhould remain ſo long without being heard, he mov'd it to the Councel, and accordingly they ſent for him to the

State-Houſe the next Morning, where *Brilljard* was brought to confront him; whom, as ſoon as *Octavio* ſaw, with a ſcornful Smile, he cry'd—— *'Tis well*, Brilljard, *that you who durſt not fight me fairly, ſhould find out this nobler way of ridding your ſelf of a Rival; I am glad at leaſt, that I have no more honourable a Witneſs againſt me.* *Brilljard*, who never before wanted Aſſurance, at this Reproach was wholly Confounded; for it was not from any Villainy in his Nature, but the abſolute Effects of mad and deſperate Paſſion, which put him on the only Remedy that could relieve him; and looking on *Octavio* with modeſt Bluſhes, that half pleaded for him, he cry'd—— *Yes my Lord, I am your Accuſer, and come to charge your Innocence with the greateſt of Crimes, and you ought to thank me for my Accuſation; when you ſhall know 'tis regard to my own Honour, violent Love for* Silvia, *and extream Reſpect to your Lordſhip,*

has

has made me thus ſawcy with your unſpotted Fame. How, reply'd *Octavio*, *ſhall I thank you for accuſing me with a Plot upon the State? Yes my Lord*, reply'd *Brilljard*; *and yet you had a Plot to betray the State, and by ſo new a way, as could be found out by none but ſo great and brave a Man.*——*Heavens*, reply'd *Octavio* inrag'd, *this is an Impudence, that nothing but a Traytor to his own King, and one bred up in Plots and Miſchiefs, could have invented; I betray my own Country?* ——*Yes my Lord*, cry'd he (more briskly than before, ſeeing *Octavio* colour ſo at him) *to all the Looſneſs of unthinking Youth, to all the Breach of Laws both Human and Divine, if all the Youth ſhould follow your Example, you would betray Poſterity it ſelf; and only mad Confuſion would abound: In ſhort, my Lord, that Lady who was taken with you by the Meſſenger, was my Wife:* And going towards *Silvia*, who was ſtruck as with a Thunderbolt, he

ſeiz'd her Hand, and Cry'd, —— while all ſtood gazing on—— *This Lady Sir I mean——ſhe is my Wife, my lawful married Wife.* At this *Silvia* could no longer hold her Patience within its Bounds, but with that other Hand he had left her, ſhe ſtruck him a Box on the Ear, that almoſt ſtagger'd him, coming unawares, and as ſhe ſtruck ſhe cry'd aloud, *Thou lieſt baſe Villain—— and I'll be reveng'd*; and flinging herſelf out of his Hand, ſhe got on the other ſide of *Octavio*, while the whole Company remained confounded at what they ſaw and heard. *How*, cry'd out old *Sebaſtian*, Uncle to *Octavio*, *a Woman, this? By my Troth, ſweet Lady, if you be one, methought you were a very pretty Fellow*: And turning to *Brilljard*, he cry'd—— *Why, what Sir, then it ſeems all this Noiſe of betraying the State was but a Cuckold's Dream. Hah! and this wonderful and dangerous Plot, was but one upon your Wife Sir; hah*

——*was*

——*was it ſo? Marry Sir, at this rate, I rather think 'tis you have a Deſign of betraying the State—— you cuckoldly Knaves that bring your handſome Wives to ſeduce our young Senators from their Sobriety and Wits. Are theſe the Recompences,* reply'd *Brilljard, you give the Injured, and in lieu of reſtoring me my Right, am I reproach'd with the moſt ſcandalous Infamy that can befal a Man. Well Sir,* reply'd *Sebaſtian, this is all you have to charge this Gentleman with?* At which he bow'd and was ſilent——and *Sebaſtian* continu'd——*If your Wife, Sir, have a mind to my Nephew, or he to her, it ſhould have been your Care to have forbid it, or prevented it, by keeping her under Lock and Key, if no other way to be ſecured; and Sir, we do not ſit here to relieve Fools and Cuckolds; if your Lady will be Civil to my Nephew, what's that to us: Let her ſpeak for herſelf; What ſay you Madam?——I ſay,* reply'd *Silvia, that this*

this Fellow is mad and raves; that he is my Vaſſal, my Servant, my Slave; but, after this, unworthy of the meaneſt of theſe Titles. This ſhe ſpoke with a Diſdain that ſufficiently ſhow'd the Pride and Anger of her Soul——*La you Sir*, reply'd *Sebaſtian, you are diſcharg'd your Ladys Service, 'tis a plain caſe ſhe has more mind to the young Count than the Husband, and we cannot compel People to be honeſt againſt their Inclinations.* And coming down from the Seat where he ſate, he imbraced *Octavio* a hundred times, and told the Board, he was extreamly glad they found the mighty Plot but a Vagary of Youth, and the Spleen of a Jealous Husband or Lover, or whatſoever other malicious thing; and deſired the angry Man might be diſcharged ſince he had ſo juſt a Provocation as the loſs of a Miſtriſs. So all laughing at the Jeſt, that had made ſo great a Noiſe among the Grave and Wiſe, they freed

freed 'em all: And *Sebaſtian* adviſed his Nephew, that the next Cuckold he made, he would make a Friend of him firſt, that he might hear of no more Complaints againſt him. But *Octavio* very gravely reply'd: *Sir, you have infinitely miſtaken the Character of this Lady, ſhe is a Perſon of too great Quality for this Raillery; at more Leiſure you ſhall have her Story.* While he was ſpeaking this, and their Diſcharges were making, *Silvia* confounded with Shame, Indignation, and Anger, goes out, and taking *Octavio*'s Coach that ſtood at the Gate, went directly to his Houſe, for ſhe reſolved to go no more where *Brilljard* was. After this *Sebaſtian* fell ſeriouſly to good Advice, and earneſtly beſought his Darling to leave off thoſe wild Extravagancies that had ſo long made ſo great a Diſcourſe all the Province over, where nothing but his ſplendid Amours, Treats, Balls, and Magnificences

ficences of Love, was the Buſineſs of the Town, and that he had forborn to tell him of it, and had hitherto juſtified his Actions, tho they had not deſerved it; and he doubted this was the Lady to whom for this ſix or eight Months he heard he had ſo intirely dedicated himſelf: He deſires him to quit this Lady, or if he will purſue his Love, to do it diſcreetly, to love ſome unmarried Woman, and not injure his Neighbours; to all which he bluſhed and bowed, and ſilently ſeem'd to thank him for his grave Councel. And *Brilljard* having received his Diſcharge, and Advice how he provoked the Diſpleaſure of the *States* any more, by accuſing of great Perſons, he was ordered to ask *Octavio*'s Pardon, but in lieu of that, he came up to him and challenged him to fight him for the Injuſtice he had done him, in taking from him his Wife; for he was ſure he was undone in her Favour, and

that

that Thought made him mad enough to put himſelf on this ſecond Extravagancy: However this was not ſo ſilently managed but *Sebaſtian* perceived it, and was ſo inraged at the young Fellow for this ſecond Inſolence, that he was again confined, and ſent back to Priſon, where he ſwore he ſhould ſuffer the utmoſt of the Law: And the Council breaking up, every one departed to his own Home. But never was Man Raviſhed with exceſs of Joy as *Octavio* was, to find *Silvia* meet him with extended Arms on the Stare-Caſe, whom he did not imagine to have found there, nor knew he how he ſtood in the Heart of that Charmer of his own, ſince the Affront ſhe had received in the Court from thoſe that however did not know her, for they did not imagine this was that Lady, Siſter to *Philander*, of whoſe Beauty they had heard ſo much, and her Face being turn'd from the Light, the old Gentlemen

Gentlemen did not ſo much conſider or ſee it. *Silvia* came into his Houſe the back way, through the Stables and Garden, and had the good Fortune to be ſeen of none of his Family, but the Coach-man who brought her home, whom ſhe conjur'd not to ſpeak of it to the reſt of his Servants; and unſeen of any body ſhe got into his Apartment, for often ſhe had been there at Treats and Balls with *Philander*. She was all alone, for *Antonett* ſtay'd to ſee what became of her falſe Lover, who, after he was ſeized again, retired to her Lodging the moſt diſconſolate Woman in the World, for having loſt her Hopes of *Brilljard*, to whom ſhe had ingaged all that Honour ſhe had. But when ſhe miſſed her Lady there, ſhe accuſed herſelf with all the Falſhood in the World, and fell to repent her Treachery. She ſends the Page to inquire at *Octavio*'s Houſe, but no body there could give him any Intelligence;

telligence; ſo that the poor amorous Youth returning without Hope, indur'd all the Pain of a hopleſs Lover, for *Octavio* had anew charm'd his Coach-man: And calling up an ancient Woman who was his Houſekeeper, who had been his Nurſe, he acquainted her with the ſhort Hiſtory of his Paſſion for *Silvia*, and order'd her to give her attendance on the treaſure of his Life; he bid her prepare all things as magnificent as ſhe could in that Apartment he deſign'd her, which was very rich and gay, and towards a fine Garden: The Hangings and Beds all glorious, and fitter for a Monarch than a Subject; the fineſt Pictures the World afforded, Flowers in-laid with Silver, and Ivory, guilded Roofs, carved Wainſcot, Tables of Plate, with all the reſt of the moveables in the Chambers of the ſame, all of great value, and all was perfumed like an Altar, or the Marriage-Bed of ſome young King. Here *Silvia* was deſign'd

ſign'd to lodge, and hither *Octavio* conducted her; and ſetting her on a Couch while the Supper was getting ready, he ſits himſelf down by her, and his heart being ready to burſt with Grief, at the thought of the Claim which was laid to her by *Brilljard*; he ſilently views her, while Tears were ready to break from his fix'd Eyes, and Sighs ſtopt what he would fain have ſpoke: While ſhe (wholly confounded with Shame, Guilt, and Diſappointment (for ſhe could not imagine that *Brilljard* could have had the Impudence to have claim'd her for a Wife) fix'd her fair Eyes to Earth, and durſt not behold the languiſhing *Octavio*. They remain'd thus a long time ſilent, ſhe not daring to defend herſelf from a Crime, of which ſhe knew too well ſhe was guilty, nor he daring to ask her a Queſtion to which the Anſwer might prove ſo fatal; he fears to know what he dies to be ſatisfied in, and ſhe fears

to

to diſcover too late a Secret which was the only one ſhe had conceal'd from him. *Octavio* runs over in his Mind a thouſand Thoughts that perplex'd him, of the Probability of her being married; he conſiders how often he had found her with that happy young Man, who more freely entertain'd her than Servants uſe to do: He now conſiders how he has ſeen 'em once on a Bed together, when *Silvia* was in the Diſorder of a yielding Miſtreſs, and *Brilljard* of a raviſh'd Lover; he conſiders how he has found 'em alone at Cards and Dice, and often entertaining her with Freedoms of a Husband, and how he wholly managed her Affairs, commanded her Servants like their proper Maſter, and was in full Authority of all. Theſe and a thouſand more Circumſtances confirms *Octavio* in all his Fears: A thouſand times ſhe is about to ſpeak, but either fears to loſe *Octavio* by a clear Confeſſion, or to run

run herſelf into farther Error by denying the matter of Fact, ſtops her Words, and ſhe only bluſhes and ſighs at what ſhe dares not tell, and if by chance their ſpeaking Eyes meet, they would both decline 'em haſtily again, as afraid to find there what their Language could not confeſs. Sometimes he would preſs her Hand and ſigh—— *Ah* Silvia, *you have undone my Quiet*; to which ſhe would return no Anſwer but Sigh; and now riſing from the Couch ſhe walk'd about the Chamber as ſad and ſilent as Death, attending when he ſhould have advanced in ſpeaking to her, tho' ſhe dreads the Voice ſhe wiſhes to hear, and he waits for her Reply, tho' the Mouth that he adores ſhould deliver Poyſon and Daggers to his Heart. While thus they remained in the moſt ſilent and ſad Entertainment (that ever was between Lovers that had ſo much to ſay) the Page, which *Octavio* only truſts to wait, brought him this Letter. *Brill-*

Brilljard *to* Octavio.

My Lord,

I am too ſenſible of my many high Offences to your Lordſhip, and have as much Penitence for my Sin committed towards you as 'tis poſſible to conceive; but when I implore a Pardon from a Lover, who by his own Paſſion may gueſs at the violent Effects of my diſpairing Flame, I am yet ſo vain to hope it. Antonett *gave me the Intelligence of your Deſign, and raiſed me up to a Madneſs that hurried me to that Barbarity againſt your unſpotted Honour. I own the baſeneſs of the Fact, but Lovers are not, my Lord, always guided by Rules of Juſtice and Reaſon; or if I had, I ſhould have kill'd the fair Adultreſs that drew you to your Undoing, and who merits more your Hate than your Regard; and who having firſt violated her marriage Vow to me, with* Phi-

lander,

lander, *would ſacrifice us both to you, and at the ſame time betray you to a Marriage that cannot but prove fatal to you, as it is moſt unlawful in her; ſo that, my Lord, if I have injured you, I have at the ſame time ſaved you from a Sin and Ruin, and humbly implore that you will ſuffer the Good I have rendered you in the laſt, to atone for the Ill I did you in the firſt. If I have accuſed you of a Deſign againſt the State, it was to ſave you from that of the too ſubtil and too charming* Silvia, *which none but myſelf could have ſnatcht you from: 'Tis true I might have acted ſomething more worthy of my Birth and Education; but, my Lord, I knew the Power of* Silvia, *and if I ſhould have ſent you the Knowledge of this, when I ſent the Warrant for the Security of your Perſon, the haughty Creature would have prevail'd above all my Truths, with the Eloquence of Love, and you had yielded and been betray'd worſe by her, than by the moſt ungenerous*

nerous Meaſures I took to prevent it: Suffer this Reaſon, my Lord, to plead for me in that Heart where Silvia *Reigns, and ſhews how powerful ſhe is every where. Pardon all the Faults of a moſt unfortunate Man undone by Love, and by your own gueſs what his Paſſion would put him on who aims or wiſhes at leaſt for the intire Poſſeſſion of* Silvia, *tho' it was never abſolutely hop'd by*

the moſt unfortunate

Brilljard.

At the beginning of this Letter *Octavio* hoped it contained the Confeſſion of his Fault in claiming *Silvia*; he hop'd he would have own'd it done in order to his Service to his Lord, or his Love to *Silvia*, or any thing but what it really was; but when he read on——and found that he yet confirm'd his Claim, he yielded

yeilded to all the Grief that could ſink a Heart over-burthen'd with violent Love; he fell down on the Couch were he was ſate, and only calling *Silvia* with a dying Groan, he held out his Hand in which the Letter remain'd, and look'd on her with Eyes that languiſhed with Death, Love, and Diſpair; while ſhe who already feared from whom it came, received it with Diſdain, Shame, and Confuſion: And *Octavio* recovering a little——Cry'd in a faint Voice——*See Charming, Cruel, Fair —— ſee how much my Soul adores you, when even this——cannot extinguiſh one ſpark of that Flame you have kindled in my Soul*: At this ſhe bluſh'd and bow'd with a graceful modeſty that was like to have given the lie to all the Accuſations againſt her: She reads the Letter, while he greedily fixes his Eyes upon her Face as ſhe read, obſerving with curious Search every Motion there, all killing and adorable. He

ſaw

ſaw her Bluſhes ſometimes riſe, then ſink again to their proper Fountain, her Heart; there ſwell and riſe, and beat againſt her Breaſt that had no other Covering than a thin Shirt, for all her Boſom was open, and betray'd the nimble Motions of her Heart. Her Eyes ſometimes would ſparkle with Diſdain, and glow upon the fatal tell-tale Lines; and ſometimes languiſh with exceſs of Grief: But having concluded the Letter, ſhe laid it on the Table and began again to traverſe the Room, her Head declined, and her Arms acroſs her Boſom. *Octavio* made too true an Interpretation of this Silence, and Calm in *Silvia*, and no longer doubted his Fate. He fixes his Eyes eternally upon her, while ſhe conſiders what ſhe ſhall ſay to that afflicted Lover; ſhe find's *Philander* loſt, or if he ever return, 'tis not to Love, ſo that he was for ever gone; for too well ſhe knew no Arts, Obligations, or Induſtry, could re-

trieve a flying a *Cupid*: She found if even that, could return, his whole Fortune was ſo exauſted he could not ſupport her; and that ſhe was of a Nature ſo haughty and impatient of Injuries, that ſhe could never forgive him thoſe Affronts he had done her Honour firſt, and now her Love; ſhe reſolves no Law or Force ſhall ſubmit her to *Brilljard*; ſhe finds this Fallacy ſhe has put on *Octavio*, has ruined her Credit in his Eſteem, at leaſt ſhe juſtly fears it; ſo that believing herſelf abandoned by all in a ſtrange Country, ſhe fell to weeping her Fate, and the Tears wet the Floor as ſhe walk'd: At which Sight ſo melting, *Octavio* ſtarts from the Couch, and catching her in his trembling Arms, he cry'd, *be falſe, be cruel, and deceitful; yet ſtill I muſt, I am compell'd to Adore you*—— This being ſpoken in ſo hearty and reſolved a Tone, from a Man, of whoſe Heart ſhe was ſo ſure, and knew to be ſo

generous,

generous, gave her a little Courage ——and like ſinking Men ſhe catches at all that preſents her any Hope of eſcaping. She reſolves by diſcovering the whole Truth to ſave that laſt Stake, his Heart, tho' ſhe could pretend to no more; and taking the fainting Lover by the Hand, ſhe leads him to the Couch: *Well*, ſaid ſhe, Octavio, *you are too generous to be impos'd on in any thing; and therefore I will tell you my Heart without Reſerve as abſolutely as to Heaven it ſelf, if I were interceeding my laſt Peace there.* She begg'd a thouſand Pardons of him for having conceal'd any part of her Story from him, but ſhe could no longer be guilty of that Crime, to a Man for whom ſhe had ſo perfect a Paſſion; and as ſhe ſpoke ſhe imbraced him with an unreſiſtable Softneſs that wholly charm'd him: She reconciles him with every Touch, and ſighs on his Boſom a thouſand grateful Vows and Excuſes for her Fault,

while he weeps with Love, and almoſt Expires in her Arms; ſhe is not able to ſee his Paſſion and his Grief, and tells him ſhe will do all things for his Repoſe. *Ah* Silvia, ſigh'd he, *talk not of my Repoſe, when you confeſs your ſelf Wife to one, and Miſtreſs to another, in either of which I have alaſs no part: Ah, what is reſerv'd for the Unfortunate* Octavio, *when two happy Lovers divide the Treaſure of his Soul! Yet tell me Truth, becauſe it will look like Love; ſhew me that excellent Vertue, ſo rarely found in all your fickle Sex. Oh! tell me Truth, and let me know how much my Heart can bear before it break with Love; and yet perhaps to hear thee ſpeak to me, with that inſinuating dear Voice of thine, may ſave me from the Terror of thy Words; and tho' each make a Wound, their very Accents have a Balm to heal! Oh, quickly pour it then into my liſtening Soul, and I'll be ſilent, as o'er raviſhed Lovers, whom Joys have*

charm'd

charm'd to tender Sighs and Pantings. At this, imbracing her anew, he let fall a Shower of Tears upon her Boſom, and ſighing Cry'd—— *Now I attend thy Story*: She then began anew the Repetition of the Loves between herſelf and *Philander*; which ſhe ſlightly ran over, becauſe he had already heard every Circumſtance of it, both from herſelf and *Philander*; till ſhe arriv'd to that part of it where ſhe left *Belfont*, her Fathers Houſe: *Thus far*, ſaid ſhe, *you have had a faithful Relation: And I was no ſooner miſs'd by my Parent, but you may imagine the diligent Search that would be made, both by* Foſcario, *whom I was to have married the next day, and my tender Parents; but all Search, all* Hu-an-Crys *were vain; at laſt they put me into the weekly* Gazette, *deſcribing me to the very Features of my Face, my Hair, my Breaſt, my Stature, Youth and Beauty, omitting nothing that might render me apparent to all that*

ſhould ſee me, offering vaſt Sums to any that ſhould give Intelligence of ſuch a loſt Maid of Quality. Philander, *who underſtood too well the Nature of the common People, and that they would betray their very Fathers for ſuch a proferr'd Sum, durſt truſt me no longer to their Mercy: His Affairs were ſo involved with thoſe of* Cæſario, *he could not leave* Paris; *for they every Moment expected the People ſhould riſe againſt their King, and theſe Glorious Chiefs of the Faction were obliged to wait and watch the Motions of the dirty Croud. Nor durſt he truſt me in any place from him, for he could not live a Day without me.* At that Thought ſhe ſigh'd, and then went on: *ſo that I was oblig'd to remain obſcurely lodged in* Paris, *where now I durſt no longer truſt myſelf, tho' diſguis'd in as many Shapes as I was obliged to have Lodgings. At laſt we were betray'd, and had only the ſhort Notice given us to yield or ſecure our ſelves from*

the

the hand of Juſtice by the next Morning, when they deſign'd to ſurprize us: To eſcape we found almoſt impoſſible, and very hazardous to attempt it; ſo that Philander, *who was raving with his Fear, call'd myſelf and this young Gentleman,* Brilljard, *(then Maſter of his Horſe) and one that had ſerv'd us faithfully through the whole Courſe of our Loves) to Councel: Many things were in vain debated, but at laſt this hard Shift was found out, of marrying me to* Brilljard, *for to* Philander *it was impoſſible; ſo that no Authority of a Father could take me from the Husband. I was at firſt extreamly unwilling, but when* Philander *told me it was to be only a mock-Marriage, to ſecure me to himſelf, I was reconcil'd to it, and more, when I found the infinite Submiſſion of the young Man, who vow'd he would never look up to me with the Eyes of a Lover or Husband, but in Obedience to his Lord did it to preſerve me intirely for him: Nay further, to ſe-*

cure my future Fear, he confeſt to me he was already privately married to a Gentlewoman, by whom he had two Children. Oh——tell me true my Silvia, *Was he married to another?* Cry'd out the over-joy'd Lover. *Yes, on my Life,* reply'd *Silvia*; *for when it was proved in Court that I was married to* Brilljard, *(as at laſt I was, and innocently Beded) this Lady came and brought her Children to me, and falling at my Feet, wept and implor'd I would not own her Husband, for only ſhe had right to him*; *we all were forced to diſcover to her the truth of the Matter, and that he had only married me to ſecure me from the Rage of my Parents*; *that if he were her Husband, ſhe was ſtill as intirely poſſeſt of him as ever, and that he had advanc'd her Fortune in what he had done, for ſhe ſhould have him reſtored with thoſe Advantages that ſhould make her Life, and that of her Children more Comfortable*; *and* Philander *making both her and the children*

dren conſiderable Preſents, ſent her away very well ſatisfied. After this, before People, we uſed him to a thouſand Freedoms, but when alone, he retain'd his Reſpect intire; however this us'd him to ſomething more Familiarity than formerly, and he grew to be more a Companion than a Servant, as indeed we deſired he ſhould; and of late have found him more preſumptious than uſual: And thus much more I muſt confeſs, I have reaſon to believe him a moſt paſſionate Lover, and have lately found he had Deſign upon me, as you well know.

Judge now, oh dear Octavio, *how unfortunate I am; yet judge too, whether I ought to eſteem this a Marriage, or him a Husband: No,* reply'd *Octavio,* more briskly than before, *nor can he by the Laws of God or Man, pretend to ſuch a Bleſſing, and you may be divorc'd.* Pleas'd with this Thought, he ſoon aſſum'd his native Temper of Joy and Softneſs, and making a thouſand new Vows that he would

perform all he had ſworn on his part; and imploring and preſſing her to renew thoſe ſhe had made to him, ſhe obeys him; ſhe makes a thouſand grateful Returns, and they paſs the Evening the moſt happily that ever Lovers did. By this time Supper was ſerved up, noble and handſome; and after Supper he led her to his Cloſet, where he preſented her with Jewels and other Rareties of great Value, and omitted nothing that might oblige an Avaritious deſigning Woman, if *Silvia* had been ſuch; nor any thing that might beget Love and Gratitude in the moſt inſenſible Heart: And all he did and all he gave was with a peculiar Grace, in which there lies as great an Obligation, as in the Gift it ſelf: The handſom way of giving being an Art ſo rarely known, even to the moſt Generous. In theſe happy and glorious Moments of Love, wherein the Lover omitted nothing that could pleaſe, *Philander*

der was almoſt forgotten, for 'tis natural for Love to beget Love, and Inconſtancy its Likeneſs, or Diſdain: And we muſt conclude *Silvia* a Maid wholly inſenſible, if ſhe had not been touch'd with Tenderneſs, and even Love it ſelf, at all theſe extravagant marks of Paſſion in *Octavio*; and it muſt be confeſs'd, ſhe was of a Nature ſoft and apt for Impreſſion; ſhe was, in a word, a Woman. She had her Vanities, and her little Fevibleſes, and lov'd to ſee Adorers at her Feet, eſpecially thoſe in whom all things, all Graces, Charms of Youth, Wit and Fortune agreed to form for Love and Conqueſt: She naturally lov'd Power and Dominion; and it was her Maxim, That never any Woman was diſpleaſed to find ſhe could beget Deſire.

'Twas thus they liv'd with uninterrupted Joys, no Spies to pry upon their Actions, no falſe Friends to cenſure their real Pleaſures, no Rivals

vals to poyſon their true Content, no Parents to give Bounds or grave Rules to the diſtruction of nobler laviſh Love; but all the Day was paſt in new Delights, and every Day produc'd a thouſand Pleaſures; and even the Thoughts of Revenge were no more remembred on either ſide; it leſſen'd in *Silvia*'s Heart, as Love advanced there, and her Reſentment againſt *Philander* was loſt in her growing Paſſion for *Octavio*: And ſure if any Woman had Excuſes for Loving and Inconſtancy, the moſt Wiſe and Prudent muſt allow 'em now to *Silvia*; and if ſhe had Reaſon for Loving, 'twas now, for what ſhe paid the moſt deſerving of his Sex, and whom ſhe managed with that Art of Loving (if there be Art in Love), that ſhe gain'd every Minute upon his Heart, and he became more and more her Slave, the more he found he was belov'd: In ſpight of all *Brilljard*'s Pretention he would have married her,

her, but durſt not do it while he remain'd in *Holland*, becauſe of the Noiſe *Brilljard*'s Claim had made; and he fear'd the Diſpleaſure of his Uncle, but waited for a more happy time, when he could ſettle his Affairs ſo as to remove her into *Flanders*, tho' he could not tell how to accompliſh that without ruining his Intereſt: Theſe Thoughts alone took up his time whenever he was abſent from *Silvia*, and would often give him abundance of Trouble, for he was given over to his Wiſh of poſſeſſing *Silvia*, and could not live without her; he lov'd too much, and thought and conſider'd too little. Theſe were his eternal Entertainments, when from the lovely Object of his Deſire, which was as ſeldom as poſſible, for they were both unwilling to part; tho' Decency and Reſt required it, a thouſand ſoft things would hinder him, and make her willing to retain him; and tho' they were to meet again

next Morning, they grudge themſelves the parting Hours, and the Repoſe of Nature. He longs and languiſhes for the bleſſed Moment that ſhall give him to the Arms of the raviſhing *Silvia*, and ſhe finds but too much yielding on her part, in ſome of thoſe ſilent lone Hours, when Love was moſt prevailing, and feeble Mortals moſt apt to be overcome by that inſinuating God; ſo that tho' *Octavio* could not ask what he ſigh'd and dy'd for; tho' he reſolv'd he would not preſs her, tho' for the Safety of his Life, for any Favours; and tho', on the other ſide, *Silvia* reſolv'd ſhe would not grant, no, tho' mutual Vows had paſſed, tho' Love within pleaded, and almoſt unreſiſtible Beauties and Inducements without, tho' all the Powers of Love, of Silence, Night, and Opportunity, tho' on the very Point a thouſand times of yielding, ſhe had reſiſted all: But oh! one Night; let it not riſe up in Judg-

ment

rient againſt her, you baſhful moſt Maids, who never yet try'd an powerful Minute; nor you chaſt Wives, who give no Opportunities: One night—— they loſt themſelves in Dalliance, forgot how very near they were to yielding, and with imperfect Tranſports found themſelves half dead with Love, claſp'd in each others Arms, betray'd by ſoft Degrees of Joy, to all they wiſhed. 'Twould be too Amorous to tell you more; to tell you all that Night, that happy Night produc'd; let it ſuffice that *Silvia* yielded all, and made *Octavio* happier than a God. At firſt he found her weeping in his Arms, raving on what ſhe had unconſideringly done; and with her ſoft Reproaches chiding her raviſhed Lover, who lay ſighing by, unable to reply any other way, he held her faſt in thoſe Arms that trembled, yet with Love and newpaſt Joy; he found a Pleaſure even in her Railing, with a Tenderneſs

derneſs that ſpoke more Love than any other Language Love could ſpeak. Betwixt his Sighs he pleads his Right of Love, and the Authority of his ſolemn Vows; he tells her that the Marriage Ceremony was but contrived to ſatisfy the Ignorant, and to proclaim his Title to the Crowd, but Vows and Contracts were the ſame to Heaven: He ſpeaks——and ſhe believes; and well ſhe might, for all he ſpoke was honourable Truth. He knew no Guile, but uttered all his Soul, and all that Soul was Honeſt, Juſt, and Brave; thus by degrees he brought her to a Calm.

In this ſoft Rancounter he had diſcovered a thouſand new Charms in *Silvia*; and contrary to thoſe Men, whoſe end of Love is Luſt (which extinguiſh together) *Octavio* found increaſe of Tenderneſs from every Bliſs ſhe gave; and grew at laſt ſo fond——ſo doating on the ſtill more charming Maid, that he neglected

neglected all his Intereſt, his Buſineſs in the State, and what he ow'd his Uncle, and his Friends, and became the common Theam over all the United Provinces, for his Wantonneſs and Luxury, as they were pleaſed to call it; and living ſo contrary to the Humour of thoſe more ſordid and ſlovenly Men of Quality, which make up the Nobility of that parcel of the World. For while thus he lived retired, ſcarce viſiting any one, or permitting any to viſit him, they charge him with a thouſand Crimes of having given himſelf over to Effeminacy; as indeed he grew too Lazy in her Arms; neglecting Glory, Arms, and Power, for the more real Joys of Life; while ſhe even Rifles him with Extravagancy; and grows ſo bold and hardy, that regarding not the Humours of the ſtingy cenſorious Nation, his Intereſt, or her own Fame, ſhe is ſeen every day in his Coaches going to take the Air out of Town;

puts

puts him upon Balls, and vaſt expenſive Treats; deviſes new Projects and ways of Diverſion, till ſome of the more buſie Impertinents of the Town made a publick Complaint to his Uncle, and the reſt of the *States*, urging he was a Scandal to the Reverend and Honourable Society. On which it was decreed that he ſhould either loſe that Honour, or take up, and live more according to the Gravity and Authority of a Senator: This Incenſes *Sebaſtian*, both againſt the States and his Nephew; for tho' he had often reproved and counſelled him, yet he ſcorn'd his Darling ſhould be ſchool'd by his Equals in Power. So that reſolving either to diſcard him, or draw him from the Love of this Woman; he one Morning goes to his Nephews Houſe, and ſending him up word by his Page he would ſpeak to him, he was conducted to his Chamber, where he found him in his Night-Gown: He began to upbraid

upbraid him, firſt with his want of Reſpect and Duty to him, and next, of his Affairs, neglecting to give his Attendance on the Publick: He tells him he is become a Scandal to the Common-Wealth, and that he liv'd a lude Life with another Man's Wife: He tells him he has all her Story, and ſhe was not only a Wife, but a ſcandalous Miſtreſs too to *Philander*. *She boaſts*, ſays he, *of Honourable Birth, but what's that, when her Conduct is Infamous? In ſhort, Sir*, continued he, *your Life is obnoxious to the whole Province: Why, what Sir —— cannot honeſt Men's Daughters* (cry'd he, more angerly) *ſerve your turn, but you muſt crack a Commandment? Why, this is flat Adultery: A little Fornication in a civil way, might have been allow'd, but this is ſtark naught. In fine Sir, quit me this Woman, and quit her me preſently; or, in the firſt place, I renounce thee, caſt thee from me as a Stranger, and will leave thee*

to

to Ruine, and the incenſed States. A little Pleaſure——a little Recreation, I can allow: A Layer of Love, and a Layer of Buſineſs——But to neglect the Nation for a Wench, is flat Treaſon againſt the State; and I wiſh there were a Law againſt all ſuch unreaſonable Whore-Maſters—— that are States-Men—— for the reſt 'tis no great matter. Therefore in a Word, Sir, leave me off this Miſtreſs of yours, or we will ſecure her yet for a French *Spy, that comes to debauch our Common-Wealths-Men—— The States can do it Sir, they can——* Hitherto *Octavio* received all with Bluſh and Bow, in ſign of Obedience; but when his Uncle told him the *States* would ſend away his Miſtriſs; no longer able to contain his Rage, he broke out into all the Violence imaginable againſt them, and ſwore he would not now forego *Silvia* to be Monarch over all the naſty Provinces, and 'twas a greater Glory to be a Slave at her Feet.

Go,

Go, tell your States, cry'd he——*They are a company of Cynical Fops, born to moyl on in ſordid Buſineſs, who never were worthy to underſtand ſo great a Happineſs of Life, as that of nobler Love. Tell 'em, I ſcorn the dull Gravity of thoſe Aſſes of the Common-Wealth, fit only to bear the dirty Load of State-Affairs, and die old buſie Fools.* The Uncle, who little expected ſuch a Return from him who uſed to be all Obedience, began more gently to perſwade him with more ſolid Reaſon, but could get no other Anſwer from him, than that what he commanded he ſhould find it Difficult to diſobey; and ſo for that time they parted. Some days after (he never coming ſo much as near their Councils) they ſent for him, to anſwer the Contempt: He came and received abundance of hard Reproaches, and finding they were reſolved to Degrade him, he preſently rallied them in Anſwer to all they ſaid; nor could all the Cauti-

ons

ons of his Friends perſwade him to any Submiſſion, after receiving ſo rough and ill-bred a Treatment as they gave him: And impatient to return to *Silvia*, where all his Joys were Centered, he was with much a-do perſwaded to ſtay and hear the Reſolution of the Council, which was to take from him thoſe Honours he held amongſt them; at which he cock'd and ſmil'd, and told 'em he receiv'd what he was much more proud of than of thoſe uſeleſs Trifles they call'd Honours; and wiſhes they might treat all that ſerved them at that ungrateful Rate: For he that had received a hundred Wounds, and loſt a Stream of Blood for their Security, ſhall, if he kiſs their Wives againſt their Wills, be baniſh'd like a Coward. So haſting from the Council, he got into his Coach, and went to *Silvia*. This incenſed the old Gentlemen to a high Degree, and they carried it againſt the younger Party (becauſe more in Number)

Number) That this *French* Lady, who was for high-Treaſon, as they call'd it, forc'd to fly *France*, ſhould be no longer protected in *Holland*: And in order to her Removal, or rather their Revenge on *Octavio*, they ſent out their Warrant to Apprehend her; and either to ſend her as an Enemy to *France*, or force her to ſome other part of the World. For a day or two *Sebaſtian*'s Intereſt prevailed for the ſtoping the Warrant; believing he ſhould be able to bring his Nephew to ſome Submiſſion, which when he found in vain, he betook himſelf to his Chamber, and refuſed any Viſits or Diverſions: By this time *Octavio*'s rallying the *States* was become the Jeſt of the Town, and all the Sparks laugh'd at them as they paſt, and Lampoon'd 'em to damnable *Dutch* Tunes, which ſo highly incens'd 'em that they ſent immediately and ſerv'd the Warrant on *Silvia*, whom they ſurpriz'd in *Octavio*'s Coach,

as

as ſhe was coming from taking the Air. You may imagine what an Agony of Trouble and Grief our generous and ſurpriz'd Lover was in: It was in vain to make Reſiſtance, and he who before would not have ſubmitted to have ſav'd his Life, to the *States*, now for the Preſervation of one moments Content to *Silvia*, he was ready to go and fall at their Feet, kiſs their Shooes, and implore their Pity. He firſt accompanies her to the Houſe of the Meſſenger, where he only is permitted to behold her with Eyes of dying Love, and unable to ſay any thing to her, left her with ſuch Gifts, and Charge, to the Meſſengers Care, as might oblige him to treat her well; While *Silvia*, leſs ſurprized, bid him, at going from her, not to afflict himſelf for any thing ſhe ſuffered; ſhe found it was the Malice of the peviſh old Magiſtrates, and that the moſt they could do to her, was to ſend her from him:

This

This laſt ſhe ſpoke with a Sigh, that pierced his Heart more ſenſibly than ever any thing yet had done; and he only reply'd (with a Sigh) Ah Silvia, *no rigid Power on Earth ſhall ever be able to deprive you of my eternal Adoration, or to ſeparate me one Moment from* Silvia, *after ſhe is compell'd to leave this ungrateful Place, and whoſe Departure I will haſten all that I can, ſince the Land is not worthy of ſo great a Bleſſing.* So leaving her for a little Space, he haſted to his Uncle, whom he found very much diſcontented: He throws himſelf at his Feet, and aſſails him with all the moving Eloquence of Sighs and Tears; in vain was all, in vain alas he pleads. From this he flies to Rage——and ſays all a diſtracted Lover could power forth to eaſe a tortured Heart; what Divinity did he not provoke? Wholly regardleſs even of Heaven and Man, he made a publick Confeſſion of his Paſſion, deny'd her being married to *Brill-*

jard, and weeps as he proteſts her Innocence: He kneels again, implores and begs anew, and made the movingeſt Moan that ever touched a Heart, but could receive no other Return but Threats and Frowns: The old Gentleman had never been in Love ſince he was born, no not enough to marry, but bore an unaccountable Hate to the whole Sex, and therefore was pityleſs to all he could ſay on the Score of Love; tho' he endeavours to ſoften him by a thouſand things more dear to him. *For my Sake, Sir*, ſaid he, *if ever my ſoft Plea were grateful to you, when all your Joy was in the young* Octavio; *releaſe, releaſe, the charming* Silvia; *regard her tender Youth, her blooming Beauty, her timorous helpleſs Sex, her noble Quality, and ſave her from the rude Aſſaults of Power—— Oh ſave the Lovely Maid!* This he uttered with interrupting Sighs and Tears, which fell upon the Floor as he purſu'd

ſu'd the Obdurate on his Knees: At laſt Pity touch'd his Heart, and he ſaid—— *Spare, Sir, the Character of your inchanting* Circe; *for I have heard too much of her, and what Miſchiefs ſhe has bred in* France; *abandoning her Honour, betraying a vertuous Siſter, defaming her Noble Parents, and ruining an Illuſtrious young Noble Man, who was both her Brother and her Lover. This Sir, in ſhort, is the Character of your Beauteous Innocent. Alas Sir,* reply'd *Octavio, you never ſaw this Maid! or if you had, you would not be ſo cruel. Go to, Sir,* reply'd the old Gentleman, *I am not ſo ſoon ſoftened at the ſight of Beauty. But do but ſee her, Sir,* reply'd *Octavio, and then perhaps you will be charm'd like me—— You are a Fop, Sir,* reply'd *Sebaſtian, and if you would have me allow any Favor to your inchanting Lady, you muſt promiſe me firſt to abandon her, and marry the Widow of Monſieur —— who is vaſtly*

Rich, and whom I have ſo often recommended to you, ſhe loves you too; and tho' ſhe be not fair, ſhe has the beſt Fortune of any Lady in the Netherlands. *On theſe Terms, Sir, I am for a Reconciliation with you, and will immediately go and deliver the fair Priſoner, and ſhe ſhall have her Liberty to go or ſtay, or do what ſhe pleaſe——and now, Sir, you know my Will and Pleaſure——Octavio* found it vain to purſue him any further with his Petitions; only reply'd it was wonderous hard and cruel. To which the old one reply'd; *'Tis what muſt be done, I have reſolved it, or my Eſtate, in value, above two hundred thouſand Pounds, ſhall be diſpoſed of to your Siſter, the Counteſs of* Clarinau: And this he ended with an Execration on himſelf if he did not do; and he was a Man that always was juſt to his Word.

Much more to this ungrateful effect he ſpoke, and *Octavio* had Recourſe to all the Diſſimulation his generous

generous Soul was capable of; and 'twas the firſt baſe thing, and ſure the laſt, that ever he was guilty of. He promiſes his Uncle to obey all his Commands and Injunctions, ſince he would have it ſo; and only beg'd he might be permitted but one Viſit, to take his laſt Leave of her: This was at firſt refuſed, but at laſt, provided he might hear what he ſaid to her, he would ſuffer him to go: *For*, ſaid the crafty old Man (who knew too well the Cunning of Youth) *I will have no Tricks put upon me*; *I will not be outwitted by a young Knave*: This was the worſt part of all; he knew, if he alone could ſpeak with her, they might have contriv'd, by handſome agreeing Flattery, to have accompliſh'd their Deſign, which was; *firſt*, by the Authority of the old Gentleman to have freed her from Confinement; and next, to have ſetled his Affairs in the beſt Poſture he could; and without valuing his

Uncle's Fortune, his own being greater, he reſolv'd to go with her into *Flanders* or *Italy*; but his going with him to viſit her would prevent whatever they might reſolve: But ſince the Liberty of *Silvia* was firſt to be conſidered, he reſolves—— ſince it muſt be ſo, and leaves the reſt to Time and his good Fortune. *Well then, Sir,* ſaid *Octavio, ſince you have reſolv'd your ſelf, to be a Witneſs of thoſe melancholy things, I ſhall poſſibly ſay to her, let us haſte to end the great Affair——Hang it,* cry'd *Sebaſtian, if I go I ſhall abuſe the young Huſſie, or commit ſome Indecency that will not be ſuitable to good Manners—— I hope you will, not Sir——* reply'd *Octavio——Whip 'em, whip 'em,* reply'd the Uncle, *I hate the young cozening Baggages, that wander about the World undoing young extravagant Coxcombes; gots ſo, they are naught, ſtark-naught——Be ſure you diſpatch as ſoon as you can, and——do you hear—— let's have no Whineing.*

Octavio

Octavio overjoy'd he ſhould have her releaſed to Night, promiſed laviſhly all he was urged to; and his own Coach being at the Gate, they both went immediately to the Houſe of the Meſſenger; and all the way the old Gentleman did nothing but rail againſt the Vices of the Age, and the Sins of Villainous Youth; the Snares of Beauty, and the Danger of witty Women; and of how ill Conſequences theſe were to a Common-Wealth. He ſaid, if he were to make Laws, he would confine all young Women to Monaſteries, where they ſhould never ſee Man till Forty, and then come out and marry for Generation ſake, no more: For his part he had never ſeen that Beauty yet that could inſpire him with that ſilly thing call'd Love; and wonder'd what the Devil ail'd all the young Fellows of this Age, that they talk'd of nothing elſe: At this rate they diſcourſed till they arrived at the Priſon, and calling for

the Meſſenger, he conducted them both to the Chamber of the fair Priſoner, who was laid on a Couch, near which ſtood a Table with two Candles, which gave a great Light to that part of the Room, and made *Silvia* appear more fair than ever, if poſſible. She had not that day been dreſs'd but in a rich Night-Gown, and Cornets of the moſt advantageous Faſhion: At his Approach ſhe bluſh'd (with a ſecret Joy, which never had poſſeſſed her Soul for him before) and ſpread a thouſand Beauties round her fair Face: She was leaping with a tranſported Pleaſure to his Arms, when ſhe perceived an old Grave Perſon follow him into the Room: At which ſhe reaſſum'd a Strangeneſs, a melancholy Languiſhment, which charm'd no leſs than her Gayety. She approaches 'em with a modeſt Grace in her beautiful Eyes; and by the Reception *Octavio* gave her, ſhe found that reverend Perſon was his Uncle,

cle, or at leaſt ſome body of Authority; and therefore aſſuming a Gravity unuſual, ſhe received 'em with all the Ceremony due to their Quality: And firſt ſhe addreſs'd herſelf to the old Gentleman, who ſtood gazing at her, without Motion; at which ſhe was a little out of Countenance. When *Octavio* perceiving it, approach'd his Uncle, and cry'd, *Sir, This is the Lady*——*Sebaſtian* ſtarting as from a Dream, cry'd——*Pardon me, Madam, I am a Fellow whom Age hath rendered leſs Ceremonious than Youth: I have never yet been ſo happy as to have been uſed to a fair Lady; Women never took up one Minute of my more precious time, but I have been a Satyr upon the whole Sex: And if my Treatment of you be rougher than your Birth and Beauty Merits, I beſeech you*——*fair Creature, pardon it, ſince I am come in order to do you Service.* *Sir*, reply'd *Silvia* (bluſhing with Anger at the Preſence of

a Man who had contributed to the having brought her to that place) *I cannot but wonder at this ſudden Change of Goodneſs, in a Perſon to whom I am indebted for part of my Misfortune, and which I ſhall no longer eſteem as ſuch, ſince it has occaſion'd me a Happineſs, and an Honour, to which I could no other way have arrived.* This laſt ſhe ſpoke with uſual inſinuating Charms; the little Affectation of the Voice ſweeten'd to all the Tenderneſs it was poſſible to put on, and ſo eaſy and natural to *Silvia*: And if before the old Gentleman were ſeized with ſome unuſual Pleaſure, which before he never felt about his icy and inſenſible Heart; and which now began to thaw at the Fire of her Eyes——I ſay, if before he were ſurprized with looking, what was he when ſhe ſpoke——with a Voice ſo ſoft, and an Air ſo bewitching? He was all Eyes and Ears, and had uſe of no other Senſe but what inform'd thoſe:

thoſe: He gazes upon her, as if he waited and liſten'd what ſhe would farther ſay; and ſhe ſtood waiting for his Reply, till aſham'd, ſhe turn'd her Eyes into her Boſom, and knew not how to proceed. *Octavio* views both by turns, and knows not how to begin the Diſcourſe again, it being his Uncle's Cue to ſpeak: But finding him altogether mute——he ſteps to him, and gently pull'd him by the Sleeve ——but finds no Motion in him; he ſpeaks to him, but in vain, for he could hear nothing but *Silvia*'s charming Voice; nor ſaw nothing but her lovely Face, nor attended any thing but when ſhe would ſpeak again, and look that way. At this *Octavio* ſmil'd, and taking his Adorable by the Hand, he led her nearer her admiring Adverſary; whom ſhe approach'd with Modeſty and Sweetneſs in her Eyes, that the old Fellow having never before beheld the like Viſion was wholly vanquiſh'd,

quiſh'd, and his old Heart burnt in the Socket, which being his laſt Blaze made the greater Fire. *Fine Lady*, cry'd he——*or rather fine Angel, how is it I ſhall expiate for a Barbarity that nothing could be guilty of but the Brute, who had not learn'd Humanity from your Eyes: What Atonement can I make for my Sin; and how ſhall I be puniſhed? Sir*, reply'd *Silvia, if I can merit your Eſteem and Aſſiſtance, to deliver me from this cruel Confinement, I ſhall think of what's paſt as a Joy, ſince it renders me worthy of your Pity and Compaſſion. To anſwer you, Madam, were to hold you under this unworthy Roof too long; therefore let me convince you of my Service, by leading you to a Place more fit for ſo fair a Perſon.* And calling for the Meſſenger, he ask'd him if he would take his Bail for his fair Priſoner; who reply'd, *Your Lordſhip may Command all things*: So throwing him a little Purſe, about thirty Pounds in Gold,

Gold, he bid him drink the Ladies Health; and without more Ceremony or talk, led her to the Coach; and never ſo much as asking her whether ſhe would go, inſenſibly carries her, where he had amind to have her, to his own Houſe: This was a little Affliction to *Octavio*, who nevertheleſs durſt not ſay any thing to his Uncle, nor ſo much as to ask him the Reaſon why: But being arrived all thither, he conducts her into a very fair Apartment, and bade her there command that World he could command for her: He gave her there a very magnificent Supper, and all three ſupp'd together, *Octavio* and *Silvia* ſtill wondering what would be the Iſſue of this Buſineſs; for *Octavio* could not imagine that his Uncle, who was a ſingle Man, and a grave Senator, one fam'd for a Woman-Hater, a great Railer at the Vices of young Men, ſhould keep a fair young ſingle Woman in his Houſe: But it growing

ing late, and no Preparation for her Departing, ſhe took the Courage to ſay——*Sir, I am ſo extreamly Obliged to you, and have received ſo great a Favour from you, that I cannot flatter myſelf 'tis for any Vertue in me, or meerly out of Compaſſion to my Sex, that you have done this; but for ſomebody's Sake to whom I am more enjaged than I am awaxe of; and when you paſs'd your Parole for my Liberty, I am not ſo vain to think it was for my Sake; therefore pray inform me, Sir, how I can pay this Debt, and to whom, and who it is you require ſhould be bound for me, to ſave you harmleſs. Madam,* cry'd *Sebaſtian, tho' there need no greater Security than your own Innocence, yet leaſt that Innocence ſhould not be ſufficient to guard you from the Outrage of a People approaching to Savages, I begg, for your own Security, not mine, that you will make this Houſe your Sanctuary; my Power can ſave you from impending Harms; and all*

that

that I call mine, you ſhall command. At this ſhe bluſhing bow'd, but durſt not make Reply to contradict him: She knew at leaſt that there ſhe was ſafe, and well, free from Fear of the Tyranny of the reſt, or any other Apprehenſion: 'Tis true ſhe found by the Shyneſs of *Octavio* towards her before his Uncle, that ſhe was to manage her Amour with him by ſtealth, till they could contrive matters more to their Advantage: She therefore finding ſhe ſhould want nothing, but as much of *Octavio*'s Converſation as ſhe deſired; ſhe begg'd he would give her Leave to write a Note to her Page, who was a faithful ſober Youth, to bring her Jewels, and what things ſhe had of Value, to her, which ſhe did, and received thoſe and her Servants together, who found a perfect Welcome to the old Lover; but *Antonett* had like to have loſt her Place, but that *Octavio* pleaded for her, and ſhe herſelf

ſelf confeſſing 'twas Love to the falſe *Brilljard*, that made her do that fooliſh thing (in which ſhe vow'd ſhe thought no harm, tho' it was like to have coſt ſo dear) ſhe was again received into Favour: So that for ſome Days *Silvia* found herſelf very much at her Eaſe with the old Gentleman, and had no want of any thing but *Octavio*'s Company: But ſhe had the Pleaſure to find by his Eyes and Sighs he wanted hers more: He dy'd every day, and his fair Face faded like falling Roſes: Still ſhe was gay; for if ſhe had it not about her, ſhe aſſumed it to keep him in Heart: ſhe was not diſpleaſed to ſee the old Man on Fire too, and fancied ſome Diverſion from the Intrigue: But he concealed his Paſſion all he could, both to hide it from his Nephew, and becauſe he knew not what he ail'd: A ſtrange change he found, a wonderous Diſorder in Nature, but could not give a Name to it, nor Sigh aloud for fear he ſhould

ſhould be heard, and loſe his Reputation; eſpecially for this Woman, on whom he had rail'd ſo laviſhly. One day therefore, after a Night of Torment very incommode to his Age, he takes *Octavio* into the Garden alone, telling him he had a great Secret to impart to him. *Octavio* gueſſing what it might be, put his Heart in as good order as he could to receive it: He at leaſt knew the worſt was but for him at laſt to ſteal *Silvia* from him, if he ſhould be weak enough to doat on the young Charmer, and therefore reſolv'd to hear with patience. But if he were prepared to attend, the other was not prepared to begin, and ſo both walked many ſilent Turns about the Garden. *Sebaſtian* had a-mind to ask a thouſand Queſtions of his Nephew, who he found, maugre all his Vows of deſerting *Silvia*, had no power of doing it: He had a-mind to urge him to marry the Widow, but durſt not now preſs it, tho' he

uſed

uſed to do ſo, leaſt he ſhould take it for Jealouſy in him; nor durſt he now forbid him ſeeing her, leaſt he ſhould betray the Secrets of his Soul: He began every Moment to love him leſs, as he loved *Silvia* more, and beholds him as an Enimy to his Repoſe, nay his very Life. At laſt the old Man (who thought if he brought his Nephew forth under pretence of a Secret, and ſaid nothing to him, it would have look'd ill) began to ſpeak. *Octavio*, ſaid he, *I have hitherto found you ſo juſt in all you have ſaid, that 'twere a Sin to doubt you, in what relates to* Silvia. *You have told me ſhe is nobly Born; and you have with infinite Imprecations convinced me ſhe is Vertuous; and laſtly, you have ſworn ſhe was not Married*——At this he ſigh'd and paus'd, and left *Octavio* trembling with Fear of the Reſult: A thouſand times he was like to have denyed all, but durſt not defame the moſt ſacred Idol of his Soul: Sometimes

times he thought his Uncle would be generous, and think it fit to give him *Silvia*; but that Thought was too Seraphick to remain a Moment in his Heart. *Sir*, reply'd *Octavio*, *I own I ſaid ſo of* Silvia, *and hope no Action ſhe has committed ſince ſhe had a Protection under your Roof has contradicted any thing I ſaid.* *No*, ſaid *Sebaſtian*, ſighing——and pauſing, as loath to ſpeak more: *Sir*, ſaid *Octavio*, *I ſuppoſe this is not the Secret you had to impart to me, for which you ſeparate me to this lonely Walk; fear not to truſt me with it, whatever it be, for I am ſo intirely your own, that I will grant, ſubmit, proſtrate myſelf, and give up all my Will, Power, and Faculties to your Intereſt or Deſigns.* This incouraged the old Lover, who reply'd —— *Tell me on Truth*, Octavio, *which I require of you, and I will deſire no more——Have not you had the Poſſeſſion of this fair Maid?* You apprehend me: Now it it was that he fear'd

fear'd what Deſign the Amorous old Gentleman had in his Head and Heart; and was at a loſs what to ſay, whether to give him ſome Jealouſy that he had known and poſſeſs'd her, and ſo prevent his Deſigns on her; or by ſaying he had not, to leave her Defenceleſs to his Love. But on ſecond Thoughts, he could not reſolve to ſay any thing to the Diſadvantage of *Silvia*, tho' to ſave his own Life; and therefore aſſured his Uncle he never durſt aſſume the Boldneſs to ask ſo rude a Queſtion of a Woman of her Quality: And much more he ſpoke to that purpoſe to convince him. That 'tis true he wou'd have Marry'd her, if he cou'd have gain'd his conſent; maugre all the Scandal that the malicious World had thrown upon her. But ſince he was poſitive in his command for the Widow, he wou'd bend his Mind to Obedience. *In that*, replied Sabaſtian, *you are Wiſe, and I am glad all your Youthful Fires*

are

are blown over; and having once fixt you in the World as I deſign, I have reſolved on an Affair —— At this again he pauſed —— *I am*, ſays he, *in Love*, —— *I think it is Love, or that which you call ſo: I cannot eat nor ſleep, nor even pray, but this fair Stranger interpoſes; or if by chance I ſlumber, all my Dreams are of her; I ſee her, I touch her, I imbrace her, and find a Pleaſure even then that all my waking Thoughts cou'd never procure me. If I go to the State Houſe I mind nothing there, my Heart's at home with the Young Gentlewoman, on the* Change *or whereſoever I go, my reſtleſs Thoughts preſent her ſtill before me: And prethee tell me, is not this Love*, Octavio? *It may arrive to Love*, replied the bluſhing Youth, *if you ſhou'd fondly give way to it: But you are Wiſe and Grave, and hate all Women, Sir, till about Forty, and then for Generation only: You are above the Follies of vain Youth. And let me tell you, Sir, without Offending,*

ing, Already you are charged with a Thouſand little Vanities unſuitable to your Years, and the Character you have had, and the Figure you have made in the World. I heard a Lampoon on you the other day, —— Pardon my Freedom, Sir, for keeping a Beauty in your Houſe, who they are pleaſed to ſay was my Miſtreſs before. And pulling out a Lampoon, which his Page had before given him, he gave it his Uncle. But inſtead of making him reſolve to quit *Silvia*, it only ſerv'd to incenſe him againſt *Octavio*; he rail'd at all Wits, and ſwore there was not a more dangerous Enemy to a civil, ſober Commonwealth: That a Poet was to be baniſh'd as a Spy, or hang'd as a Traytor: That it ought to be as much againſt the Law to let 'em live, as to Shoot with white Powder, and that to write Lampoons ſhould be put into the Statute againſt Stabbing. And cou'd he find the Rogue that had the Wit to write that, he wou'd make him a warning

ning to all the Race of that Damnable Vermin; what to abuſe a Magiſtrate, one of the States, a very Monarch of the Commonwealth! —— 'twas Abominable and not to be born, —— and looking on his Nephew, —— and conſidering his Face awhile, he cry'd, —— *I Fancy*, Sir, *by your Phyſiognomy, that you your ſelf have a hand in this Libel:* At which *Octavio* bluſh'd, which he taking for guilt, flew out into terrible Anger againſt him, not ſuffering him to ſpeak for himſelf, or clear his Innocence. And as he was going in this Rage from him, having forbidden him ever to ſet his Foot within his Doors, he told him, —— *If*, ſaid he, *the ſcandalous Town, from your Inſtructions, have ſuch Thoughts of me, I will convince it by Marrying this fair Stranger the firſt thing I do: I cannot doubt but to find a welcom ſince ſhe is a Baniſh'd Woman, without Friend or Protection; and eſpecially when ſhe ſhall ſee how civilly you have handled her here,*

in

in your Dogerel Ballad: I'll teach you to be a Wit, Sir; *and ſo your Humble Servant.* —— And leaving him almoſt wild with his Fears, he went directly to *Silvia*, where he told her, his Nephew was going to make up the Match between himſelf and Madam the Widow of —— and that he had made a ſcandalous Lampoon on her Fair ſelf. He forgot nothing that might make her hate the Amiable young Nobleman, whom ſhe knew too well to believe that any thing of this was other than the effects of his own growing Paſſion for her. For tho' ſhe ſaw *Octavio* every day, in this time ſhe had remain'd at his Uncles, yet the Old Lover ſo watch'd their very Looks, that 'twas impoſſible almoſt to tell one anothers Heart by any Glance there. But *Octavio* had once in this time convey'd a Letter to her, which having Opportunity to do he put it into her Comb-box, when he was with his Uncle one day in her Dreſſing-room;

for

for he durſt not truſt her Page, and leſs *Antonett*, who had before betray'd 'em: And having for *Silvia*'s releaſe ſo ſolemnly Sworn to his Uncle, (to which Vows he took Religious care to keep him.) He had ſo perfect an awe upon his Spirits from every Look and Command of his Uncles, he took infinitely heed how he gave him any Umbrage by any Action of his; and the rather becauſe he hoped when time ſhou'd ſerve to bring about his Buſineſs of ſtealing *Silvia* from him, for ſhe was kept and guarded like a mighty Heireſs; ſo that by this prudent Management on both ſides, they heighten'd the growing Love in every Heart. In that Billet which he dropt in her Comb-box, he did not only make Ten thouſand Vows of Eternal Paſſion and Faith, and beg the ſame aſſurance of her again; but told her he was ſecur'd (ſo well he thought of her) from fears of his Uncles Addreſſes to her, and beg'd ſhe wou'd

not let 'em perplex her, but rather ſerve her for her diverſion; that ſhe ſhould from time to time write him all he ſaid to her, and how he treated her when alone; and that ſince the Old Lover was ſo watchful, ſhe ſhould not truſt her Letters with any body; but as ſhe walk'd out into the Garden, ſhe ſhou'd in paſſing throw the Hall, put her Letter in at the broken Glaſs of an Old Sedan that ſtood there, and had ſtood for ſeveral Years; and that his own Page, whom he could truſt, ſhou'd, when he came with him to his Uncles, take it from thence.—— Thus every Day they writ, and received the deareſt returns in the World; where all the Satisfaction, that Vows oft repeated cou'd give, was rendred each other; with an account from *Silvia* that was very pleaſant, of all the Paſſion of the Doating Old *Sebaſtian*, the Preſents he made her, the Fantaſtick Youth he would aſſume, and the unuſual manner of his Love, which

was

was a great diverſion to both; and this Difficulty of ſpeaking to *Silvia*, and entertaining her with Love, tho' it had its Pains, had its infinite Pleaſures too; it increas'd their Love on both ſides, and all their Wiſhes. But now by this laſt Baniſhment from the Houſe where ſhe was, to loſe that only Pleaſure of beholding the Adorable Maid, gave him all the Pains without the hope of one Pleaſure; and he began to fear he ſhould have a World of Difficulty to ſecure the dear Object of his continual Thoughts: He found no way to ſend to her, and dreads all his Malicious Uncle and Rival may ſay to his diſadvantage: He dreads even that infinite Tenderneſs and Eſteem he had for the good Old Man, who had been ſo fond a Parent to him; leaſt even that ſhould make him unwilling to uſe that Extremity againſt him in the regaining *Silvia*, which he would uſe to any other Man. Oh, how he Curſes the fatal hour

that ever he implored his Aid for her Releaſe; and having overcome all Difficulties, even that of his Fears of *Philander*, (from whom they had received no Letter in Two Months) and that of *Silvia*'s Diſdain, and had Eſtabliſh'd himſelf in her Soul and her Arms; he ſhould, by employing his Uncle's Authority for *Silvia*'s Service, be ſo Unfortunate to involve 'em into new Dangers and Difficulties, of which he could foreſee no other end, than that which muſt be fatal to ſome of 'em. But he believed half his Torture would be eaſed, could he but write to *Silvia*, for ſee her he could not hope: He bethought himſelf of a way atlaſt.

His Uncle had belonging to his Houſe the moſt fine Garden of any in that Province, where thoſe things are not much eſteem'd, in which the Old Gentleman took wonderful Delight, and kept a Gardener and his Family in a little Houſe at the farther

ther end of the Garden, on purpoſe to look to it and dreſs it. This Man had a very great Veneration for *Octavio*, whom he call'd his Young Lord. Sure of the Fidelity of this Gardener, when it was dark enough to conceal him, he wrapt himſelf in his Cloak and got him thither by a back-way, where with Preſents he ſoon won thoſe to his Intereſt, who would before have been Commanded by him in any Service. He had a little clean Room, and ſome little *French* Novels which he brought; and there he was as well conceal'd as if he had been at the *Indies*; he left word at home that he was gone out of Town. He knew well enough that *Silvia*'s Lodgings look'd that way. And when it was dark enough he walk'd under her Window, till he ſaw a Candle lighted in *Silvia*'s Bed-Chamber, which was as great a Joy to him as the Star that Guides the Traveller, or wandring Seaman, or the Lamp at *Seſtos*,

that Guided the Raviſh'd Lover o'er the *Helleſpont*. And by that time he could imagine all in Bed, he made a little noiſe with a Key on the Pummel of his Sword; but whether *Silvia* heard it or not I cannot tell, but ſhe anon came to the Window, and putting up the Shaſh, leaned on her Arms and look'd into the Garden. Oh! who but he himſelf that Lov'd ſo well as *Octavio*, can expreſs the Tranſports he was in at the Sight? which more from the Sight within than that without, he ſaw was the lovely *Silvia*; whom calling ſoftly by her Name, anſwered him as if ſhe knew the welcome Voice, and cry'd, —— *Whoſe there, Octavio?* She was ſoon Anſwer'd you may imagine. And they began the moſt indearing Converſation that ever Love could dictate. He complains on his Fate that ſets 'em at that diſtance, and ſhe pities him. He makes a Thouſand Doubts, and ſhe undeceives 'em all. He Fears, and ſhe convinces his Error,

and

and is impatient at his Suſpicions. She will not indure him to queſtion a Heart that has given him ſo many proofs of its Tenderneſs and Gratitude: She tells him her own Wiſhes, how ſoft and fervent they are; and aſſures him, he is extreamly oblig'd to her —— *Since for you —— my Charming Friend*, ſaid ſhe to Octavio, *I have refus'd this Night to Marry your Uncle; have a care*, ſaid ſhe, Smiling, *how you treat me, leaſt I revenge my ſelf on you; become your Aunt, and bring Heirs to the Eſtate you have a Right to: The Writings of all which I have now in my Chamber, and which were but juſt now laid at my Feet, and which I cannot yet get him to receive back. And to oblige me to a compliance, has told me, how you have deceived me, by giving your ſelf to another, and expoſing me in Lampoons.* —— To this *Octavio* would have replied, but ſhe aſſured him ſhe needed no Argument to convince her of the Falſhhood of all. He Sighs, and

told her all ſhe ſaid, tho' Dear and Charming was not ſufficient to eaſe his Heart, for he foreſaw a World of hazzard to get her from thence, and miſchiefs if ſhe remained; inſomuch that he caus'd the Tears to flow from the fair Eyes of *Silvia*, with the Reflections on her rigid Fortune. And ſhe cry'd, *Oh, my* Octavio! *what ſtrange Fate or Stars rul'd my Birth, that I ſhou'd be born the ruine of what I Love, or of thoſe that Love me?* At this rate they paſt the Night, ſometimes more ſoft, ſometimes incouraging one another; but the laſt reſult was to contrive the means of eſcaping. He fancy'd ſhe might eaſily do it by the Garden from that Window: But that he was not ſure he could truſt the Gardener ſo far, who in all things would ſerve him, in which his Lord and Maſter was not Injured; and he amongſt the reſt of the Servants, had Order not to ſuffer *Silvia* out of the Garden, for which reaſon he kept a ſtrict Guard on that back-

back-Door. Some way muſt be found out which yet was not, and was left to time. He told her where he was, and that he wou'd not ſtir from thence, till he were ſecur'd of her flight: And Day coming on, tho' loath, yet for fear of Eyes and Ears that might Spy upon 'em, he retired to his little Lodging and *Silvia* to Bed; after giving and receiving a Thouſand Vows and Farewels. The next Night he came to the ſame place, but inſtead of entertaining her—— he only ſaw her ſoftly put up the Shaſh a little, and throw ſomething white out of the Window and retire. He was wondring at the meaning, but taking up what was thrown down, he found and ſmelt it was *Silvia*'s Handkerchief, in which was ty'd up a *Billet*: He went to his little Lodging and read it.

Silvia *to* Octavio.

GO from my Window my adorable Friend, and be not afflicted that I do not entertain you, as I had the Joy to do last Night, for both our Voices were heard by ſome one that Lodges below, and tho' your Uncle could not tell me any part of our Converſation, yet he heard I talk'd to ſomebody: I have perſwaded him the Fellow dream'd, who gave him this Intelligence, and he is almoſt ſatisfied he did ſo; however hazard not thy dear ſelf any more ſo, but let me loſe for a while the greateſt Happineſs this Earth can afford me (in the Circumſtances of our Fortunes) rather than expoſe what is dearer to me than Life or Honour: Pity the Fate I was born to, and expect all things from

Your Silvia.

I will wait at the Window for your Anſwer, and let you down a Ribband, by which I will draw it up: But as you love me do not ſpeak.

He

He had no ſooner read this, but he went to write an Anſwer, which was this.

Octavio *to* Silvia.

COmplain not, thou Goddeſs of my Vows, on the Fate thou wert born to procure to all Mankind; but thank Heaven for having received ten thouſand Charms that can recompence all the Injuries you ſo unwillingly do us: And who would not implore his Ruine from all the angry Powers, if in return they would give him ſo glorious a Reward? Who would not be undone to all the triſling Honours of the miſtaken World, to find himſelf in lieu of all, poſſeſs'd of the Raviſhing Silvia? *But oh! where is that preſumptious Man, that can at the price of all, lay claim to ſo vaſt a Bleſſing? Alaſs my* Silvia, *even while I dare call you mine, I am not that hoping Slave, no not after all the valued*

dear

dear things you have ſaid and vow'd to me laſt Night in the Garden, welcome to my Soul as Life after a Sentence of Death, or Heaven after Life is ended. But, oh Silvia! *all this, even all you uttered from your dear Mouth is not ſufficient to ſupport me: Alas, I die for* Silvia; *I am not able to bear the cruel Abſence longer, therefore without Delay aſſiſt me to contrive your Eſcape, or I ſhall die and leave you to the Ravage of his Love who holds thee from me; the very Thoughts of that is worſe than Death. I die, alas I die, for an intire Poſſeſſion of thee: Oh let me graſp my Treaſure, let me ingroſs it all, here in my longing Arms. I can no longer languiſh at this Diſtance from my eternal Joy, my Life, my Soul! But oh I Rave! and while I ſhould be ſpeaking a thouſand uſeful things, I am telling you my Pain, a Pain that you may gueſs; and confounding myſelf between thoſe and their Remedies, am able to fix on nothing: Help me to think, oh my dear*

charming

charming Creature, help me to think how I ſhall bear thee off! Take your own Meaſures, flatter him with Love; ſooth him to Faith and Confidence, and then——oh pardon me if there be Baſeneſs in the Action—— then ——Cozen him——Deceive him—— any thing——for he deſerves it all, that thinks that lovely Body was form'd for his Imbraces, whom Age has rendered fitter for a Grave. Form any Plots, uſe every Stratagem to ſave the Life of

Your Octavio.

He writ this in Haſt and Diſorder, as you may plainly ſee by the Stile, and went to the Window with it, where he found *Silvia* leaning expecting him: The Shaſhes were up, and he toſs'd it in the Handkerchief into her Window: She read it, and writ an Anſwer back as ſoft as Love could form, to ſend him

him pleaſed to Bed; wherein ſhe commanded him to hope all things form her Wit and induſtrious Love.

This had partly the Effects ſhe wiſhed; and after kiſſing his Hand, and throwing it up towards *Silvia*, they parted as ſilent as the Night from Day, which was now juſt dividing——ſo long they ſtay'd, tho' but to look at each other; ſo that all the Morning was paſs'd in Bed to make the Day ſeem ſhorter, which was too tedious to both: This Pleaſure he had after Noon, towards the Evening, that when *Silvia* walked, as ſhe alwaies did in the Garden, he could ſee her thorow the Glaſs of his Window, but durſt not open it; for the old Gentleman was ever with her. In this time *Octavio* fail'd not however to eſſay the good Nature of the Gardener in order to *Silvia*'s Flight, but found there was no dealing with him in this Affair; and therefore durſt not come right down to the Point:

Point: The next Night he came under the beloved Window again, and found the ſacred Object of his Wiſhes leaning in the Window expecting him: To whom, as ſoon as ſhe heard his Tread on the Gravel, ſhe threw down a Handkerchief again, which he took up, and toſs'd his own with a ſoft complaining Letter to entertain her till his Return; for he haſted to read hers, and ſwep'd the Garden as he paſs'd as ſwift as Wind; ſo impatient he was to ſee the Inſide——which he found thus.

Silvia *to* Octavio.

I Beg, my charming Friend, you will be aſſur'd of all I have promiſed you; and to believe that, but for the Pleaſure of thoſe dear Billets I receive from you, I could as little ſupport this cruel Confinement as you my Abſence. I have but one Game to play, and I beſeech you not to be ſurpriz'd

priz'd at it; 'tis to promiſe to marry Sebaſtian: *He is eternally at my Feet, and either I muſt give him my Vow to become his Wife, or give him hope of other Favours. I am ſo intirely yours, that I will be guided by you which I ſhall Flatter him in, to gain my Liberty, for if I grant either he has propoſed to carry me to his Country-Houſe, two Leagues from the Town, and there Conſummate whatever I deſign to bleſs him with; and this is it that has wrought my Conſent, that we being to go alone, only my own Servants, you may eaſily take me thence by Force upon the Road, or after our Arrival, where he will not guard me perhaps ſo ſtrictly as he does here: For that, I leave it to your Conduct, and expect your Anſwer to*

Your Impatient

Silvia.

He

He immediately ſate down and writ this.

Octavio *to* Silvia.

HAVE a Care, my Charming Fair, how you play with Vows; and however you are forc'd for that Religious End of ſaving your Honour, to deceive the poor old Lover, whom, by Heaven, I pity; yet rather let me die than know you can be guilty of Vow-Breach, tho' made in jeſt. I am well pleaſed at the Glimpſe of Hope you give me, that I ſhall ſee you at his Villa; *and doubt not but to find a way to ſecure you to myſelf: Say any thing, promiſe to ſacrifice all to his Deſire; but oh, do not give away thy dear, thy precious ſelf by Vow, to any but the Languiſhing*

Octavio.

After

After he had writ this he haſt'd and throws it into her Window, and return'd to Bed without ſeeing her, which was no ſmall Affliction to his Soul: He had an ill Night of it, and fancied a thouſand tormenting things; That the old Gentleman might then be with her; and if alone, what might he not perſwade by force of rich Preſents, of which his Uncle was well ſtored: And ſo he gueſs'd, and as he gueſs'd it proved, as by his next Nights Letter he was inform'd, that the old Lover no ſooner ſaw *Silvia* retire, but having a mind to try his Fortune in ſome Critical Minute—— for ſuch a Minute he had heard there was that favoured Lovers; but he goes to his Cloſet, and taking out ſome Jewels of great Value, to make himſelf the more welcome, he goes directly to *Silvia*'s Chamber, and entered juſt as ſhe had taken up *Octavio*'s Letter, and clap'd

clap'd it in her Boſom as ſhe heard ſome body at the Door; but was not in a little Confuſion when ſhe ſaw who it was; which ſhe excuſed, by telling him ſhe was ſurpriz'd to find herſelf with a Man in her Chamber: That there he fell to pleading his cauſe of Love; and offered her again to ſettle his Eſtate upon her, and implor'd ſhe would be his Wife. After a thouſand faint Denials, ſhe told him ſhe could not poſſibly receive that Honour, but if ſhe could, ſhe would have look'd upon it as a great Favour from Heaven; at that he was Thunder-ſtruck, and look'd as gaſtly as if his Mothers Ghoſt had frighten'd him; and after much Debate, Love and Grief on his ſide, Deſign and Diſſimulation on hers, ſhe gave him Hopes that Aton'd for all ſhe had before ſaid; inſomuch that before they parted an abſolute Bargain was ſtruck up, and he was to ſettle part of his Eſtate upon her, as alſo that *Villa*,

to

to which he had resolved in two days to carry her; in earnest to this he presents her a Necklace of Pearl of good Value, and other Jewels, which was the best Rhetorick he had yet spoke to her; and now she appear'd the most Complaisant Lady in the World, she suffers him to talk wantonly to her, nay even to kiss her, and rub his grizly Beard on her divine Face, grasp her Hands, and touch her Breast; a Blessing he had never before arriv'd to with any body above the Quality of his own Servant-Maid. To all which she makes the best Resistance she can, under the Circumstances of one who was to deceive well; and while she loaths she seems well pleas'd, while the gay Jewels sparkled in her Eyes and *Octavio* in her Heart; so fond is Youth of Vanities, and to purchase an addition of Beauty at any Price. Thus with her pretty Flatteries she wrought upon his Soul, and smil'd and look'd him

him into Faith; loth to depart ſhe ſends him pleas'd away, and having her Heart the more inclin'd to *Octavio* by being Perſecuted with his Uncles Love (for by Compariſon ſhe finds the mighty Difference) ſhe ſets herſelf to write him the Account of what I have related; this Nights Adventure and Agreement between his Uncle and herſelf. She tells him that to Morrow, for now 'twas almoſt Day, ſhe had promiſed him to go to his *Villa*: She tells him at what rate ſhe has purchaſed the Bleſſing expected; and laſtly, leaves the management of the reſt to him, who needs not be inſtructed. This Letter he receiv'd the next Night, at the old place, and *Silvia* with it lets down a Velvet Night Bag, which contain'd all the Jewels and things of Value ſhe had receiv'd of himſelf, his Uncle, or any other: After which he retired, and was pretty well at eaſe, with the imagination he ſhould ere long be made

Hap-

Happy in the Poſſeſſion of *Silvia*: In order to it the next Morning he was early up, and dreſſing himſelf in a great courſe Campagne Coat of the Gardeners, puting up his Hair, as well as he could, under a Country-Hat, he got on a Horſe that ſuited his Habit, and rides to the *Villa*, whither they were to come, and which he knew perfectly well every Room of; for there our Hero was born. He went to a little *Caberet* in the Village, from whence he could ſurvey all the great Houſe, and ſee every Body that paſs'd in and out: He remain'd fix'd at the Window, fill'd with a thouſand Agitations; this he had reſolv'd, not to ſet upon the good old Man as a Thief or Robber; nor could he find in his Heart or Nature to injure him, tho' but in a little affrighting him, who had given him ſo many anxious Hours, and who had been ſo unjuſt to deſire that Bleſſing himſelf, he would not allow him; and

to

to believe that a Vertue in himſelf, which he exclaim'd againſt as ſo great a Vice in his Nephew; nevertheleſs he reſolv'd to deceive him, to ſave his own Life. And he wanted that nice part of Generoſity, as to ſatisfy a little unneceſſary Luſt in an old Man, to ruin the eternal Content of a young one, ſo nearly allied to his Soul, as was his own dear proper Perſon. While he was thus conſidering he ſaw his Uncle's Coach coming, and *Silvia* with that doting Lover in it, who was that day dreſſed in all the Fopperies of Youth, and every thing was young and gay about him but his Perſon, that was Winter it ſelf, diſguiſed in artificial Spring; and he was altogether a meer Contradiction. But who can gueſs the Diſorders and Pantings of *Octavio*'s Heart at the Sight; and tho' he had reſolved before he would not to ſave his Life lay violent Hands on his old Parent; yet at their Approach, at their preſenting

themſelves

themſelves together before his Eyes, as two Lovers going to betray him to all the Miſeries, Pangs, and Confuſions of Love, going to poſſeſs ——her, the dear Object and certain Life of his Soul, and ſhe the Parent of him, to whom ſhe had diſpoſed of herſelf ſo intirely already, he was provok'd to break from all his Reſolutions, and with one of thoſe two Piſtols he had in his Pockets, to have ſent unerring Death to his old amorous Heart: But that Thought was no ſooner born than ſtifled in his Soul, where it met with all the Sence of Gratitude that ever could preſent the tender Love and dear Care of a Parent there; and the Coach paſſing into the Gate put him upon new Deſigns, and before they were finiſhed he ſaw *Silvia*'s Page coming from the Houſe, after ſeeing his Lady to her Apartment, and being ſhow'd his own, where he laid his Vallice and Riding-things, and was now come out to look about

bout a Country where he had never been before. *Octavio* goes down and meets him, and ventures to make himſelf known to him: And ſo infinitely glad was the Youth to have an Opportunity to ſerve him, that he vow'd he would not only do it with his Life, on Occaſion, but believ'd he could do it effectually, ſince the old Gentleman had no ſort of Jealouſie now; eſpecially ſince they had ſo prudently manag'd Matters in this time of his Ladies remaining at *Sebaſtian*'s Houſe. *So that, Sir, it will not be difficult*, ſays the generous Boy, *for me to convey you to my Lodging when it is dark.* He told him his Lady caſt many a longing Look out towards the Road as ſhe paſs'd, *for you, I am ſure my Lord——for ſhe had told both myſelf and* Antonett *of her Deſign before, leaſt our Surprize or Reſiſtance ſhould prevent any Force you might uſe on the Road, to take her from my Lord* Sebaſtian: *She ſigh'd and look'd on*

me as ſhe alighted, with Eyes, my Lord, that told me her Grief for your Diſappointment. You may eaſily imagine how tranſported the poor *Octavio* was; he kiſs'd and imbrac'd the Amiable Boy a thouſand times; and taking a Ring from his Finger of conſiderable Value, gave it the dear Reviver of his Hopes. *Octavio* already knew the Strength of the Houſe, which conſiſted but of a Gardener, whoſe Wife was Houſe-keeper, and their Son, who was his Fathers Servant in the Garden, and their Daughter, who was a ſort of Maid-ſervant: And they had brought only the Coach-man, and one Foot-man, who were likely to be mirrily imploy'd in the Kitchin at Night when all got to Supper together. I ſay, *Octavio* already knew this, and there was now nothing that oppoſed his Wiſhes: So that diſmiſſing the dear Boy he remained the reſt of the tedious Day at the *Caberet*, the moſt impatient

impatient of Night of any Man on Earth: And when the Boy appear'd it was like the Approach of an Angel. He told him his Lady was the moſt Melancholy Creature that ever Eyes beheld, and that to conceal the Cauſe, ſhe had feigned herſelf Ill, and had not ſtir'd from her Chamber all the day: That the old Lover was perpetually with her, and the moſt concern'd Doatard that ever *Cupid* inſlav'd: That he had ſo wholly taken up his Lady with his diſagreeable Entertainment, that it was impoſſible either by a Look or Note to inform her of his being ſo near her, whom ſhe conſidered as her preſent Defender, and her future Happineſs. *But this Evening*, continued the Youth, *as I was waiting on her at Supper, ſhe ſpy'd the Ring on my Finger, which, my Lord, your Bounty made me Maſter of this Morning. She bluſh'd a Thouſand times and fix'd her Eyes upon it, for ſhe knew it, and was Impatient to*

have ask'd me some Questions, but contain'd her Words. And after that I saw a Joy dance in her lovely Eyes, that told me, She devin'd you were not far from thence. Therefore I beseech your Lordship let us haste. So both went out together, and the Page Conducted him into a Chamber he better knew than the Boy, while every Moment he receives Intelligence how Affairs went in that of *Silvia*'s, by the Page, who leaving *Octavio* there went out as a Spy for him. In fine, with much ado, *Silvia* perswaded her Old Lover to urge her for no Favours that Night, for she was indispos'd and unfit for Love; yet she perswades with such an Air, so Smiling and Insinuating, that she increases the Fire she indeavour'd to allay: but he, who was all Obedience as well as New Desire; resolves to humour her, and shew the perfect Gallantry of his Love; he promises her she shall command: And after that never was the Old Gentleman seen in

ſo excellent a Humour before, in the whole Courſe of his Life; a certain Lightening againſt a Storm, that muſt be fatal to him. He was no ſooner gone from her, with a promiſe to go to Bed and Sleep, that he might be the earlier up, to ſhow her the fine Gardens which ſhe lov'd, but ſhe ſends *Antonett* to call the Page, from whom ſhe long'd to know ſomething of *Octavio*, and was ſure he cou'd inform her. But ſhe was undreſſing while ſhe ſpoke, and got into her Bed before ſhe left her: But *Antonett*, inſtead of bringing the Sighing Youth, brought the Tranſported and Raviſh'd *Octavio*, who had by this time pull'd off his Courſe Campaign and put down his Hair. He fell breathleſs with Joy on her Bed ſide; when *Antonett*, who knew that Love deſired no lookers on, retired and left *Octavio* almoſt dead with Joy, in the Claſping Arms of the Trembling Maid, the lovely *Silvia*. Oh, who can gueſs their ſa-

tisfaction? Who can gueſs their Sighs and Love? their tender Words half ſtifled in Kiſſes; Lovers! fond Lovers! only can imagine; to all beſides this Tale will be Inſipid. He now forgets where he is, that not far off lay his Amorous Uncle, that to be found there was Death and ſomething worſe; but wholly Raviſh'd with the Languiſhing Beauty, taking his Piſtols out of either Pocket, he lays them on a Dreſſing Table near the Bed ſide, and in a Moment throws off his Cloths, and gives himſelf up to all the Heaven of Love that lay ready to receive him there, without thinking of any thing but the vaſt Power of eithers Charms. They lay and forgot the haſty Hours, but Old *Sebaſtian* did not. They were all counted by him, with the Impatience of a Lover: He Burnt, he Rag'd with fierce Deſire, and toſt from ſide to ſide and found no eaſe; *Silvia* was preſent in Imagination, and he like *Tantalus* reaches at the Food,

Food, which, tho' in view, is not within his reach: He wou'd have Pray'd, but he had no Devotion for any Deity but *Silvia*; he roſe and walk'd, and went to Bed again, and found himſelf uneaſie every way. A Thouſand times he was about to go, and try what Opportunity would do in the dark ſilent Night——but fears her Rage——he fears ſhe'll chide at leaſt; then he reſolves and unreſolves as faſt: Unhappy Lover——thus to blow the Fire when there were no Materials to ſupply it; at laſt overcome with fierce Deſire, too Violent to be withſtood, or rather Fate wou'd have it ſo ordained, he ventures all, and ſteals to *Silvia*'s Chamber, believing when ſhe found him in her Arms ſhe could not be diſpleaſed; or if ſhe were, that was the ſureſt place of Reconciliation: So that only putting his Night Gown about him, he went ſoftly to her Chamber for fear of waking her: The unthinking Lovers had left open

the Door, ſo that it was hardly put to. And the firſt Alarm was *Octavio*'s Hand being ſeiz'd, which was Claſping his Treaſure. He ſtarts from the frighted Arms of *Silvia*, and leaping from the Bed wou'd have eſcaped, for he knew too well the touch of that Old Hand; but *Sebaſtian* wholly ſurpriz'd at ſo robuſt a repulſe, took moſt unfortunately a ſtronger hold, and laying both his Hands roughly upon him, with a Reſolution to know who he was, for he felt his Hair; and *Octavio* ſtruggling at the ſame Minute to get from him, they both fell againſt the Dreſſing Table, threw down the Piſtols; in their fall one of which going off, ſhot the unfortunate Old Lover into the Head, ſo that he never ſpoke word more: At the going off of the Piſtol, *Silvia*, who had not minded thoſe *Octavio* laid on the Table, cry'd out——*Oh my* Octavio!——*My deareſt Charmer*, reply'd he, *I'm well*——And feeling on the Dead

Dead Body, which he wonder'd had no longer Motion, he felt Blood flowing round it, and Sighing cry'd ——*Ah*, Silvia! *I'm undone* —— *My Uncle* —— *Oh my Parent* —— *Speak, Dear Sir! Oh! what unlucky Accident has done this fatal Deed?* *Silvia*, who was very ſoft by Nature, was extreamly ſurpriz'd, and frightned at the News of a Dead Man in her Chamber, ſo that ſhe was ready to run Mad with the Apprehenſion of it: She rav'd and tore her ſelf, and expreſt her Fright in Cries and Diſtraction; ſo that *Octavio* was compelled from one charitable Grief to another. He goes to her and Comforts her, and tells, ſince 'tis by no deſign of either of them, their Innocence will be their Guardian Angel. He tells her all their fault was Love, which made him ſo heedleſly fond of Joys with her, he ſtaid to reap thoſe when he ſhould have ſecur'd 'em by Flight. He tells her this is now no place to ſtay in, and

that he would put on her Clothes and fly with her to ſome ſecure part of the World; *For who*, ſaid he, *that finds this poor Unfortunate here, will not charge his Death on me or thee.* ——*Haſte then, my dearest Maid, haſte, haſte, and let us fly*——So dreſſing her he led her into *Antonett*'s Chamber, and conjured her to ſay nothing of the Accident, while he went to ſee which way they could get out. So locking the Chamber door where the dead Body lay, which by this time was ſtiff and cold; he lock'd that alſo of his Uncle's Chamber, and calling the Page they all got themſelves ready; and puting Two Horſes in the Coach, they unſeen and unperceived got themſelves all out: The Servants having drunk hard at their meeting in the Country laſt Night, were all too ſound a ſleep to underſtand any thing of what paſt. It being now about the Break of Day, *Octavio* was the Coachman, and the Page Riding by the Coach-

ſide,

ſide, while *Silvia* and *Antonett* were in it, they in an hours time reach'd the Town, where *Octavio* pack'd up all that was carriageable; took his own Coach and Six Horſes; left his Affairs to the Managent of a Kinſman that dwelt with him; took Bills to the value of Two thouſand Pounds, and immediately left the Town, after receiving ſome Letters that came laſt Night by the Poſt, one of which was from *Philander*; and indeed this new Grief upon *Octavio*'s Soul, made him the moſt Dejected and Melancholy Man in the World, inſomuch that he, who never wept for any thing but for Love, was often found with Tears rowling down his Cheeks, at the remembrance of an Accident ſo deplorable, and of which he and his unhappy Paſſion was the Cauſe, tho' Innocently: Yet could not the dire Reflection oft hat, nor the loſs of ſo tender a Parent, as was *Sebaſtian*, leſſen one Spark of that Fire for *Silvia*, whoſe unfortunate

Flame

Flame had been ſo Fatal. While they were ſafe out of danger, the Servants of *Sebaſtian* admired when Ten, Eleven and Twelve a Clock was come, they ſaw neither the Old Lord nor any of the New Gueſts. But when the Coachman miſt his Coach and Horſes he was in a greater maze, and thought ſome Body had ſtollen 'em; and accuſing himſelf of Sluggiſhneſs and Debauchery, that made him not able to hear when the Coach went out, he forſwore all Drinking. But when the Houſekeeper and he met and diſcourſed about the Lady and the reſt, they concluded that the Old Gentleman and ſhe were agreed upon the matter, and being got to Bed together had quite forgot themſelves; and made a Thouſand Roguiſh remarks upon 'em. They believed the Maid and the Page too were as well imploy'd, ſince they ſaw neither. But when Dinner was ready ſhe went up to the Maids Chamber and found it empty,

empty, as alſo that of the Page; her Heart then preſaging ſomething, ſhe ventures to knock at her Lord's Chamber door, but finding it Lock'd and none Anſwer, they broke it open; and after doing the ſame by that of *Silvia*, they found the Poor *Sebaſtian* ſtretch'd on the Floor, and Shot in the Head, the *Toylet* pull'd almoſt down, and the Lock of the Piſtol hanging in the point of the *Toylet* intangled, and the Muzzle of it juſt againſt the Wound. At firſt when they ſaw him they fancy'd *Silvia* might kill him, for either offering to come to Bed to her in the Night, or for ſome other Malicious end. But when they ſaw how the Piſtol lay they fancy'd it Accident in the Dark; *For*, ſaid the Woman —— *I and my Daughter have been up ever ſince Day-break, and, I'm ſure no ſuch thing happen'd then, nor could they ſince eſcape:* And it being natural in *Holland* to cry, *Lope Schellum*, that is, Run Rogue, to him that

that is alive, and who has kill'd another; and for every Man to ſet a helping Hand to bear him out of Danger, thinking it too much that one's already dead: I ſay, this being the Nature of the People, they never purſu'd the Murderers or fled Perſons, but ſuffered *Sebaſtian* to lie till the Coroner ſat upon him, who found it, or at leaſt thought it, Accident; and there was all for that time. But this, with all the reaſonable Circumſtances, did not ſatisfie the *States*. Here is one of their High and Mighties killed, a fair Lady fled, and upon inquiry a fine Young Fellow too, the Nephew: All knew they were Rivals in this fair Lady; all knew there were Animoſities between 'em; all knew *Octavio* was abſconded ſome Days before; ſo that, upon Conſideration, they concluded he was Murder'd by Compact; and the rather, becauſe they wiſh'd it ſo in ſpight to *Octavio*; and becauſe both he and *Silvia* were fled

like

like Guilty Perſons. Upon this they make a Seizure of both his and his Uncle's Eſtate, to the uſe of the *States*. Thus the beſt and moſt glorious Man that ever grac'd that part of the World was undone by Love. While *Silvia* with Sighs and Tears would often ſay, *That ſure ſhe was born the Fate of all that Ador'd her, and no Man ever thriv'd that had a Deſign upon her, or a Pretenſion to her.*

Thus between exceſs of Grief and exceſs of Love, which indeed lay veil'd in the firſt, they arriv'd at *Bruxells*; where *Octavio*, having News of the proceedings of the *States* againſt him, reſolving rather to loſe his Life, than tamely to ſurrender his Right, he went forth in order to take ſome Care about it: And in theſe extreams of a troubled Mind he had forgot to read *Philander's* Letters, but gave 'em to *Silvia* to peruſe, till he return'd, beſeeching and conjuring her, by all

the

the Charms of Love, not to ſuffer herſelf to be afflicted, but now to conſider ſhe was wholly his; and ſhe could not, and ought not to rob him of a Sigh or Tear for any other Man. For they had concluded to marry as ſoon as *Silvia* ſhould be delivered from that part of *Philander* of which ſhe was poſſeſs'd. Therefore beholding her intirely his own, of whom he was ſo fondly tender, he could not indure the Wind ſhould blow on her, and kiſs her lovely Face: Jealous of even the Air ſhe breath'd, he was ever putting her in mind of whoſe and what ſhe was; and ſhe ever giving him new Aſſurances that ſhe was only *Octavio*'s. The laſt part of his ill News he conceal'd from her; that of the Uſage of the *States*. He was ſo intirely careful of her Fame, that he had two Lodgings, one, moſt magnificent, for her, another for himſelf; and only viſited her all the live-long Day. And being now retired

tired from her, ſhe, whoſe Love and Curioſity grew leſs every day for the falſe *Philander*, open'd his Letter with a Sigh of departed Love, and read this.

Philander *to* Octavio.

SURE of your Friendſhip, my dear Octavio, *I venture to lay before you the Hiſtory of my Misfortunes, as well as thoſe of my Joys; equally Extream.*

In my laſt I gave you an Account how triumphing a Lover I was in the Poſſeſſion of the adorable Caliſta; *and how very near I was being ſurpriz'd in the Fountain, where I had hid myſelf from the Rage of old* Clarinau; *and eſcaped wet and cold to my Lodging: And tho' indeed I eſcaped, it was not without giving the old Husband a Jealouſy, which put him upon an Inquiry after a ſtricter manner, as I heard the next day from* Caliſta; *but with as ill Succeſs as the Night before;*

fore; notwithſtanding it appears by what after happened that he ſtill retain'd his Jealouſy, and that of me, from a thouſand little Inquiries I had from time to time made, form my being now abſent, and moſt of all from my being (as now he fancied) that Viſion which Caliſta *ſaw in the Garden. All theſe Circumſtances wrought a thouſand* Canundrums *in his* Spaniſh *politick Noddle: And he reſolves that* Caliſta's *Actions ſhould be more narrowly watch'd. This I can only gueſs from what inſu'd. I am not able to ſay by what good Fortune I eſcap'd ſeveral happy Nights after the firſt, but 'tis certain I did ſo; for the old Man carrying all things fair to the lovely Counteſs, ſhe thought herſelf ſecure in her Joys hitherto, as to any Diſcovery: However I never went on this dear Adventure but I was well arm'd againſt any Miſhaps of Poniard, Sword, and Piſtol, that Garb of a right* Spaniard. Caliſta *had been married above two years before I beheld her,*

her, and had never been with Child: But it ſo chanced, that ſhe conceived the very firſt Night of our Happineſs; ſince which time not all her Flatteries and Charms could prevail for one Night with the old Count: For, whether from her ſeeming Fondneſs he imagined the Cauſe, or what other Reaſon he had to withſtand her Deſire and Careſſes, I know not: But ſtill he found or feigned ſome Excuſes to put her off; ſo that Caliſta's Fears and Love increaſed with her growing Belly. And tho' almoſt every Night I had the fair young Charmer in Bed with me (without the leaſt Suſpicion on Dormina's ſide) or elſe in the Arbours, or on flowery Banks in the Garden: Till I am confident there was not a Walk, a Grove, an Arbour, or Bed of Sweets, that was not conſcious of our ſtollen Delights. Nay we grew ſo very bold in Love, that we often ſuffered the Day to break upon us; and ſtill eſcaped his Spyes, who by either watching at the wrong Door,

Door, or part of the vaſt Garden; or by Sleepineſs and Careleſſneſs ſtill let us paſs their View. Four happy Months, thus bleſs'd and thus ſecur'd, we liv'd, when Caliſta *could no longer conceal her growing Shame from the Jealous* Clarinau *or* Dormina. *She fear'd with too much Reaſon that 'twas Jealouſy which made him refrain her Bed, tho' he diſſembled well all Day: And one Night, weeping in my Boſom, with all the tenderneſs of Love, ſhe ſaid,* That if I loved her, as ſhe hoped I did, I ſhould be ſhortly very miſerable: For oh, *cry'd ſhe,* I can no longer hide this—— dear Effect of my ſtollen Happineſs—— and *Clarinau* will no ſooner perceive my Condition, but he will uſe his utmoſt Rigour againſt me. I know his jealous Nature, and find I am undone—— *With that ſhe told me how he had killed his firſt Wife; for which he was obliged to fly from the Court and Country of* Spain: *And that ſhe found from all his Severity he was*

not

not chang'd from his Nature. In fine, ſhe ſaid and lov'd ſo much, that I was wholly charm'd, and vow'd myſelf her Slave, or Sacrifice, either to follow what ſhe could propoſe, or fall a Victim with her to my Love. After which 'twas concluded (neither having a mind to leave the World, when we both knew ſo well how to make our ſelves happy in it) that the next Night I ſhould bring her a Suit of Mans Cloths; and ſhe would in that Diſguiſe fly with me to any part of the World. For ſhe vow'd if this unlucky Force of Flying had not happened to her, ſhe had not been longer able to have indured his Tyranny and Slavery: But had reſolved to break her Chain, and put herſelf upon any Fortune. So that after the uſual Indearments on both ſides, I left her reſolved to follow my Fortune, and ſhe me, to ſacrifice all to her Repoſe. That Night, and all next Day, ſhe was not idle; but put up all her Jewels, of which ſhe had the richeſt of a-

my Lady in all those Parts, for that the old Count was over lavish. And the next Night I brought her a Suit, which I had made that day on purpose; as gay as could be made in so short a time; and stealing my Wall well arm'd, I found her ready at the Door to receive me; and going into an Arbour, by the aid of a Dark-Lanthorn I carried, she dress'd her in a lac'd Shirt of mine, and this Suit I had brought her, of blew Velvet, trim'd with rich Loops and Buttons of Gold; a white Hat and white Feather; a fair Peruke, and scarlet Breeches, the rest suitable. And I must confess to you, my dear Octavio, that never any thing appear'd so Ravishing, and yet I have seen Silvia! But even she a Baby to this more noble Figure. Calista is tall, and fashioned the most divinely —— the most proper for that Dress of any of her Sex: And I own I never saw any thing so Beautiful all over, from Head to Foot: And viewing her thus (carrying my Lan-

Lanthorn all about her, but more especially her Face, her wondrous Charming Face—— (Pardon me if I say, what does but look like Flattery) ——I never saw any thing more resembling my dear Octavio, than the lovely Calista. Your every Feature, your very Smile and Air; so that, if possible, that increas'd my Adoration and Esteem for her: Thus compleated, I Armed her and buckl'd on her Sword, and she would needs have one of my Pistols too, that stuck in my Belt; and now she appeared all lovely Man. 'Twas so late by that time we had done, that the Moon which began to shine very Bright, gave us a Thousand little Fears, and disposing her Jewels all about us safe, we began our Adventure, with a Thousand dreadful Apprehensions on Calista's side. And going up the Walk towards the place where we were to mount the Wall; just at the end of it, turning a Corner we encounter'd Two Men, who were too near us to be prevented. Oh, cry'd Calista to me, who

saw

ſaw 'em firſt,—— My dear *Philander* we are undone! *I look'd and ſaw 'em and replied,* My Charmer do not fear, they are but two to two who e're they be; for Love, and I, ſhall be of force enough to Encounter 'em. No, my Philander, *replied ſhe briskly,* 'tis I will be your Second in this Rancounter. *At this approaching 'em more near (for they haſted to us, nor could we fly from them,) we ſoon found by his hobling, that Old* Clarinau *was one, and the other a Tall Spaniard, his Nephew. I clapt my Hair under my Hat, and both of us making a ſtand, we reſolv'd if they durſt not venture on us to let 'em paſs*——*but* Clarinau, *who was on that ſide which faced* Caliſta, *cry'd,* Ah Villain, have I caught thee! *and at the ſame inſtant with a* Poniard *ſtabbed her into the Arm; for with a ſudden turn ſhe evaded it from her Heart, to which it was deſigned. At which repaying his Complement, ſhe ſhot of her Piſtol, and down he fell, crying out for a Prieſt; while I at the*

ſame

ſame time laid my Tall Boy at his Feet. I caught my dear Virago in my Arms, and haſted through the Garden with her, and was very haſty in mounting my Ladder, putting my fair Second before me, without ſo much as daring yet to ask her if ſhe were wounded, leaſt it ſhould have hinder'd our flight if I had found her hurt: Nor knew I ſhe was ſo, till I felt her warm precious Blood ſtreaming on my Face, as I lifted her over the Wall; but I ſoon conveyed her into my new Lodgings; yet not ſoon enough to ſecure her from thoſe that purſu'd us: For with their bauling they alarm'd ſome of the Servants, who looking narrowly for the Murderers, track'd us by Caliſta's Blood, which they ſaw with their Flambeaus from the Place where Clarinau and his Nephew lay, to the very Wall; and thinking from our Wounds we could not eſcape far, they ſearching the Houſes, found me dreſſing Caliſta's Wound, which I kiſt a Thouſand times. But the matchleſs Courage of the fair Vira-

go! the Magnanimity of Caliſta's Soul! nothing of fooliſh Woman harbour'd there, nothing but ſofteſt Love; for while I was raving mad, tearing my Hair and curſing my Fate in vain, ſhe had no concern but for me; no pain but that of her fear of being taken from me and being delivered to Old Clarinau, whom I fear'd was not dead; nor could the very ſeizing her daunt her Spirits, but with an unmatch'd Fortitude ſhe bore it all; ſhe only wiſh'd ſhe could have eſcaped without Bloodſhed. We were both led to Priſon, but none knew who we were, for thoſe that ſeized us had by chance never ſeen me, and Caliſta's Habit ſecur'd the diſcovery. While we both remained there, we had this Comfort of being well Lodg'd together; for they did not go about to part us, being in for one Crime. And all the ſatisfaction ſhe had, was, that ſhe ſhould, ſhe hop'd, die concealed, if ſhe muſt die for the Crime; and that was much a greater Joy than to think ſhe ſhould be ren-

der'd

der'd back to Clarinau, *who in a few days we heard was upon his Recovery; this gave her new fears; but I confeſs to you I was not afflicted at it; nor did I think it hard for me to bribe* Caliſta *off; for the Maſter of the Priſon was very Civil and Poor, ſo that with the help of ſome few of* Caliſta's *Jewels, he was wrought upon to let her eſcape, I offering to remain and bear all the brunt of the Buſineſs, and to pay whatever he could be Fined for it. Theſe Reaſons with the ready Jewels mollified the needy Raſcal; and tho' loath ſhe were to leave me; yet ſhe being aſſured that all they could do was but to fine me; and her ſtay ſhe knew was her inevitable Ruine, ſhe at laſt ſubmitted, leaving me ſufficient in Jewels to ſatisfie for all that could happen, which were the value of a Hundred thouſand Crowns. She is fled to* Bruxells, *to a Nunnery of* Auguſtin's, *where the Lady Abbeſs is her Aunt, and where for a little time ſhe is ſecure, till I can follow her.*

I beg of you, my dear Octavio, *write to me, and write me a Letter of Recommendation to the Magiſtrates here, who all being concern'd when any one of 'em is a Cuckold, are very ſevere upon Criminals in thoſe Caſes. I tire you with my Melancholy Adventure —— but 'tis ſome eaſe in the Extreams of Grief to receive the tender Pity of a Friend, and that I'm ſure* Octavio *will afford his unhappy*

Philander.

As cold and as unconcern'd as *Silvia* imagin'd ſhe had found her Heart to *Philander*'s Memory, at the reading of this Letter, in ſpight of all the Tenderneſs ſhe had for *Octavio*, ſhe was poſſeſt with all thoſe pains of Love and Jealouſie, which heretofore tormented her when Love was Young, and *Philander* appeared with all thoſe Charms with which he firſt Conquer'd; ſhe found the

the Fire was but hid under thoſe Embers, which every little blaſt blows off and makes it Flame a new. 'Twas now that ſhe forgetting all the paſt Obligations of *Octavio*, all his vaſt Preſents, his Vows, his Sufferings, his Paſſion and his Youth, abandon'd herſelf wholly to her Tenderneſs for *Philander*, and drowns her fair Cheeks in a Shower of Tears: And having eas'd her Heart a little by this natural Relief of her Sex, ſhe opened the Letter that was deſign'd for her ſelf, and read this.

To Silvia.

I *Know, my lovely* Silvia, *I am accuſed of a Thouſand Barbarities, for unkindly detaining your Lover, who long ere this ought to have thrown himſelf at your Feet, imploring a Thouſand Pardons for his tedious Six Months abſence, tho' the affliction of it is all my own, and I am afraid all*

the Punishment; but when, my dearest Silvia, *I reflect again, it is in order to our future Tranquillity, I depend on your Love and Reason for my Excuse. I know my absence has procur'd me a Thousand Rivals, and you as many Adorers, and fear* Philander *appears grown Old in Love, and worn out with Sorrow and Care, unfit for the soft Play of the Young and Delicate* Silvia; *new Lovers have new Vows and new Presents, and your fickle Sex stoop to the lavish Prostrate. Ill luck——unkind Fate has rifl'd me, and of a shining Fortune left me even to the Charity of the stingy World; and I have no new Complement to maintain the esteem in so great a Soul as that of* Silvia, *but that old repeated one of telling her my dull, my trifling Heart is still her own: But, oh! I want the presenting Eloquence that so perswades and charms the Fair, and am reduced to that fatal Torment of a generous Mind, rather to ask and take than to bestow. Yet out of my contemp-*

tible

tible ſtock, I have ſent my Silvia *ſomething towards that dangerous unavoidable hour, which will declare me, however, a happy Father of what my* Silvia *bears about her; 'tis a Bill for a Thouſand Patacoons. I am at preſent under an eaſie reſtraint, about a little Diſpute between a Man of Quality here and my ſelf, I had elſe been at* Bruxells *to have provided all things for your coming Ilneſs, but every day expect my Liberty, and then without delay I will take Poſt and bring* Philander *to your Arms.*

I have News that Cæſario *is arrived at* Bruxells. *I am at preſent a Stranger to all that paſſes, and having a double Obligation to haſte, you need not fear but I ſhall do ſo.*

This Letter raiſed in her a different Sentiment from that of the Story of his Misfortune; and that taught her to know that this he had writ to her was all falſe and diſſembl'd: Which made her in con-

cluding the Letter, cry out with a vehement Scorn and Indignation ——*Oh how I hate thee Traytor! who haſt the Impudence to continue thus to impoſe upon me, as if I wanted common Senſe to ſee thy Baſeneſs: For what can be more Baſe and Cowardly than Lyes, that poor Plebeian Shift; contemn'd by Men of Honour or of Wit.* This ſhe ſpoke without reminding that this moſt contemptible Quality ſhe herſelf was equally guilty of, tho' infinitely more excuſable in her Sex, there being a thouſand little Actions of their Lives liable to Cenſure and Reproach, which they would willingly excuſe and colour over with little Falſities; but in a Man, whoſe moſt inconſtant Actions paſs oftentimes for innocent Gallantries, and to whom 'tis no Infamy to own a thouſand Amours, but rather a Glory to his Fame and Merit: I ſay, in him (whom Cuſtom has favoured with an Allowance to commit any Vice and

and boaſt it) 'tis not ſo brave. And this Fault of *Philander*'s cur'd *Silvia* of her Diſeaſe of Love; and chaced from her Heart all that Softneſs which once had ſo much favoured him. Nevertheleſs ſhe was fill'd with Thoughts that fail'd not to make her extreamly Melancholy: And 'twas in this Humour *Octavio* found her; who forgetting all his own Griefs, to leſſen hers (for his Love was arrived to a degree of Madneſs) he careſſes her with all the Eloquence his Paſſion could pour out; he falls at her Feet, and pleads with ſuch a Look and Voice as could not be reſiſted; nor ceas'd he till he had talk'd her into Eaſe, till he had look'd and lov'd her into a perfect Calm: 'Twas then he urg'd her to a new Confirmation of her Heart to him, and took hold of every yielding Softneſs in her to improve his Advantage. He preſs'd her to all he wiſh'd, but by ſuch tender Degrees, by Arts ſo fond and indearing that

ſhe could deny nothing. In this Humour ſhe makes a thouſand Vows againſt *Philander*; to hate him as a Man that has firſt ruined her Honour, and then abandon'd her to all the Ills that attend ungoverned Youth, and unguarded Beauty: She makes *Octavio* ſwear as often to be reveng'd on him, for the Diſhonour of his Siſter: Which being performed, they re-aſſum'd all the Satisfactions, which had ſeem'd almoſt deſtroy'd by adverſe Fate, and for a little ſpace liv'd in great Tranquillity; or if *Octavio* had Sentiments that repreſented paſt Unhappineſſes and a future Proſpect of ill Conſequences, he ſtrove with all the Power of Love to hide 'em from *Silvia*. In this time they often ſent to the Nunnery of the *Auguſtins*, to inquire of the Counteſs of *Clarinau*; and at laſt hearing ſhe was arrived, no force of Perſwaſion or Reaſon could hinder *Silvia* from going to make her a Viſit: *Octavio* pleads in vain

vain the overthrow of all his Revenge, by his Sisters knowledge that her Intrigue was found out: But in an Undress——for her Condition permitted no other, she is carried to the Monastery, and asks for the Mother Prioress, who came to the Grate: Where after the first Complement's over, she tells her she is a Relation to that Lady who such a day came to the House. *Silvia* by her Habit and Equipage appearing of Quality; was answered, that tho the Lady were very much indispos'd, and unfit to appear at the Grate, she would nevertheless indeavour to serve her, since she was so earnest; and commanding one of the Nuns to call down Madam the Countess, she immediately came; but tho' in a Dress all negligent, and Face where Languishment appeared, she at first sight surprized our Fair One; with a certain Majesty in her Mein and Motion, and an Air of Greatness in her Face, which resembled that of

Octavio:

Octavio: So that not being able to ſuſtain herſelf on her trembling Supporters, ſhe was ready to faint at a Sight ſo charming, and a Form Angelick. She ſaw her all that *Philander* had deſcrib'd; nor could the Partiality of his Paſſion render her more lovely than ſhe appear'd this Inſtant to *Silvia*. She came to reproach her——but ſhe found a Majeſty in her Looks above all Cenſure, that aw'd the jealous Upbraider, and almoſt put her out of Countenance; and with a riſing Bluſh ſhe ſeem'd aſham'd of her Errand. At this Silence the lovely *Caliſta*, a little ſurpriz'd, demanded of an attending Nun if that Lady would ſpeak with her? This awaked *Silvia* into an Addreſs, and ſhe reply'd; *Yes, Madam, I am the Unfortunate, who am compell'd by my hard Fate to complain of the moſt charming Woman that ever Nature made: I thought in coming hither I ſhould have had no other Buſineſs but to have told you*

how

how falſe, how perjured a Lover I had had; but at a Sight ſo wonderous I blame him no more (whom I find now compell'd to love) but you, who have taken from me, by your Charms, the only Bleſſing Heaven had lent me. This ſhe ended with a Sigh, and Madam the Counteſs, who from the beginning of her ſpeaking gueſs'd, from a certain trembling at her Heart, who it was ſhe ſpoke of, reſoly'd to ſhow no Signs of a womaniſh Fear or Jealouſy, but with an unalterable Air and Courage, reply'd; *Madam, if my Charms were ſo powerful, as you are pleaſed to tell me they are, they ſure have attracted too many Lovers for me to underſtand which of 'em it is I have been ſo unhappy to rob you of. If he be a gallant Man, I ſhall neither deny him, nor repent my Loving him the more, for his having been a Lover before.* To which, *Silvia*, who expected not ſo brisk an Anſwer, reply'd. *She that makes ſuch a Confeſſion with ſo much Gene-*

roſity,

rosity, I know cannot be insensible of the Injuries she does, but will have a Consideration and Pity for those Wretches at least, who are undone to establish her Satisfaction. Madam, reply'd the Countess (a little touch'd with the Tenderness and Sadness with which she spoke) *you have so just a Character of my Soul, that I assure you, I would not, for any Pleasure in the World, do an Action should render it less worthy of your good Thoughts. Name me the Man —— and if I find him such as I may return you with Honour, he shall find my Friendship no more. Ah Madam,* 'tis impossible, cry'd *Silvia, that he can ever be mine, that has once had the Glory of being conquered by you; and what's yet more, of having conquered you. Nay, Madam,* reply'd *Calista, if your Loss be irrecoverable, I have no more to do, but to sigh with you, and joyn our hard Fates; but I am not so vain of my own Beauty, nor have so little Admiration for*

that

that of yours, to imagine I can retain any thing you have a Claim to; for me, I am not fond of Admirers, if Heaven be pleaſed to give me one, I ask no more. I'll leave the World to you, ſo it allow me my Philander. This ſhe ſpoke with a little Malice, which call'd up all the Bluſhes in the fair Face of *Silvia*; who a little netled at the word *Philander*, reply'd. *Go, take the perjured Man, and ſee how long you can maintain your Empire over his fickle Heart, who has already betray'd you to all the Reproach an incenſed Rival and an injured Brother can load you with: See where he has expoſed you to* Octavio; *and after that tell me what you can hope from ſuch a perjured Villain*—— At theſe Words ſhe gave her the Letter *Philander* had writ to *Octavio*, with that he had writ to herſelf—— and without taking Leave or ſpeaking any more, ſhe left her thoughtful Rival: Who after pauſing a Moment on what ſhould be writ there,

there, and what the angry Lady ment, she silently passed on to her Chamber. But if she were surprized with her Visiter, she was much more when opening the Letters, she found one to her Brother, filled with the History of her Infamy, and what pressed her Soul more sensibly, the other fill'd with Passion and Softness to a Mistriss. She had scarcely read them out but a young Nun, her Kinswoman, came into her Chamber; whom I have since heard protest she scarce saw in that Moment any Alteration in her, but that she rose and received her with her wonted Grace and Sweetness; and but for some Answers that she made *mal a propo*, and Sighs that against her Will broke from her Heart, she should not have found an Alteration; but this being unusual made her Inquisitive; and the faint Denial she met with made her importune, and that so earnestly and with so many Vows of Fidelity and Secrecy, that

that *Caliſtas*'s Heart, even breaking within, poured it ſelf for Eaſe into the faithful Boſom of this young Devotee; and having told her all the Story of her Misfortune, ſhe began with ſo much Courage and bravery of Mind, to make Vows againſt the charming Betrayer of her Fame, and with him all Mankind; and this with ſuch Conſideration and Repentance as left no room for Reproach or Perſwaſion; and from this Moment reſolved never to quit the Solitude of the Cloyſters. She had all her Life before her Marriage lived in one, and wiſhed now ſhe never had ſeen the World, or departed from a Life ſo pure and Innocent. She looked upon this fatal Accident now a Bleſſing, to bring her back to a Life of Devotion and Tranquillity; and indeed is a Miracle of Piety. Sometime after this ſhe was brought to Bed, but commanded the Child ſhould be removed where ſhe might never ſee it, which accordingly was done;

done; after which, in due time, ſhe took the Habit; and remains a rare Example of Repentance, and Holy-living. This new Penitent became the News of the whole Town; and it was not without ſome Pleaſure that *Octavio* heard it, as the only Action ſhe could do that could reconcile him to her; the knowledg of which, and a few ſoft Days with *Silvia*, made him chaſe away all thoſe Shiverings that had ſeized him upon ſeveral Occaſions: But *Silvia* was all Sweetneſs, all Love and good Humour, and made his Days eaſy, and his Nights intirely Happy. While on the other ſide there was no Satisfaction, no Pleaſure, that the fond laviſh Lover did not at any Price purchaſe for her Repoſe; for it was the whole Buſineſs of his Life to ſtudy what would charm and pleaſe her: And being aſſured by ſo many Vows of her Heart, there was nothing reſted to make him perfectly Happy, but her being delivered of what

what belong'd to his Rival, and in which he had no part, he was at perfect Eaſe. This ſhe wiſhes with an Impatience equal to his; whoſe Love and Fondneſs for *Octavio* appeared to be arrived to the higheſt Degree, and ſhe every Minute expected to be freed from the only thing that hinder'd her from giving herſelf intirely to her impatient Lover.

In the midſt of this Serenity of Affairs, *Silvia*'s Page one day brings 'em News his Lord was arriv'd, and that he ſaw him in the Park walking with ſome *French* Gentlemen, and undiſcovered to him came to give her Notice, that ſhe might take her meaſures accordingly, in ſpight of all her Love to *Octavio*: Her Bluſhes flew to her Cheeks at the News, and her Heart panted with unuſual Motion; ſhe wonders at her ſelf and Fears, and doubts her own Reſolution; ſhe till now believ'd him wholly indifferent to her, but

but ſhe knows not what Conſtruction this new Diſorder will bear; and what confounded and perplext her more, was, That *Octavio* beheld all theſe Emotions, with unconceivable reſentment, he ſwells with Pride and Anger, and even burſts with Grief, and not able longer to contain his complaint, he reproaches her in the ſofteſt Language that ever Love and Grief invented; while ſhe weeps with Shame and divided Love, and demands of him a Thouſand Pardons; ſhe deals thus kindly at leaſt with him to confeſs this Truth; that 'twas impoſſible, but at the approach of a Man who taught her firſt to love, and for which Knowledge ſhe had paid ſo infinitely dear, ſhe could not but feel unuſual Motions, that that Tenderneſs and Infant Flame he once inſpired could not but have left ſome warmth about her Heart, and that *Philander*, the once charming dear *Philander*, could never be abſolutely

to

to her as a common Man, and beg'd that he would give ſome grains of allowance to a Maid, ſo ſoft by Nature, and who had once lov'd ſo well to be undone for the dear Object; and tho' every kind word ſhe gave his Rival was a Dagger at his Heart, nevertheleſs, he found, or would think he found ſome reaſon in what ſhe ſaid; at leaſt he ſeem'd more appeaſed, while ſhe on the other ſide diſſembled all the eaſe and repoſe of Mind, that could flatter him to Calmneſs.

You muſt know that for *Silvia*'s Honour, ſhe had Lodgings by her ſelf, and *Octavio* had his in another Houſe, at an Aunts of his, a Widow, and a Woman of great Quality; and *Silvia* being near her Lying-in, had provided all things with the greateſt Magnificence imaginable, and paſt for a Young Widow whoſe Husband died at the Siege of—— *Octavio* only viſited her daily, and all the Nights ſhe had to her ſelf. For he

treated

treated her as one whom he design'd to make his Wife, and one whose Honour was his own; but that Night the News of *Philander*'s Arrival was told her, she was more than ordinary impatient to have him gone, pretending Illness, and yet seem'd loth to let him go, and Lovers (the greatest Cullies in Nature, and the apteſt to be deceived, tho' the most quick-sighted) ——do the sooneſt believe; and finding it the more neceſſary he should depart, the more ill she feign'd to be, he took his Leave, and left her to her Repose, after taking all care neceſſary for one in her Circumstances. But she, to make his Absence more sure, and fearing least he should suspect something of her Design, being herself Guilty, she orders him to be call'd back, and Careſſes him anew, tells him she was never more unwilling to part with him, and all the while is complaining and wishing to be in Bed: And says he must not stir

till

till he ſees her laid. This obliges and cajoles him anew, and he will not ſuffer her Women to undreſs her, but does the grateful Buſineſs himſelf, and reaps ſome dear Recompence by every Service, and pleaſes his Eyes and Lips with the raviſhing Beauties of the looſe unguarded ſuffering Fair one. She permits him any thing to have him gone, which was not till he ſaw her laid as if to her Reſt: But he was no ſooner got into his Coach, but ſhe roſe and ſlip'd on her Night-Gown and ſome other looſe things, and got into a Chair, commanding her Page to conduct the Chair-men to all the great *Cabarets:* Where ſhe believed it moſt likely to find *Philander*; which was accordingly done; and the Page entering, enquires for ſuch a *Cavalier*, deſcribing his Perſon and fine remarkable black Hair of his own: But the firſt he entered into he ſaw *Brillard* beſpeaking Supper: For you muſt know that that Husband-

Lover

Lover being left, as I have ſaid, in Priſon in *Holland*, for the Accuſation of *Octavio*; the unhappy young Noble Man was no ſooner fled upon the unlucky Death of his Uncle, but the States ſet *Brilljard* at Liberty; who took his Journey immediately to *Philander*, whom he found juſt releaſed from his troubleſome Affair, and deſign'd for *Bruxells*, where they arriv'd that very Morning. Where the firſt thing he did was to go to the Nunnery of St. *Auſtin*, to inquire for the fair *Caliſta*; but inſtead of encountering the kind, the impatient, the brave *Caliſta*, he was addreſſed to by the old Lady Abbeſs in ſo rough a manner, that he no longer doubted upon what Terms he ſtood there, tho' he wondered how they ſhould know his Story with *Caliſta*: When to put him out of Doubt, ſhe aſſured him he ſhould never more behold the Face of her injured Neece; for whoſe Revenge ſhe left him to Heaven. It was in vain

vain he kneel'd and implored; he was confirm'd again and again ſhe ſhould never come from out the Confines of thoſe Walls; and that her whole remaining Life ſpent in Penitence was too little to waſh away her Sins with him: And giving him the Letter he ſent to *Octavio* (which *Silvia* had given *Caliſta*, and ſhe the Lady Abbeſs, with a full Confeſſion of her Fault) ſhe ery'd; *See there, Sir, the Treachery you have committed againſt a Woman of Quality—— whom your Criminal Love has rendred the moſt Miſerable of her Sex.* At the ending of which, ſhe drew the Curtain over the Grate and left him, wholly amazed and confounded, finding it to be the ſame he had writ to *Octavio*, and in it that he had writ to *Silvia*: By the ſight of which he no longer doubted but that Confident had betrayed him every way. He rails on his falſe Friendſhip, curſes the Lady Abbeſs, himſelf, his Fortune and his Birth;

but finds it all in vain: Nor was he ſo infinitely afflicted with the thought of the eternal Loſs of *Caliſta* (becauſe he had poſſeſſed her) as he was to find himſelf betray'd to her, and doubtleſs to *Silvia* by *Octavio*; and nothing but *Caliſta*'s being confin'd from him (tho' ſhe were very dear and charming to his Thoughts) could have made him rave ſo extreamly for a Sight of her: He loves her the more by how much more it was impoſſible for him to ſee her; and that Difficulty and his Diſpair increaſed his Flame. In this Humour he went to his Lodging, the moſt undone Extravagant that ever rag'd with Love. He conſiders her in a place where no Art or force of Love, or humane Wit can retrieve her; no nor ſo much as ſend her a Letter. This added to his Fury, and in his firſt wild Imaginations he reſolves nothing leſs than firing the Monaſtery, that in that Confuſion he might Seize his right of

of Love; and do a Deed that would render his Name as famous as the *Athenian* Youth, who to get a Fame, tho' an Inglorious one, fired the Temple of their Gods. But his Rage abating by Conſideration, that Impiety dwelt not long with him: And he ran over a number more, till from one to another he reduced himſelf to a degree of Moderation, which preſented him with ſome flattering Hope, that gave him a little Eaſe: 'Twas then that *Chivalier Tomaſo*, and another *French* Gentleman of *Ceſario*'s Faction (who were newly arrived in *Bruxells*) came to pay him their Reſpects: And after a while carried him into the Park to walk, where *Silvia*'s Page had ſeen him; and from whence they ſent *Brilljard* to beſpeak Supper at this *Cabaret*, where *Silvia*'s Chair and herſelf waited, and where the Page found *Brilljard*, of whom he asked for his Lord; but underſtanding he would not poſſibly come in

ſome Hours, being deſign'd for Court that Evening, whither he was obliged to go and kiſs the Governours Hands, he went to the Lady, who was almoſt dead with Impatience, and told her what he had learn'd: Upon which ſhe ordered her Chairmen to carry her back to her Lodgings, for ſhe would not be perſwaded to ask any Queſtions of *Brilljard*, for whom ſhe had a mortal Hate: However ſhe reſolved to ſend the Page back with a Billet to wait *Philander*'s coming; which was not long; for having ſooner diſpatched their Complement at Court than they believed they ſhould, they went all to Supper together, where *Brilljard* had beſpoke it: Where being impatient to learn all the Adventures of *Ceſario* ſince his Departure from him, and of which no Perſon could give ſo good an Account as *Chivalier Tomaſo*, *Philander* gave order that no body whomſoever ſhould diſturb them, and

and ſate himſelf down to liſten to the Fortune of the Prince.

You know, my Lord, ſaid *Tomaſo*, the ſtate of Things at your Departure; and that all our glorious Deſigns for the Liberty of all *France* were diſcovered and betray'd by ſome of thoſe little Raſcals, that great Men are obliged to make uſe of in the greateſt Deſigns: Upon whoſe Confeſſion you were proſcrib'd, myſelf, this Gentleman, and ſeveral others: It was our good Fortunes to eſcape untaken, and yours to fall firſt into the Meſſenger's Hands, and carried to the *Baſtile*, even from whence you had the Luck to eſcape: But it was not ſo with *Ceſario*. *Heavens*, cry'd *Philander*, *the Prince I hope is not taken*? Not ſo neither, reply'd *Tomaſo*, nor ſhould you wonder you have receiv'd no News of him in a long time, ſince forty thouſand Crowns being offered for his Head, or to any that could diſcover him, it would have expoſed

him to have written to any body, he being beſet on all ſides with Spies from the King; ſo that it 'twas impoſſible to venture a Letter without very great Hazzard of his Life. Beſides all theſe Hindrances, *Ceſario*, who, you know, was ever a great admirer of the fair Sex, happen'd in this his Retreat to fall moſt deſperately in Love: Nor could the fears of Death, which alarm'd him on all ſides, deterr him from this new Amour: Which becauſe it has Relation to ſome part of his Adventures, I cannot omit, eſpecially to your Lordſhip, his Friend, to whom every Circumſtance of that Princes Fate and Fortune will be of Concern.

You muſt imagin, my Lord, that your Seizure and Eſcape was enough to alarm the whole Party; and there was not a Man of the League who did not think it high time to look about him, when one, ſo conſiderable as your Lordſhip, was ſurpriz'd.

Nor

Nor did the Prince himſelf any longer believe himſelf ſafe; but retired himſelf under the darkneſs of the following Night: He went only accompanied with his Page, to a Ladies Houſe, a Widow of Quality in *Paris*, that populous City; being as he conceived, the ſecureſt Place to conceal himſelf in. This Lady was Madam the Counteſs of—— who had, as you know, my Lord, one only Daughter, Madam *Oſell Hermione*, the Heireſs of her Family. The Prince knew this young Lady had a Tenderneſs for him ever ſince they were both very young, which firſt took beginning in a Mask at Court, where ſhe then acted *Mercury*, and danced ſo exceeding finely, that ſhe gave our young Hero new Deſire, if not abſolute Love; and charm'd him at leaſt into Wiſhes. She was then old enough to perceive ſhe conquered, as well as to make a Conqueſt: And ſhe was capable of receiving Impreſſions, as well

as to give 'em: And it was believed by ſome who were very near the Prince, and knew all his Secrets then, that this young Lady pitied the Sighs of the Royal Lover, and even then rewarded 'em: And tho' this were moſt credibly whiſpered, yet methinks it ſeems impoſſible he ſhould then have been happy, and after ſo many Years, after the Poſſeſſion of ſo many other Beauties, ſhould return to her again, and find all the Paſſions and Pains of a beginning Flame. But there is nothing to be wondered at in the Contradictions and Humours of Man's human Nature. But however inconſtant and wavering he had been, *Hermione* retain'd her firſt Paſſion for him; and that I leſs wonder at, ſince you know the Prince has the moſt charming Perſon in the World, and is the moſt perfectly Beautiful of all his Sex: To this his Youth and Quality adds no little Luſtre; and I ſhould not wonder if all the ſofter Sex ſhould languiſh

languiſh for him, nor that any one ſhould love on—— who hath once been touch'd with Love for him. 'Twas this laſt Aſſurance the Prince ſo abſolutely depended on, that (notwithſtanding ſhe was far from the Opinion of his Party) made him reſolve to take Sanctuary in thoſe Arms he was ſure would receive him in any Condition and Circumſtances. But now he makes her new Vows, which poſſibly at firſt his Safety obliged him to, while ſhe return'd 'em with all the Paſſion of Love. He made a thouſand Submiſſions to Madam the Counteſs, who he knew was fond of her Daughter to that degree, that for her Repoſe ſhe was even willing to behold the Sacrifice of her Honour to this Prince, whom ſhe knew *Hermione* loved even to Death; ſo fond, ſo blindly fond is Nature: And indeed after a little time that he lay there conceal'd, he reap'd all the Satisfaction that Love could give him, or his Youth could wiſh, with

all the Freedom imaginable. He only made Vows of renouncing all other Women, what Ties or Obligations ſoever he had upon him; and to reſign himſelf intirely up to *Hermione*. I know not what new Charms he had found by frequent Converſation with her, and being uninterrupted by the ſight of any other Ladies; but 'tis moſt certain, my Lord, he grew to that exceſs of Love, or rather Doatage (if Love in one ſo young, can be call'd ſo) that he languiſhes for her, even while he poſſeſſed her all: He dy'd, if oblig'd by Company to retire from her an Hour, at the end of which, being again brought to her, he would fall at her Feet, and ſigh, and weep, and make the moſt pitious Moan that ever Love inſpir'd. He would complain upon the Cruelty of a Moments Abſence, and vow he could not live where ſhe was not. All that diſturbed his Happineſs, he reproach'd as Enemies to his Repoſe, and at laſt

made

made her feign an Illneſs, that no Viſits might be made her, and that he might poſſeſs all her Hours. Nor did *Hermione* perceive all this without making her Advantages of ſo glorious an Opportunity; but with the uſual Cunning of her Sex, improved every Minute ſhe gave him: She now found herſelf ſure of the Heart of the fineſt Man in the World; and of one ſhe believed would prove the greateſt, being the Head of a moſt powerful Faction, who were reſolved the firſt Opportunity to order Affairs ſo as to come to an open Rebellion, and to make him a King. All theſe things, how unlikely ſoever in Reaſon, her Love and Ambition ſuggeſted to her; ſo that ſhe believed ſhe had but one Game more to play to eſtabliſh herſelf the greateſt and moſt happy Woman in the World. She conſults in this weighty Affair with her Mother, who had a ſhare of Cunning that could carry on a Deſign

as

as well as any of her Sex. They found but one Obſtacle to all *Hermione*'s riſing Greatneſs; and that was the Prince's being married; and that to a Lady of ſo conſiderable Birth and Fortune, ſo eminent for her Vertue, and all Perfections of Woman-kind; and withal ſo excellent for Wit and Beauty, that 'twas impoſſible to find any Cauſe of a Separation between 'em. So that finding it improbable to remove that Lett to her Glories, ſhe grew very Melancholy; which was ſoon perceived by the too Amorous Prince, who pleads, and ſighs, and weeps on her Boſom Day and Night to find the Cauſe: But ſhe, who found ſhe had a difficult Game to play, and that ſhe had need of all her little Aids, pretends a thouſand little frivillous Reaſons before ſhe diſcovers the true one; which ſerv'd but to oblige him to ask anew, as ſhe deſign'd he ſhould ——At laſt, one Morning, finding him in the ſofteſt fit in the World,

and

and ready to give her whatever ſhe could ask in return for the Secret of her Diſquiet, ſhe told him with a Sigh, how Unhappy ſhe was in loving ſo violently a Man who could never be any thing to her more than the Robber of her Honour: And at laſt with abundance of Sighs and Tears bewail'd his Marriage —— He taking her with all the Joy imaginable in his Arms, thank'd her for ſpeaking of the only thing he had a thouſand times been going to offer to her, but durſt not for fear ſhe ſhould Reproach him. He told her he look'd upon himſelf as married to no Woman but herſelf, to whom, by a thouſand ſolemn Vows he had contracted himſelf, and that he would never own any other while he liv'd, let Fortune do what ſhe pleas'd with him. *Hermione* thriving hitherto ſo well, urged his eaſy Heart yet further, and told him, Tho' ſhe had left no Doubt remaining in her of his Love and Vertue, no ſuſpicion of his

his Vows, yet the World would ſtill eſteem the Princeſs his Wife, and herſelf only as a Proſtitute to his Youthful Pleaſure; and as ſhe conceiv'd her Birth and Fortune not to be much inferior to that of the Princeſs, ſhe ſhould die with Indignation and Shame, to bear all the Reproach of his Wantonneſs, while his now Wife would live eſteem'd and pitied as an injured Innocent. To all which he reply'd, as mad in Love, That the Princeſs, he confeſs'd, was a Lady to whom he had Obligations, but that he eſteem'd her no more his Wife, ſince he was married to her at the Age of twelve Years; an Age wherein he was not capacitated to chuſe Good or Evil, or to anſwer for himſelf, or his Inclinations: And tho' ſhe were a Lady of abſolute Vertue, of Youth, Wit and Beauty; yet Fate had ſo ordain'd it, that he had reſerv'd his Heart to this Moment intirely for herſelf; and that he renounc'd all Pretenders to him except

cept herſelf; that he had now poſ-ſeſs'd the Princeſs for the ſpace of twenty Years; that Youth had a long Race to run, and could not take up at thoſe Years with one ſingle Beauty: That hitherto Ravage and Deſtruction of Hearts had been his Province and Glory, and that he thought he had never loſt time but when he was a little while Conſtant: But now he was fix'd to all he would ever poſſeſs whilſt he had Breath; and that ſhe was both his Miſtreſs and his Wife; his eternal Happineſs, and the end of all his Loving. 'Tis there he ſaid he would remain as in his firſt ſtate of Innocence: That hitherto his Ambition had been above his Paſſion, but that now his Heart was ſo intirely ſubdu'd to this fair Charmer (for ſo he call'd and thought her) that he could be content to live and die in the Glory of being hers alone, without wiſhing for Liberty or Empire, but to render her more Glorious. A thou-

ſand

ſand things tender and fond he ſaid to this purpoſe, and the reſult of all ended in moſt ſolemn Vows, That if ever Fortune favoured him with a Crown, he would fix it on her Head, and make her in ſpight of all former Ties and Obligations Queen of *France*. This was ſufficient to appeaſe her Sighs and Tears, and ſhe remain'd intirely ſatisfied of his Vows, which were exchanged before Madam the Counteſs, and confirm'd by all the binding Obligations Love on his ſide could invent, and Ambition and Subtilty on hers. When I came at any time to viſit him, which by ſtealth a-nights I ſometimes did, to take Orders from him how I ſhould act in all things (tho' I lay conceal'd like himſelf) he would tell me all that had paſſed between him and *Hermione*. I ſuppoſe, not ſo much for the repoſing the Secret in my Breaſt, as out of a fond Pleaſure to be relating Paſſages of his Doatage, and repeating her Name, which

was ever in his Mouth: I ſaw ſhe had reduc'd him to a great degree of Slavery, and could not look tamely on while a Hero ſo young, ſo gay, ſo great, and ſo hopeful, lay idling away his precious Time, without doing any thing, either in order for his own Safety or Ambition. 'Twas, my Lord, a great pity to ſee how his noble Reſolution was changed, and how he was perfectly effeminated into ſoft Woman. I indeavoured at laſt to rouſe him from this Lethargy of Love; and argued with him the little Reaſon, that in my Opinion he had to be ſo charm'd. I told him *Hermione*, of all the Beauties of *France*, was eſteemed one of the meaneſt, and that if ever ſhe had gain'd a Conqueſt (as many ſhe was infamouſly fam'd for) it was purely the force of her Youth and Quality; but that now that Bloom was paſt, and ſhe was one of thoſe, which in leſs quality, we call'd Old. At theſe Reproaches of his Judgment, I often

ten perceiv'd him to bluſh, but more with Anger than Shame. Yet becauſe, according to the Vogue of the Town, he found there was Reaſon in what I ſaid, and which he could only contradict by ſaying however ſhe was, ſhe appeared all otherwiſe to him: He blam'd me a little kindly for my hard Words againſt her, and began to ſwear to me he thought her all over Charm. He vow'd there was abſolute Faſcination in her Eyes and Tongue. *'Tis confeſs'd*, ſaid he, *ſhe has not much of Youth, nor of that which we agree to call Beauty; but ſhe has a Grace ſo Maſculine, an Air ſo Raviſhing, a Wit and Humour ſo abſolutely made to charm, that they all together ſufficiently recompenſe for her want of Delicacy in Complexion and Feature: And in a word, my* Tomaſo, cry's he, imbracing me; *ſhe is, tho' I know not what, or how, a Maid that compels me to adore her; ſhe has a natural Power to pleaſe above the reſt of her dull Sex; and I*

can

can abate her a Face and Shape, and yet vie her for Beauty with any of the celebrated ones of France.

I found by the manner of his ſaying this, that he was really charm'd, and paſt all Retrieve; bewitch'd to this Lady. I found it vain therefore to preſs him to a Separation, or to leſſen his Paſſion; but on the contrary told him there was a time for all things; if Fate had ſo ordain'd it that he muſt love. But I beſought him with all the Eloquence of perfect Duty and Friendſhip not to ſuffer his Paſſion to ſurmount his Ambition and his Reaſon, ſo far as to neglect his Intereſt and Safety; and for a little Pleaſure with a Woman, ſuffer all his Friends to periſh that had woven their Fortunes with his, and muſt ſtand or fall as he thriv'd: I implor'd him not to caſt away the *Good Cauſe* which was ſo far advanc'd, and that yet, notwithſtanding this Diſcourſe, might all be retrieved by his Conduct and good Manage-

Management. That I knew, however the King appeared in outward ſhew to be offended, that it was yet in his Power to calm the greateſt Tempeſt this Diſcovery had raiſed: That 'twas but caſting himſelf at his Majeſty's Feet, and begging his Mercy, by a Confeſſion of the Truth of ſome part of the Matter; and that it was impoſſible he could fail of a Pardon from ſo indulgent a Monarch as he had offended: That there was no Action could wholly raze out of the Kings Heart that Tenderneſs and Paſſion he had ever expreſſed towards him; and his Peace might be made with all the Facility imaginable. To this he urged a very great Reluctancy, and cry'd he would ſooner die, than by a Confeſſion expoſe the Lives of his Friends, and let the World ſee their whole Deſign before they had power to effect it: And not only ſo, but put it paſt all their Induſtry ever to bring ſo hopeful a Plot about again.

At

At this I ſmil'd, and asking his Highneſs Pardon, told him I was of another Opinion, as moſt of the Heads of the *Hugonots* were, That what he ſaid to his Majeſty in Private could never poſſibly be made Publick: That his Majeſty would content himſelf with the Knowledge of the Truth, without caring to ſatisfy the World, ſo greatly to the Prejudice of a Prince of the Blood, and a Man ſo very dear to him as himſelf: He urg'd the Fears this would give thoſe of the Reformed Religion, and alarm 'em with a thouſand Apprehenſions, that it would diſcover every Man of 'em, by unraveling the Intrigue. To this I reply'd, That their Fears would be very ſhort liv'd; for as ſoon as he had by his Submiſſion and Confeſſion gained his Pardon, he had no more to do but to renounce all he had ſaid, leave the Court, and put himſelf into the Protection of his Friends, who were ready to receive him.

him. That he need but appear abroad a little time, and he would see himself addreſs'd to again by all of the *Hugonot* Party, who would quickly put him into a Condition of fearing nothing.

My Councel, with the ſame Perſwaſion from all of Quality of the Party, who came to ſee him, was at laſt approved of by him, and he began to ſay a thouſand things to aſſure me of his Fidelity to his Friends and the Faction, which he vow'd never to forſake for any other Intereſt, but to ſtand or fall in its Defence; and that he was reſolved to be a King or Nothing; and that he would put in Practice all the Arts and Stratagems of Cunning, as well as Force, to attain to this Glorious End, however crooked and indirect they might appear to Fools. However he conceived the firſt neceſſary Step to this, was the getting his Pardon, to gain a little time to manage things anew, to the beſt Advantage:

That

That at preſent all things were at a ſtand without Life or Motion, wanting the ſight of himſelf who was the very Life and Soul of Motion; the Axel-tree that could turn the Wheel of Fortune round again.

And now he had talk'd himſelf into Senſe again; he cry'd—— *Oh my* Tomaſo! *I long to be in Action, my Soul is on the Wing, and ready to take its Flight through any Hazzard.* ——But ſighing, on a ſuddain again he cry'd: *But oh my Friend, my Wings are impt by Love, I cannot mount the Regions of the Air and thence ſurvey the World; but ſtill as I would riſe to mightier Glory, they flag to humble Love, and fix me there. Here I am charm'd to lazy ſoft Repoſe, here 'tis I ſmile and play, and love away my Hours: But I will rouſe, I will, my dear* Tomaſo; *nor ſhall the winged Boy hold me inſlav'd: Belive me Friend he ſhall not* —— He ſent me away pleaſed with this, and I left him to his Repoſe.

Supper

Supper being ready to come upon the Table, tho' *Philander* were impatient to hear the Story out, yet he would not preſs *Tomaſo*, till after Supper; in which time they diſcourſed of nothing but the Miracle of *Ceſario*'s Love to *Hermione*. He could not but wonder a Prince ſo young, ſo amorous, and ſo gay, ſhould return again, after almoſt fifteen Years, to an old Miſtreſs; and who had never been in her Youth a celebrated Beauty: One, whom it was imagined, the King, and ſeveral after him at Court, had made a Gallantry with —— On this he pauſed for ſome time, and reflected on his Paſſion for *Silvia;* and this fantaſtick Intrigue of the Prince's inſpired him with a kind of Curioſity to try, whether fleeting Love would carry him back again to this abandoned Maid. In theſe Thoughts, and ſuch Diſcourſe, they paſſed away the time during Supper; which ended, and a freſh Bottle brought to the Table,

Table, with a new Command that none ſhould interrupt 'em: The impatient *Philander* obliged *Tomaſo* to give him a farther Account of the Princes Proceedings; which he did in this manner:

My Lord, having left my Prince, as I imagined, very well reſolved, I ſpoke of it to as many of our Party as I could conveniently meet with, to prepare 'em for the Diſcovery I believed the Prince would pretend to make, that they ſhould not by being alarm'd at the firſt News of it, put themſelves into Fears that might indeed diſcover 'em: Nor would I ſuffer *Ceſario* to reſt, but daily ſaw him, or rather nightly ſtole to him, to keep up his Reſolution: And indeed, in ſpight of Love, to which he had made himſelf ſo intire a Slave, I brought him to his own Houſe, to viſit Madam his Wife, who was very well at Court, maugre her Husbands ill Conduct, as they call'd it. The King being, as

you know, my Lord, extreamly kind to that deſerving Lady, often made her Viſits, and would without very great Impatiency hear her plead for her Husband, the Prince; and poſſibly it was not ungrateful to him: All this we daily learn'd from a Page, who ſecretly brought Intelligence from Madam the Princeſs: So that we conceived it wholly neceſſary for the Intereſt of the Prince, that he ſhould live in a good Underſtanding with this prudent Lady. To this end he feigned more Reſpect than uſual to her, and as ſoon as it was dark, every Evening made her his Viſits. One Evening among the reſt, he happened to be there, juſt as the Proclamation came forth of four thouſand Crowns to any that could diſcover him; and within half an Hour after came the King to viſit the Princeſs, as every Night he did; her Lodging being in the Court: The King came without giving any Notice, and with a very

ſlender Train that Night; ſo that he was almoſt in the Princeſs's Bed-chamber before any body inform'd her he was there; ſo that the Prince had no time to retire but into Madam the Princeſs's *Cabaret*, the Door of which, ſhe immediately locking, made ſuch a Noiſe and Buſtle that it was heard by his Majeſty, who nevertheleſs had paſſed it by, if her Confuſion and Bluſhes had not farther betray'd her, with the unuſual Addreſs ſhe made to the King: Who therefore asked her who ſhe had conceal'd in her Cloſet. She endeavoured to put him off with ſome feign'd Replies, but 'twould not do; the more her Confuſion, the more the King was inquiſitive, and urged her to give him the Key of her *Cabaret*: But ſhe, who knew the Life of the Prince would be in very great Danger, ſhould he be taken ſo, and knew on the other ſide, that to deny it would betray the Truth as much as his Diſcovery would, and cauſe him ei-

ther to force the Key or the Door, fell down at his Feet, and wetting his Shooes with her Tears, and graſping his Knees in her trembling Arms, implor'd that Mercy and Pity for the Prince her Husband, whom her Vertue had rendered dear to her, however Criminal he appear'd to his Majeſty: She told him his Majeſty had more peculiarly the Attributes of a God than any other Monarch upon Earth, and never heard the Wretched or the Innocent plead in vain. She told him that herſelf and her Children, who were dearer to her than Life, ſhould all be as Hoſtages for the good Conduct and Duty of the Prince's future Life and Actions: And they would all be obliged to ſuffer any Death, tho' never ſo ignominious, upon the leaſt breaking out of her Lord: That he ſhould utterly abandon thoſe of the *reformed Religion*, and yield to what Articles his Majeſty would graciouſly be pleaſed to impoſe, quitting all his falſe

falſe and unreaſonable Pretenſions to the Crown, which was only the Effects of the Flattery of the *Hugonot Party*, and the *Male-Contents*. Thus with the Vertue and Goodneſs of an Angel, ſhe pleaded with ſuch moving Eloquence, mix'd with Tears, from beautiful Eyes, that ſhe fail'd not to ſoften the royal Heart, who knew not how to be deaf when Beauty pleaded: Yet he would not ſeem to yield ſo ſuddenly, leaſt it ſhould be imagined he had too light a Senſe of his Treaſons, which, in any other great Man, would have been puniſhed with no leſs than Death: Yet, as ſhe pleaded, he grew calmer, and ſuffered it without Interruption, till ſhe waited for his Reply; and obliged him by her Silence to ſpeak. He numbers up the Obligations he had heaped on her Husband; how he had, by putting all Places of great Command and Intereſt into his Hands, made him the greateſt Prince and Favourite, of

a Subject, in the World; and infinitely happier than a Monarch: That he had all the Glory and Power of one, and wanted but the Care: All the Sweets of Empire, while all that was disagreeable and toilsom, remain'd with the Title alone. He therefore upbraided him with infinite Ingratitude, and want of Honour; with all the Folly of ambitious Youth: And left nothing unsaid that might make the Princess sensible it was too late to hide any of his Treasons from him, since they were all but too apparent to his Majesty. 'Twas therefore that she urged nothing but his Royal Mercy and Forgiveness, without indeavouring to lessen his Guilt, or inlarge on his Innocency. In fine, my Lord, so well she spoke, that at last she had the Joy to perceive the happy Effects of her Wit and Goodness, which had mov'd Tears of Pity and Compassion from his Majesty's Eyes; which was *Cesario*'s Cue to come forth,

forth, as immediately he did (having heard all that had paſs'd) and threw himſelf at his Majeſty's Feet: And this was the critical Minute he was to ſnatch for the gaining his Point, and of which he made a moſt admirable uſe. He call'd up all the Force of neceſſary Diſſimulation, Tenderneſs to his Voice, Tears to his Eyes, and Trembling to his Hands, that ſtay'd the too willing and melting Monarch by his Robe, till he had heard him implore, and granted him his Pity: Nor did he quit his Hold, till the King cry'd with a ſoft Voice—— Riſe—— at which he was aſſured of what he asked. He refuſed however to riſe, till the Pardon was pronounced. He own'd himſelf the greateſt Criminal in Nature; that he was drawn from his Allegiance by the moſt ſubtile Artifices of his Enemies, who under falſe Friendſhips had allur'd his Hopes with gilded Promiſes; and which he now too plainly ſaw were

Deſigns to propagate their own private Intereſts, and not his Glory. He humbly beſought his Majeſty to make ſome gracious Allowances for his Vanities of Youth, and to believe now he had ſo dearly bought Diſcretion, at almoſt the price of his Majeſty's eternal Diſpleaſure, that he would reform, and lead ſo good a Life, ſo abſolutely from any appearance of Ambition, that his Majeſty ſhould ſee he had not a more faithful Subject than himſelf. In fine, he found himſelf, by this Acknowledgment he had begun with, to advance yet farther: Nor would his Majeſty be ſatisfied without the whole Scene of the Matter; and how they were to have ſurprized and ſeized him; where, and by what Numbers. All which he was forc'd to give an Account of; ſince now to have fallen back, when he was in their Hands, had been his infallible Ruine. All which he perform'd with as much

Tenderneſs

Tenderneſs and Reſpect to his Friends concern'd, as if his own Life had been depending: And tho' he were extreamly preſt to diſcover ſome of the great ones of the Party, he would never give his conſent to an Action ſo mean, as to be an Evidence. All that could be got from him farther, was, to promiſe his Majeſty to give under his Hand, what he had in private confeſs'd to him; with which the King remained very well ſatisfy'd, and order'd him to come to Court the next day. Thus for that Night they parted, with infinite Careſſes on the King's part, and no little Joy on his. His Majeſty was no ſooner gone, but he gave immediate order to the Secretaries of State, to draw up his Pardon, which was done, with good Speed, that he had it in his own Hands the next day. When he came to Court 'tis not to be imagined the Surprize it was to all to behold the Man, in the greateſt State imagi-

nable, who but Yesterday was to have been Crucified at any Price: And those, who most exclaim'd against him, were the first who paid him Homage, and caress'd him at the highest rate; only the most Wise and Judicious, propheſied his Glories were not of a long Continuation. The King made no Visits where the Prince did not publickly appear: He told all People, with infinite Joy, that the Prince had confeſſed the whole Plot, and that he would give it under his Hand and Seal, in order to having it publiſhed thro'out all *France*, for the Satisfaction of all those who had been deluded and deceived by our ſpecious Pretences; and for the Terror of those, who had any ways adhered to ſo pernicious a Villainy: So that he met with nothing but Reproaches from those of our own Party at Court: For there were many, who, hitherto were unſuſpected, and who now, out of fear of being betray'd

betray'd by the Prince, were ready to fall at the Kings Feet and confeſs all: Others there were, that left the Court and Town upon it. In fine, the face of things ſeem'd extreamly altered, while the Prince bore himſelf like a Perſon who had the Misfortune juſtly to lie beneath the Exclamations of a diſobliged Multitude, as they at leaſt imagined, and bore all, as if their Fears had been true, without ſo much as offering at his Juſtification, to confirm his Majeſty's good Opinion of him: He added to his Pardon a Preſent of twenty thouſand Crowns; half of it being paid the next day after his coming to Court. And in ſhort, my Lord, his Majeſty grew ſo fond of the Prince, he could not indure to ſuffer him out of his Preſence; and was never ſatisfied with ſeeing him: He carried him the next day to the publick *Theatre* with him, to ſhow the World he was reconcil'd. But by this time he had

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all confirm'd, and grew impatient to declare himſelf to his Friends, whom he would not have remain long in their ill Opinion of him. It happened, the third day of his coming to Court (in returning ſome of thoſe Viſits he had received from all the great Perſons) he went to wait upon the Dutcheſs of—— a Lady who had ever had a tender Reſpect for the Prince: In the time of this Viſit, a young Lady of Quality happen'd to come in; one whom your Lordſhip knows a great Wit, and much eſteemed at Court, *Madamoiſell Mariana*: By this Lady he found himſelf welcom'd to Court with all the Demonſtrations of Joy; as alſo by the old Dutcheſs, who had divers times heretofore perſwaded the Prince to leave the *Hugonots*, and return to the King and Court: She uſed to tell him he was a handſome Youth, and ſhe loved his Mother well; that he danc'd finely, and ſhe had rather ſee him

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in a Ball at Court, than in Rebellion in the Field; and often to this purpoſe her Love would rally him; and now ſhew'd no leſs concern of Joy for his Reconciliation; and looking on him, as a true Convert, fell a-railing, with all the Malice and Wit ſhe could invent, at thoſe publick ſpirited Knaves who had ſeduced him. She rail'd me, and curſed thoſe Politicks which had betray'd him, to almoſt Ruine it ſelf. The Prince heard her, with all the Patience he could, for ſome time, but when he found her touch him ſo tenderly, and name his Friends, as if he had own'd any ſuch ill Councellors, his Colour came into his Face, and he could not forbear defending us with all the Force of Friendſhip. He told her he knew of no ſuch Seducers, no Villains of the Party, nor of any trayterous Deſign, that either himſelf, or any Man in *France*, had ever harboured: At which, ſhe growing to upbraid him,

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in a manner too paſſionate, he thought it decent to end his Viſit, and left her very abruptly. At his going out he met with the Duke of—— Brother to the Dutcheſs, going to viſit her: *En paſſant* a very indifferent Ceremony paſs'd on both ſides, for this Duke never had entertain'd a Friendſhip, or ſcarce Reſpect for *Ceſario*; but going into his Siſter's, the Dutcheſs her Chamber, he found her all in a Rage at the Princes ſo publick Defence of the *Hugonots*, and their Allies; and the Duke entering, they told him what had paſs'd. This was a very great Pleaſure to him, who had a mortal Hate at this time to the Prince. He made his Viſit very ſhort, haſtens to Court, and went directly to the King, and told him how infinitely he found his Majeſty miſtaken in the imagined Penitence of the Prince; and then told him what he had ſaid at the Dutcheſs of—— Lodgings, and had diſown'd he ever confeſs'd any treaſonable

ſonable Deſign againſt his Majeſty, and gave 'em the Lye, who durſt charge him with any ſuch Villainy. The King, who was unwilling to credit what he wiſhed not true, plainly told the Duke, he could not believe it, but that it was the Malice of his Enemies who had forg'd this; the Duke reply'd, he would bring thoſe to his Majeſty, that heard the Words: Immediately thereupon diſpatched away his Page, to begg the Dutcheſs would come to Court, with *Madamoiſell Mariana*. The Dutcheſs ſuſpecting the truth of the Buſineſs, and unwilling to do the Prince an ill Office, excuſed herſelf, by ſending word ſhe was ill of the Colick. But *Mariana*, who lov'd the King's Intereſt, and found the Ingratitude, as ſhe call'd it, of the prime, haſted in her Chair to Court, and juſtified all the Duke had ſaid; who being a Woman of great Wit and Honour, found that Credit which the Duke fail'd of, as an open Enemy to the Prince.

Prince. About an hour after the Prince appeared at Court, and found the face of Things changed extreamly; and thoſe, who before had kiſs'd his Hand, and were proud of every ſmile from him: Now beheld him with coldneſs, and ſcarce made way as he paſt. However, he went on to the Preſence and found the King, whoſe looks were alſo very much changed; who taking him into the Bed-Chamber, ſhow'd him his whole Confeſſion, drawn up ready for him to ſign, as he had promis'd, tho' he never intended any ſuch thing; and now reſolv'd to die rather than do it: He took it in his Hand, while the King cry'd, —— *Here keep your Word, and Sign your Narrative.* —— *Stay, Sir,* replied the Prince, *I have the Council of my Friends to ask firſt, in ſo weighty an Affair.* The King confirm'd in all he had heard, no longer doubted but he had been too cunning for him; and going out in a very great diſ-

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content, he only cry'd, ——*Sir, if you have any better Friends than my ſelf, I leave you to 'em*; ——and with this left him. The Prince was very glad he had got the Confeſſion-Paper, hoping it would never come to light again; the King was the only perſon to whom he had made the Confeſſion, and he was but one Accuſer; and him he thought the Party could at any time be too powerful to oppoſe, all being eaſily believed on their ſide, and nothing on that of the Court. After this, in the Evening, the King going to viſit Madam the Dutcheſs of —— for whom he had a very great Eſteem, and whither every Day the whole Court followed him: The Prince, with all the aſſurance imaginable, made his Court there alſo; but he was no ſooner come into the Preſence, but he perceived Anger in the Eyes of that Monarch, who had indeed a peculiar Greatneſs and Fierceneſs there when Angry: A Minute after he

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ſent Monſieur —— to the Prince, with a command to leave the Court; and without much Ceremony he accordingly departed, and went directly to *Hermione*, who with all the impatience of Love expected him; nor was much ſurprized to find him Baniſht the Court: For he made her acquainted with his moſt Secret Deſigns; who having made all his Intereſts her own, Eſpouſed whatever related to him, and was capable of retaining all with great Fidelity: Nor had he quitted her one Night, ſince his coming to Court; and he hath often, with rapture, told me, *Hermione* was a Friend as well as a Miſtreſs, and one with whom, when the firſt Play was ended, he could Diſcourſe with of uſeful things of State, as well as Love; and improve in both the Noble Myſteries, by her Charming Converſation. The Night of this ſecond Diſgrace, I went to *Hermione*'s to viſit him, where we Diſcours'd what

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was next to be done. He did not think his Pardon was ſufficient to ſecure him, and he was not willing to truſt a King who might be convinced, that that Tenderneſs he had for him, was abſolutely againſt the Peace and Quiet of all *France*. I was of this Opinion, ſo that upon farther debate, we thought it abſolutely neceſſary to quit *France*, till the Courts heat ſhould be a little abated, and that the King might imagine himſelf, by his abſence, in more Tranquillity than he really is. In order to this, he made me take my Flight into *Flanders*, here to provide all things neceſſary againſt his coming; and I received his command to ſeek you out, and beg you would attend his coming hither. I expect him every Day. He told me at parting he long'd to conſult with you how next to play this mighty Game, on which ſo many Kingdoms are ſtaked, and which he is reſolv'd to win or be nothing. An imper-

perfect Relation, replied *Philander*, we had of this Affair, but I never could learn by what Artifice the Prince brought about his good Fortune at Court; but of your own Eſcape, I have heard nothing, pray oblige me with the Relation of it: *Sir*, ſaid Thomaſo, *there is ſo little worthy the trouble you will take in hearing it, that you may ſpare your ſelf the Curioſity. Sir*, reply'd Philander, *I alway had too great a ſhare in what concern'd you not to be Curious of the Story. In which*, reply'd Thomaſo, *tho' there be nothing Novel, I will ſatisfie you.*

Be pleas'd to know, my Lord, that about a Week before our deſign was fully diſcovered by ſome of our own under-Rogues, I had taken a great Houſe in *Fabour St. Jermins*, for my Miſtreſs, whom you know, my Lord, I had liv'd with for the ſpace of a Year. She was gone to drink the Waters of *Bourbon*, for ſome indiſpoſition, and I had promiſed her all

all things ſhould be fitted againſt her return, agreeable to her Humour and Deſire; and indeed I ſpared no coſt to make her Apartment Magnificent: And I believe few Women of Quality could purchace one ſo rich; for I lov'd the Young Woman, who had Beauty and Diſcretion enough to charm, tho' the *Pariſians* of the Royal Party call'd her *Nicky Nacky*, which was given her in deriſion to me, not to her, for whom every body, for her own ſake, had a conſiderable Eſteem. Beſides, my Lord, I had taken up Money out of the Orphans and Widows Bank from the Chamber of *Paris*, and could very well afford to be Laviſh when I ſpent upon the publick Stock. While I was thus ordering all things, my *Vallet* came running out of Breath to tell me, that being at the *Loovre*, he ſaw ſeveral perſons carried to the Secretaries Office, with Meſſengers; and that inquiring who they might be, he found they

they were two *Pariſians*, who had offered themſelves to the Meſſengers, to be carryed to be Examined about a Plot, the Prince *Ceſario* and thoſe of the *Reformed Religion* had to ſurprize his Majeſty, kill Monſieur his Brother, and ſet all *Paris* in a Flame: And as to what particularly related to my ſelf; he ſaid, That I was named as the perſon deſign'd to ſeize upon the King's Guards, and diſpatch Monſieur. This my own Conſcience told me was too true for me to make any doubt, but I was diſcovered; I therefore left a Servant in the Houſe, and in an Hackney-Coach took my Flight. I drove a little out of *Paris* till Night and then returned again, as the ſureſt part of the World where I could conceal my ſelf: I was not long in ſtudying who I ſhould truſt with my Life and ſafety, but went directly to the Palace of Madam the Counteſs of ------who you know, my Lord, was a Widow, and a Woman who had had,

had, for a year paſt, a moſt violent Paſſion for me; but ſhe being a Lady who had made many ſuch Gallantries, and paſt her Youth, I had had only a very great Reſpect and Acknowledgment for her and her Quality, and being obliged to her for the Effects of her Tenderneſs, ſhown upon ſeveral Occaſions, I could not but acquit my ſelf like a *Cavalier* to her, whenever I could poſſible; and which, tho' I have a thouſand times feigned great Buſineſs to prevent, yet I could not always be ungrateful; and when I paid her my Services, 'twas ever extreamly well received; and becauſe of her Quality, and ſeting up for a ſecond Marriage, ſhe always took care to make my Approaches to her in as conceal'd a manner as poſſible; and only her Porter, one Page, and one Woman, knew this ſecret Amour; and for the better carrying it on, I ever went in a Hackney-Coach, leaſt my Livery ſhould be ſeen at her Gate: And as

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it was my Cuſtom at other times, ſo I now ſent the Porter (whom, by my Bounty and his Ladies, was intirely my own Creature) for the Page, to come to me, who immediately did, and I deſired him to let his Lady know, I waited her Commands; That was the Word: He immediately brought me Anſwer, that by good Fortune his Lady was all alone, and infinitely wiſhing ſhe knew where to ſend him for me: and I immediately, at that good News, ran up to her Chamber; where I was no ſooner come, but deſiring me to ſit, ſhe ordered her Porter to be call'd, and gave him Orders, upon pain of Life, not to tell of my being in the Houſe, whatever Enquiry ſhould be made after me; and having given the ſame Command to her Page, ſhe diſmiſs'd 'em, and came to me, with all the Fear and Trembling imaginable. *Ah Monſieur*, cry'd ſhe, falling on my Neck, *we are undone*—— I not imagining ſhe had

had heard the News already; cry'd, *Why, is my Paſſion diſcovered? Ah,* reply'd ſhe in Tears, *I would to Heaven it were no worſe! would all the Earth had diſcovered that, which I ſhould eſteem my Glory—— But 'tis, my charming Monſieur,* continued ſhe, *Your Treaſons and not Amour, whoſe diſcovery will be ſo fatal to me.* At this I ſeemed amaz'd, and beg'd her to let me underſtand her: She told me what I have ſaid before; and moreover, That the Council had that very Evening iſſued out Warrants for me, and ſhe admired how I eſcaped. After a little Diſcourſe of this kind, I asked her what ſhe would adviſe me to do? for I was very well aſſured the violent hate the King had particularly for me, would make him never conſent I ſhould live on any terms: And therefore 'twas determined I ſhould not ſurrender my ſelf; and ſhe reſolved to run the risk of concealing me; which in fine ſhe did Three Days,

furniſhing me with Money and Neceſſaries for my Flight. In this time a Proclamation came forth and offered five hundred Crowns for my Head, or to Seize me alive or dead. This Sum ſo wrought with the ſlaviſh Minds of Men, that no Art was left uneſſay'd to take me: They ſearcht all Houſes, all Hackney-Coaches that paſs'd by Night; and did all that Avarice could inſpire to take me, but all in vain: At laſt this glorious Sum ſo dazled the Mind of Madam the Counteſs's Porter, that he went to a Captain of the Muſquetiers, and aſſured him, if the King would give him the aforeſaid Sum, he would betray me, and bring him the following Night to ſurprize me without any Reſiſtance: The Captain, who thought, if the Porter ſhould have all the Sum, he ſhould get none; and every one hoping to be the happy Man that ſhould take me and win the Prize, could not indure another ſhould have the Glo-

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ry of both, and ſo never told the King of the Offer the Porter had made. But however Secret one may imagine an Amour to be kept, yet in ſo buſie a place as *Paris*, and the Apartments of the Court Coquets, this of ours had been diſcourſed, and the Intrigue more than ſuſpected: Whether this, or the Captain before nam'd, imagined to find me at the Houſe of the Counteſs, becauſe her Porter had made ſuch an Offer; I ſay, however it was, the next Morning, upon a *Sunday*, the Guards broke into ſeveral Chambers, and miſſing me, had the Inſolence to come to the Door of that of the Counteſs; and ſhe had only time to ſlip on her Night-Gown, and running to the Door, beſought them to have Reſpect to her Sex and Quality, while I ſtarted from my Bed, which was the ſame from whence the Counteſs roſe; and not knowing where to hide, or what to do, concealing my Clothes between

the Sheets, I mounted from the Table to a great ſilver Sconce that was faſtened to the Wall by the Bed-ſide, and from thence made but one Spring up to the Teſter of the Bed; which being one of thoſe, raiſed with ſtrong wood-work, and Japan, I could eaſily do; or rather it was by Miracle I did it; and laid myſelf along on the top, while my Back touched the Cieling of the Chamber; by this time, when no Intreaties could prevail, they had burſt open the Chamber Door, and running directly to the Bed, they could not believe their Eyes: They ſaw no Perſon there, but the plain print of two, with the Pillows for two Perſons. This gave them the Curioſity to ſearch farther, which they did, with their Swords, under the Bed, in every Corner, behind every Curtain, up the Chimney, felt all about the Wainſcot and Hangings for falſe Doors, or Cloſets; ſurvey'd the Floor for a Trap-door: At laſt, they

they found my fringed Gloves in the Window, and the Shaſh a little up, and then they concluded I had made my Eſcape out at that Window: This Thought they ſeem'd confirm'd in, and therefore ran to the Garden, where they thought I had deſcended, and with my Gloves, which they bore away, as the Trophies of their almoſt gained Victory, they ſearched every Hedge and Buſh, Arbour, Grotto, and Tree; but not being able to find what they ſought, they concluded me gone, and told all the Town how very near they were to ſeizing me. After this, the very Porter and Page believed me eſcaped out at that Window, and there was no farther Search made after me: But the Counteſs was amazed, as much as any of the Souldiers, to find which way I had convey'd myſelf, when I came down and undeceiv'd her; but when ſhe ſaw from whence I came, ſhe wondered more than before, how I

could get up ſo high; when trying the trick again, I could not do it, if I might have won never ſo conſiderable a Wager upon it, without pulling down the Sconce and the Teaſter alſo.

After this, I remain'd there undiſcovered the whole time the Prince was at *Hermione*'s, till his coming to Court, when I verily believed he would have gained me my Pardon, with his own; but the King had ſworn my final Deſtruction, if he ever got me in his Powet; and proclaiming me a Traytor, ſeiz'd all they could find of mine. 'Twas then that I believed it high time to take my Flight; which, as ſoon as I heard the Prince again in Diſgrace, I did, and got ſafely into *Holland*, where I have remained about ſix Weeks. But, oh! what is Woman? The firſt News I heard, and that was while I remain'd at the Counteſs's, that my Miſtriſs, for whom I had taken ſuch Care, and who had profeſſed

profeſſed to love me above all things, no ſooner heard I was fled and proſcrib'd, but retiring to a Friends Houſe (for her own was ſeized for mine) and the Officers imagining me there too, they came to ſearch; and a young *Cavalier*, of a noble Aſpect, great Wit and Courage, and indeed a very fine Gentleman, was the Officer that entered her Chamber to ſearch for me; who, being at firſt ſight, ſurprized with her Beauty, and melted with her Tears, fell moſt deſperately in Love with her, and after hearing how ſhe had loſt all her Money, Plate, and Jewels, and rich Furniture, offered her his Service to retrieve 'em, and did do it; and from one Favour to another, continued ſo to oblige the fair fickle Creature, that he won, with that and his handſom Mien, a Poſſeſſion of her Heart, and ſhe yielded in a weeks time to my moſt mortal Enemy. And the Counteſs, who, at my going from her, ſwound-

ed, and bathed me all in Tears, making a thouſand Vows of Fidelity, and never to favour Mankind more: This very Woman, Sir, as ſoon as my Back was turn'd, made new Advances to a young Lord, who, believing her to be none of the moſt Faithful, would not truſt her under Matrimony: He being a Man of no great Fortune, and ſhe a Miſtriſs of a very conſiderable one, his ſtanding off on theſe Terms, inflames her the more; and I have Advice that ſhe is very much in Love with him, and 'tis believed will do what he deſires of her: So that I was no ſooner abandoned by Fortune, but fickle Woman followed her Example, and fled me too. Thus, my Lord, you have the Hiſtory of my double Unhappineſs: And I am waiting here a Fate which no Human Wit can gueſs at: The Arrival of the Prince will give a little Life to our Affair; and I yet have Hope to ſee him in *Paris*, at the Head

Head of forty thouſand *Hugonots*, to revenge all the Inſolences we have ſuffered.

After diſcourſing of ſeveral things, and of the Fate of ſeveral Perſons, it was Bed-time, and they taking Leave, each Man departed to his Chamber.

Philander, while he was undreſſing, being alone with *Brilljard*, began to diſcourſe of *Silvia*, and to take ſome care of letting her know he was arrived at *Bruxells*; and for her Convoy thither, *Brilljard*, who even yet retained ſome unaccountable Hope, as Lovers do, of one day being happy with that fair one; and believing he could not be ſo, with ſo much Facility, while ſhe was in the Hands of *Octavio*, as thoſe of *Philander*, would never tell his Lord his Sentiments of her Conduct, nor of her Love to *Octavio*, and thoſe other Paſſages that had occur'd in *Holland*: He only cry'd, he believ'd ſhe might be overcome, being left

to herſelf, and by the Merits and good Faſhion of *Octavio*; but would not give his Maſter an abſolute Fear, or any account of Truth; that he might live with her again if poſſible, as before; and that ſhe might hold herſelf ſo obliged to him for his Silence in theſe Affairs, as might one day render him happy. Theſe were the unweighed Reaſons he gave for deluding his Lord into a kind Opinion of the fickle Maid: But ever when he named *Silvia*, *Philander* could perceive his Bluſhes riſe, and from 'em, believ'd there was ſomething behind in his Thought, which he had a mind to know: He therefore preſſed him to the laſt degree, ——and cry'd——*Come*—— *confeſs to me*, Brilliard, *the reaſon of your Bluſhes: I know you are a Lover, and I was content to ſuffer you my Rival, knowing your Reſpect to me.* This, tho' he ſpoke ſmiling, raiſed a greater Confuſion in *Brilliard*'s Heart. *I own, my Lord*, ſaid he, *that I have*,

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in ſpight of that Reſpect, and all the force of my Soul, had the daring to love her whom you lov'd; but ſtill the conſideration of my Obligations to your Lordſhip ſurmounted that ſawcy Flame, notwithſtanding all the Incouragement of your Inconſtancy, and the Advantage of the Rage it put Silvia *in againſt you. How*, cry'd *Philander*, *does* Silvia *know then of my Falſneſs, and is it certain that* Octavio *has betray'd me to her?* With that *Brillard* was forc'd to advance, and with a deſign of ſome Revenge upon *Octavio* (whom, he hoped, would be challenged by his Lord, where one or both might fall in the Rancounter, and leave him Maſter of his Hopes) he told him all that had paſſed between 'em, all but real Poſſeſſion, which he only imagined, but laid the whole Weight on *Octavio*, making *Silvia* [illegible] but as an incenſed Woman, purely out of high Revenge and Reſentment of ſo great an Injury as was done her Love. He farther

ther told him, how in the Extravagancy of her Rage ſhe had reſolv'd to marry *Octavio*, and how he prevented it by making a publick Declaration ſhe was his Wife already; and for which *Octavio* procured the *States* to put him in Priſon; but by an Accident that happened to the Uncle of *Octavio*, for which he was forced to fly, the *States* releaſed him, when he came to his Lord: *How*, cry'd *Philander*, *and is the Traytor*, Octavio, *fled from* Holland, *and from the reach of my Chaſtiſement? Yes*, reply'd *Brilljard*; *and not to hold you longer from the Truth, has forced* Silvia *away with him.* At this *Philander* grew into a violent Rage, ſometimes againſt *Octavio*, for his Treaſons againſt Friendſhip; ſometimes he felt the old Flame revive, rais'd and blown by Jealouſy, and was raving to imagine any other ſhould poſſeſs the lovely *Silvia.* He now beholds her with all thoſe Charms that firſt fired him, and thinks,

thinks, if ſhe be Criminal, 'twas only the Effects of the greateſt Love, which always hurries Women on to the higheſt Revenges. In vain he ſeeks to extinguiſh his returning Flame by the Thought of *Caliſta*; yet at that Thought he ſtarts like one awakened from a Dream of Honour, to fall aſleep again, and dream of Love. Before 'twas Rage and Pride, but now it was Tenderneſs and Grief, ſofter Paſſions, and more inſupportable. New Wounds ſmart moſt, but old ones are moſt dangerous. While he was thus rageing, walking, pauſing, and loving, one knock'd at his Chamber-Door. It was *Silvia*'s Page, who had waited all the Evening to ſpeak to him, and could not till now be admitted. *Brilljard* was juſt going to tell him he was there before, when he arrived now again: *Philander* was all unbutton'd, his Stockings down, and his Hair under his Cap, when the Page, being let in by *Brilljard*, ran

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to his Lord, who knew him and imbraced him: And 'twas a pretty while they thus careſſed each other, without the Power of ſpeaking; he of asking a Queſtion, and the Boy of delivering his Meſſage; at laſt he gave him *Silvia*'s Billet; which was thus——

To Philander.

FAlſe and perjured as you are, I languiſh for a Sight of you, and conjure you to give it me as ſoon as this comes to your Hands. Imagine not that I have prepared thoſe Inſtruments of Revenge that are ſo juſtly due to your Perfidy; but rather, that I have yet too tender Sentiments for you, in ſpight of the Outrages you have done my Heart; and that for all the Ruine you have made, I ſtill adore you: And tho' I know you now anothers Slave, yet I beg you would vouchſafe to behold the Spoils you have made, and allow me this Recom-

pence

pence for all, to ſay—— Here was the Beauty I once eſteem'd, tho' now ſhe is no more Philander's

Silvia.

How! cry'd he out, *No more* Philander's Silvia? *By Heaven, I had rather be no more* Philander! And at that word, without conſidering whether he were in order for a Viſit or not, he advancing his joyful Voice, cry'd out to the Page; Lead on, my faithful Boy, lead on to *Silvia*. In vain *Brilljard* beſeeches him to put himſelf into a better Equipage; in vain he urges to him the indecency of making a Viſit in that Poſture; he thought of nothing but *Silvia*; however he ran after him with his Hat, Cloak, and Comb, and as he was in the Chair dreſs'd his Hair, and ſuffered the Page to conduct him where he pleas'd: Which being to *Silvia*'s Lodgings,

he ran up Stairs, and into her Chamber, as by Inſtinct of Love, and found her laid on her Bed, to which he made but one ſtep from the Door; and catching her in his Arms, as he kneeled upon the Carpet, they both remain'd unable to utter any thing but Sighs: And ſurely *Silvia* never appear'd more charming; ſhe had for a Month or two liv'd at her Eaſe, and had beſides all the Advantage of fine Dreſſing, which ſhe had purpoſly put on, in the moſt tempting Faſhion, on purpoſe to ingage him, or rather, to make him ſee how fine a Creature his Perfidy had loſt him: She firſt broke Silence, and with a thouſand violent Reproaches, ſeem'd as if ſhe would fain break from thoſe Arms, which ſhe wiſh'd might be too ſtrong for her Force; while he endeavours to appeaſe her by ſwearing and lying, as Lovers do, proteſting a thouſand times that there was nothing in that Hiſtory of his Amour with *Caliſta*, but Revenge

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on *Octavio*, who he knew was making an Intereſt in her Heart, contrary to all the Laws of Honour and Friendſhip (for he had learn'd by the Reproaches of the Lady Abbeſs, that *Caliſta* was Siſter to *Octavio*) he has had the daring to confeſs to me his Paſſion, ſaid he, for you, and could I do leſs in Revenge than tell him I had one for his Siſter? I knew by the violent Reproaches I ever met with in your Letters, tho' they were not plainly confeſs'd, that he had play'd me foul, and diſcover'd my feign'd Intrigue to you; and even this I ſuffered, to ſee how far you could be prevail'd with againſt me. I knew *Octavio* had Charms of Youth and Wit, and that you had too much the Aſcendant over him, to be deny'd any Secret you had a mind to draw from him; I knew your Nature too curious, and your Love too inquiſitive, not to preſs him to a ſight of my Letters, which ſeen, muſt incenſe you; and this

this Tryal I designedly made of your Faith, and as a Return to *Octavio*. Thus he flatters, and she believes, because she has a mind to believe; and thus by degrees he softens the listening *Silvia*: Swears his Faith with Sighs, and confirms it with his Tears, which bedew'd her fair Bosom, as they fell from his bright dissembling Eyes; and yet so well he dissembled, that he scarce knew himself that he did so: And such Effects it wrought on *Silvia*, that in spight of all her Honour and Vows engaged to *Octavio*, and horrid Protestations, never to receive again the Fugitive to her Arms, she suffers all he ask's, gives herself up again to Love, and is a second time undone. She regards him as one to whom she had a peculiar Right as the first Lover: She was married to his Love, to his Heart, and *Octavio* appeared the intruding Gallant, that would, and ought to be content with the Gleanings of the Harvest,

Harveſt, *Philander* ſhould give him the opportunity to take up: And tho', if ſhe had at this very time been put to her ſober Choice, which ſhe would have abandoned, it would have been *Philander*, as not in ſo good Circumſtances at that time to gratify all her Extravagancies of Expence; but ſhe could not indure to think of looſing either: She was for two Reaſons covetous of both, and ſwore Fidelity to both, proteſting each the only Man; and ſhe was now contriving in her Thoughts how to play the Jilt moſt Artificially; a Help meet, tho' natural enough to her Sex, ſhe had not yet much eſſay'd, and never to this purpoſe: She knew well ſhe ſhould have need of all her Cunning in this Affair, for ſhe had to do with Men of Quality and Honour, and too much Wit to be groſly impoſed upon. She knew *Octavio* lov'd ſo well, it would either make her loſe him by Death or reſenting Pride, if ſhe ſhould

ſhould ever be diſcovered to him to be untrue; and ſhe knew ſhe ſhould loſe *Philander* to ſome new Miſtriſs, if he once perceived her falſe. He asked her a thouſand Queſtions concerning *Octavio*, and ſhe ſeem'd to laviſh every Secret of her Soul to her Lover; but like a right Woman, ſo ordered her Diſcourſe, as all that made for her Advantage, ſhe declared, and all the reſt ſhe conceal'd. She told him that thoſe Hopes which her Revenge had made her give *Octavio*, had obliged him to preſent her with ſuch and ſuch fine Jewels, ſuch Plate, ſuch Summs; and in fine, made him underſtand that all her Trophies from the believing Lover, ſhould be laid at his Feet, who had conquered her Heart: And that now, having inriched herſelf, ſhe would abandon him wholly to Diſpair. This did not ſo well ſatisfy *Philander*, but that he needed ſome greater Proofs of her Fidelity, fearing all theſe

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rich Preſents were not for a little Hope alone; and ſhe fail'd not giving what Proteſtations he deſired.

Thus the Night paſs'd away, and in the Morning, ſhe knowing he was not very well furniſhed with Money, gave him the Key of her Cabinet, where ſhe bid him furniſh himſelf with all he wanted; which he did, and left her, to go take Orders about his Horſes and other Affairs, not ſo abſolutely ſatisfied of her Vertue, but he fear'd himſelf put upon, which the Advantage he was likely to reap by the Deceit, made him leſs conſider than he would perhaps otherwiſe have done. He had all the Night a full Poſſeſſion of *Silvia*, and found in the Morning he was not ſo violently concern'd as he was overnight: It was but a Repetition of what he had been feaſted with before; 'twas no new Treat, but like Matrimony, went dully down: And now he found his Heart warm a little

little more for *Caliſta*, with which little Impatience he left *Silvia*.

That Morning a Lady having ſent to *Octavio*, to give her an Aſſignation in the Park; tho' he were not curious after Beauty; yet believing there might be ſomething more in it than meerly a Lady, he dreſs'd himſelf and went, which was the reaſon he made not his Viſit that Morning, as he uſed to do, to *Silvia*, and ſo was yet ignorant of her Ingratitude: while ſhe, on the other ſide, finding herſelf more poſſeſs'd with Vanity than Love; for having gain'd her end as imagined, and got a ſecond Victory over his Heart, in ſpight of all *Caliſta*'s Charms, ſhe did not ſo much conſider him as before; nor was he ſo dear to her as ſhe fancied he would have been, before ſhe believed it poſſible to get him any more to her Arms; and ſhe found it was Pride and Revenge to *Caliſta*, that made her ſo fond of indearing him, and that ſhe ſhould thereby

thereby triumph over that haughty Rival, who pretended to be ſo ſure of the Heart of her Hero: And having ſatisfied her Ambition in that Point, ſhe was more pleaſed than ſhe imagined ſhe ſhould be, and could now return her Thoughts again to *Octavio*, whoſe Charms, whoſe Indearments, and laviſh Obligations, came anew to her Memory, and made him appear the moſt agreeable to her Genius and Humour, which now lean'd to Intereſt more than Love; and now ſhe fancies ſhe found *Philander* duller in her Arms than *Octavio*, that he taſted of *Caliſta*, while *Octavio* was all her own intirely, adoring and ever preſenting; two Excellencies, of which *Philander* now had but part of one. She found *Philander* now in a Condition to be ever taking from her, while *Octavio*'s was ſtill to be giving; which was a great Weight in the Scale of Love, when a fair vain Woman guides the Balance:

lance: And now ſhe begins to diſtruſt all that *Philander* had ſaid of his Innocence, from what ſhe now remembers ſhe heard from *Caliſta* herſelf, and reproaches her own Weakneſs for believing: While her penitent Thoughts were thus wandering in favour of *Octavio*, that Lover arriv'd, and approach'd her with all the Joy in his Soul and Eyes that either could expreſs. *'Tis now, my fair Charmer,* ſaid he, *that I am come to offer you, what alone can make me more worthy of you*—— And pulling from his Pocket the Writings and Inventories of all his own and his Uncles Eſtate—— *See here,* ſaid he, *what thoſe mighty Powers that favour Love, have done for* Silvia? *It is not,* continued he, *the Trifle of a Million of Money (which theſe amount to) that has pleaſed me, but becauſe I am now able to lay it without Controul at your Feet.* If ſhe were before inclined to receive him well, what was ſhe now, when a million

million of Money rendered him ſo charming: She imbrac'd his Neck with her ſnowy Arms, lays her Cheek to his raviſh'd Face, and kiſs'd him a thouſand Welcomes; ſo well ſhe knew how to make herſelf Miſtriſs of all this vaſt Fortune: And I ſuppoſe he never appear'd ſo fine as at this Moment. While ſhe thus careſſed him, he could not forbear ſighing, as if there were yet ſomething behind to compleat his Happineſs: For tho' *Octavio* were extreamly blinded with Love, he had abundance of Wit, and a great many Doubts (which were augmented by the Arrival of *Philander*) and he was too wiſe and too haughty to be impoſed upon, at leaſt as he believed: And yet he had ſo very good an Opinion of *Silvia*'s Honour and Vows, which ſhe had engaged to him, that he durſt hardly name his Fears, when by his Sighs ſhe found them: And willing to leave no Obſtacle unremov'd, that might hinder

her poſſeſſing this Fortune, ſhe told him; *My dear* Octavio——*I am ſenſible theſe Sighs proceed from ſome Fears you have of* Philander's *being in* Bruxells, *and conſequently that I will ſee him, as heretofore; but be aſſured that that falſe Man ſhall no more dare to pretend to me; but on the contrary, I will behold him as my mortal Enemy, the Murderer of my Fame and Innocence, and as the moſt ungrateful and perfidious Man that ever liv'd.* This ſhe confirm'd with Oaths and Tears, and a thouſand indearing Expreſſions. So that eſtabliſhing his Heart in a perfect Tranquillity, and he leaving his Writings and Accounts with her, he told her he was obliged to dine with the *Advocates*, who had acted for him in *Holland*, and could not ſtay to dine with her.

You muſt know, that as ſoon as the Noiſe of old *Sebaſtian*, *Octavio*'s Uncle's Death was noiſed about, and that he was thereupon fled, they ſeized

ſeized all the Eſtates, both that of the Uncle, and that of *Octavio*, as belonging to him by right of Law; but looking upon him as his Uncle's Murderer, they were forfeited to the *States*. This part of ill News *Octavio* kept from *Silvia*, but took order that there ſhould be ſuch a Proceſs began in his Name with the *States*, that might retrieve it; and ſent word, if it could not be carried on by Attornies (for he was not, he ſaid, in Health) that nevertheleſs he would come into *Holland* himſelf. But they being not able to prove by the Witneſs of any of *Octavio*'s or *Sebaſtian*'s Servants, that *Octavio* had any hand in his Death; but, on the contrary, all Circumſtances, and the Coroner's Verdict, brought it in as a thing done by Accident, and through his own Fault, they were obliged to releaſe to *Octavio* all his Fortune, with that of his Uncle, which was this day brought to him, by thoſe he was

obliged to dine and make up ſome Accompts withal: He therefore told her he fear'd he ſhould be abſent all that Afternoon; which ſhe was the more pleaſed at; becauſe, if *Philander* ſhould return before ſhe had ordered the Method of their Viſit, ſo as not to meet with each other, (which was her only Contrivance now) ſhe ſhould be ſure he would not ſee or be ſeen by *Octavio*; who had no ſooner taken his Leave, but *Philander* returns; who being now fully bent upon ſome Adventure to ſee *Caliſta* if poſſible, and which Intrigue would take up his whole Time, to excuſe his Abſence to the jealous *Silvia*, he feign'd that he was ſent to by *Ceſario*, to meet him upon the Frontiers of *France*, and conduct him into *Flanders*, and that he ſhould be abſent ſome Days. This was as *Silvia* could have wiſhed; and after forcing herſelf to take as kind a Leave of him as ſhe could, whoſe Head was wholly poſſeſs'd with

with a Million of Gold, ſhe ſent him away, both Parties being very well pleaſed with the Artifices with which they gilted each other. At *Philander*'s going into his Chair, he was ſeen by the old Count of *Clarinau*, who cur'd perfectly of his Wound, was come thither to ſeek *Philander*, in order to take the Revenge of a Man of Honour, as he call'd it; which in *Spaniſh*, is the private Stab, for private Injuries; and indeed, more reaſonable than baſe *French* Duelling, where the Injured is as likely to ſuffer as the Injurer: But *Clarinau* durſt not attack him by Day-light in the open Street, nor durſt he indeed appear in his own Figure in the King of *Spain*'s Dominions, ſtanding already there convicted of the Murder of his firſt Wife; but in a Diſguiſe came to *Bruxells*. The Chair with *Philander* was no ſooner gone from the Lodgings, but he inquired of ſome of the Houſe who lodged

there, that that Gentleman came to viſit? and they told him, A great Bellied Lady, who was a Woman of Quality, and a Stranger: This was ſufficient, you may believe, for him to think it Madam the Counteſs of *Clarinau*. With this Aſſurance he repairs to his Lodging, which was but hard by, and ſets a Footman that attended him, to watch the Return of *Philander* to thoſe Lodgings, which he believed would not be long: The Footman, who had not ſeen *Philander*, only asked a Diſcription of him; he told him he was a pretty tall Man, in black Clothes (for the Court was then in Mourning) with a long black Hair, fine black Eyes, very handſome, and well made: This was enough for the Lad; he thought he ſhould know him from a thouſand by theſe Marks and Tokens. Away goes the Footman, and waited till the ſhuting in of the Evening, and then, runing to his Lord, told him *Philander* was come to thoſe Lodgings,

Lodgings; that he ſaw him alight out of the Chair, and took perfect Notice of him; that he was ſure it was that *Philander* he look'd for: *Clarinau*, overjoy'd that his Revenge was at hand, took his Dagger, Sword, and Piſtol, and haſted to *Silvia*'s Lodgings, where he found the Chair ſtill waiting, and the Doors all open; he made no more ado, but goes in and aſcends the Stairs, and paſſes on, without any Oppoſition, to the very Chamber where they ſate, *Silvia* in the Arms of her Lover, not *Philander*, but *Octavio*, who being alſo in black, tall, long brown Hair, and handſome, and by a Sight that might very well deceive; he made no more to do, not doubting but it was *Philander* and *Caliſta*, but ſteps to him, and offering to ſtab him, was prevented by his ſtarting at the ſuddeneſs of his Approach; however the Dagger did not abſolutely miſs him, but wounded him in the left Arm; but *Octavio*'s Youth,

too nimble for *Clarinau*'s Age, ſnatching at the Dagger as it wounded him, at once prevented the Hurt being much, and return'd a home Blow at *Clarinau*, ſo that he fell at *Silvia*'s Feet, whoſe Shreeks alarm'd the Houſe to their Aid, where they found, by the light of a Candle that was brought, that the Man was not dead, but lay gazing on *Octavio*, who ſaid to him; *Tell me, thou unfortunate Wretch, what miſerable Fate brought thee to this place, to diſturb the Repoſe of thoſe who neither know thee, nor had done thee Injury?* *Ah, Sir*, reply'd *Clarinau, you have Reaſon for what you ſay, and I ask Heaven, that unknown Lady, and your ſelf, a thouſand Pardons for my Miſtake and Crime: Too late I ſee my Error, pity and forgive me; and let me have a Prieſt, for I believe I am a dead Man.* *Octavio* was extreamly mov'd with Compaſſion at theſe Words, and immediately ſent his Page, who was alarm'd up in the Crowd, for

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a Father and a Surgeon; and he declar'd before the reſt that he forgave that Stranger, meaning *Octavio*, ſince he had, by a Miſtake of his Footman, pull'd on his own Death, and had deſerved it: And thereupon, as well as he could, he told them for whom he had miſtaken *Octavio*, who having injured his Honour, he had vow'd Revenge upon; and that he took the fair Lady, meaning *Silvia*, for a faithleſs Wife of his, who had been the Authoreſs of all this. *Octavio* ſoon divin'd this to be his Brother-in-Law *Clarinau*, whom yet he had never ſeen; and ſtooping down to him, he cry'd; *'Tis I, Sir, that ought to demand a thouſand Pardons of you, for letting the Revenge of* Caliſta's *Honour alone ſo long.* *Clarinau* wondered who he ſhould be that named *Caliſta*, and asking him his Name, he told him he was the unhappy Brother to that fair Wanton, whoſe Story was but too well known to him. This while *Cla-*

rinau viewing his Face, found him the very Picture of that falſe Charmer; while *Octavio* went on and aſſured him, if it were his Unhappineſs to die, that he would revenge the Honour of him and his Siſter on the Betrayer of both. By this time the Surgeon came, who found not his Wound to be mortal, as was feared, and ventured to remove him to his own Lodgings, whither *Octavio* would accompany him; and leaving *Silvia* inclin'd, after her Fright, to be repos'd, he took his Leave of her for that Evening, not daring, out of Reſpect to her, to viſit her any more that Night: He was no ſooner gone, but *Philander*, who never us'd to go without two very good pocket Piſtols about him, having left 'em under his Pillow laſt Night at *Silvia*'s Lodgings; and being upon Love Adventures, he knew not what Occaſion he might have for 'em, return'd back to her Lodgings: When he came ſhe was a little

tle ſurprized at firſt to ſee him, but after reflecting on what Revenge was threatened him, ſhe expoſed *Octavio*'s Secret to him, and told him the whole Adventure, and how ſhe had got his Writings, which would be all her own, if ſhe might be ſuffered to manage the fond Believer. But he, whoſe thought ran on the Revenge was threaten'd him, cry'd out—— *He has kindly awaken'd me to my Duty by what he threatens; 'tis I that ought to be reveng'd on his Perfidy of ſhewing you my Letters; and to that end, by Heaven, I will defer all the Buſineſs in the World to meet him, and pay his Courteſy——If I had injoy'd his Siſter, he might ſuppoſe I knew her not to be ſo; and what Man of Wit or Youth would refuſe a lovely Woman, that preſents a Heart laden with Love, and a Perſon all over Charms, to his Boſom: I were to be eſteem'd unworthy the Friendſhip of a Man of Honour, if I ſhould: But he has baſely betray'd me every way,*

makes

makes Love to my celebrated Miſtriſs, whom he knows I love, and getting Secrets, unravels 'em to make his Court and his Acceſs the eaſier. She foreſaw the dangerous Conſequence of a Quarrel of this nature, and had no ſooner blown the Fire (which ſhe did, to the end that *Philander* ſhould avoid her Lodgings, and all places where he might meet *Octavio*) but ſhe hinders all her Deſigns; and fixing him there, he was reſolv'd to expect him at the firſt place he thought moſt likely to find him in: She indeavoured, by a thouſand Intreaties, to get him gone, urging it all for his Safety; but that made him but the more reſolv'd; and all ſhe could do could not hinder him from ſtaying Supper, and after that, from going to Bed: So that ſhe was forced to hide a thouſand Terrors and Fears by feigned Careſſes, the ſooner to get him to meet *Ceſario* in the Morning, as he ſaid he was to do: And tho' ſhe could

not

not help flattering both while by, yet ſhe ever lov'd the abſent beſt; and now repented a thouſand times that ſhe had told him any thing.

Early the next Morning, as was his Cuſtom, *Octavio* came to inquire of *Silvia*'s Health; and tho' he had oftentimes only inquired and no more (taking Excuſe of ill Nights, or Commands that none ſhould come to her till ſhe call'd) and had departed ſatisfied, and came again: Yet now, when he went into *Antonett*'s Chamber, he found ſhe was in a great Conſternation, and her Looks, and flattering Excuſes made him know, there was more than uſual in his being to day deny'd; he therefore preſſed it the more, and ſhe grew to greater Confuſion by his preſſing her: At laſt he demanded the Key of her Lady's Chamber, he having, he ſaid, Buſineſs of great Importance to communicate to her; ſhe told him ſhe had as great a Reaſon not to deliver it,—— *That is*, ſaid

ſaid ſhe (fearing ſhe had ſaid too much) *my Lady's Commands*; and finding no Perſwaſion would prevail, and rather venturing *Silvia*'s eternal Diſpleaſure, than not to be ſatisfied in the Jealouſies ſhe had raiſed; eſpecially reflecting on *Philander*'s being in Town, he took *Antonett* in his Arms and forced the Key from her, who was willing to be forced; for ſhe admired *Octavio*'s Bounty, and car'd not for *Philander*. *Octavio* being Maſter of the Key, flies to *Silvia*'s Door like Lightening, or a jealous Lover, mad to diſcover, what ſeen, would kill him: He opens the Chamber-door, and goes ſoftly to the Bed-ſide, as if he now fear'd to find what he ſought, and wiſhed to Heaven he might be miſtaken; he opened the Curtains, and found *Silvia* ſleeping with *Philander* in her Arms. I need make no Diſcription of his Confuſion and Surprize; the Character I have given of that gallant,

gallant, honeſt and generous Lover, is ſufficient to make you imagine his Heart, when indeed he could believe his Eyes: Before he thought —— he was about to draw his Sword, and run 'em both through, and revenge at once his injured Honour, his Love, and that of his Siſter; but that little Reaſon he had left check'd that Barbarity, and he was readier, from his own natural ſweetneſs of Diſpoſition to run himſelf upon his own Sword: And there the *Chriſtian* pleaded—— and yet he found his Heart breaking, his whole Body trembling, his Mind all Agony, his Cheeks cold and pale, his Eyes languiſhing, his Tongue refuſing to give Utterance to his Preſſure, and his Leggs to ſupport his Body; and much ado he had to reel into *Antonett*'s Chamber, where he found the Maid dying with Grief for her Concern for him. He was no ſooner got to her Bed-ſide, but he fell dead upon it; while ſhe, who

was

was afraid to alarm her Lady and *Philander*, leaſt *Octavio* being found there, had accuſed her with betraying 'em; but ſhuting the Door cloſe (for yet no body had ſeen him but herſelf) ſhe indeavoured all ſhe could to bring him to Life again, and it was a great while before ſhe could do ſo: As ſoon as he was recovered he lay a good while without ſpeaking, reflecting on his Fate; but after appearing as if he had aſſum'd all his manly Spirits together, he roſe up, and conjured *Antonett* to ſay nothing of what had happen'd, and that ſhe ſhould not repent the Service ſhe would do him by it. *Antonett*, who was his abſolute devoted Slave, promiſed him all he deſired; and he had the Courage to go once again, to confirm himſelf in the Lewdneſs of this undone fair one, whoſe Perjuries had rendered her even odious now to him, and he beheld her with Scorn and Diſdain: And that ſhe might know how

how indifferently he did ſo (when ſhe ſhould come to know it) he took *Philander*'s Sword, that lay on her *Toylet*, and left his own in the place, and went out pleaſed; at leaſt in this, that he had commanded his Paſſion in the midſt of the moſt powerful Occaſion for Madneſs and Revenge that ever was.

They lay, thus ſecur'd in each others Arms, till nine a-Clock in the Morning, when *Philander* received a Note from *Brilljard*, who was managing his Lords Deſign of getting a Billet delivered to *Caliſta* by the way of a Nun, whom *Brilljard* had made ſome Addreſs to to that end, and ſent to beg, his Lord would come to the Grate and ſpeak to the young Nun, who had undertaken for any innocent Meſſage. This Note made him riſe and haſt to go out, when he received another from an unknown Hand; which was thus:

To

To Philander.

MY Lord, I have important Buſineſs with you, and beg I may ſpeak with you at three of the Clock; I will wait you by the Fountain in the Park:

Yours

Silvia, who was impatient to have him gone, never asked to ſee either of theſe Notes, leaſt it ſhould have deterr'd him; and ſhe knew *Octavio* would viſit her early, tho' ſhe knew withal ſhe could refuſe him Enterance with any ſlight Excuſe, ſo good an Opinion he had of her Vertue, and ſo abſolute an Aſcendant ſhe had over him.—— She had given Orders, if he came, to be refuſed her Chamber; and ſhe was glad to know he had not yet been at her Lodgings. A hundred times ſhe was about to make uſe of the leſ-

ſen'd

ſen'd Love *Philander* had for her, and to have propoſed to him the ſuffering *Octavio* to ſhare her Embraces for ſo good an Intereſt, ſince no Returns could be had from *France*, nor any Signs of an Amendment of their Fortunes any other way: But ſtill ſhe fear'd he had too much Honour to permit ſuch a Cheat in Love, to be put even upon an Enemy. This Fear deferred her ſpeaking of it, or offering to ſacrifice *Octavio* as a Cully to their Intereſt, tho' ſhe wiſhed it; nor knew ſhe long how to deceive both; the Buſineſs was to put *Philander* off handſomly, if poſſible, ſince ſhe fail'd of all other Hopes. Theſe were her Thoughts while *Philander* was dreſſing, and rais'd by his asking for ſome more Piſtols from her Cabinet, which ſhe found would quickly be at an end, if one Lover deminiſhed daily, and the other was hindered from increaſing: But *Philander* was no ſooner dreſs'd but he left her to her

her Repoſe; and *Octavio* (who had a *Griſon* attending the Motions of *Philander* all that Morning, and had brought him word he was gone from *Silvia*) went to viſit her, and entered her Chamber, all changed from what he was before, and Death ſate in his Face and Eyes, maugre all his Reſolves and art of Diſſembling. She not at firſt perceiving it as ſhe lay, ſhe ſtretch'd out her Arms to receive him with her wonted Careſſes, but he gently put her off, and ſighing cry'd——*No* Silvia, *I leave thoſe Joys for happier Lovers.* She was a little ſurpriz'd at that——but not imagining he had known her Guilt, reply'd; *Then thoſe Careſſes were only meant for him*; *for if* Silvia *could make him happy, he was ſure of being the Man*; and by force compell'd him to ſuffer her Kiſſes and Imbraces, while his Heart was burſting, without any ſenſe of the Pleaſure of her Touches. *Ah* Silvia, ſays he,—— *I can never think*

think myſelf Secure or Happy while Philander *is ſo near you; every abſent Moment alarms me with ten thouſand Fears; in Sleep I dream thou art falſe, and gives thy Honour up all my abſent Nights, and all day thy Vows*: And that he was ſure, ſhould ſhe again ſuffer herſelf to ſee *Philander*, he ſhould be abandoned; and perhaps ſhe again undone. *For ſince I parted with you*, continued he, *I heard from* Clarinau, *that he ſaw* Philander *yeſterday come out of your Lodgings. How can I bear this, when you have vow'd, not to ſee him, with Imprecations that muſt damn thee*, Silvia, *without ſevere Repentance*?—— At this ſhe offered to ſwear again, ——but he ſtop'd her, and begg'd her not to ſwear till ſhe had well conſidered; then ſhe confeſs'd he made her a Viſit, but that ſhe us'd him with that Pride and Scorn that if he were a Man of Honour, he could never bear; and ſhe was ſure he would trouble her no more: In fine,

fine, ſhe flattered, fawn'd, and gilted ſo, as no Woman common in the Trade of ſinful Love, could be ſo great a Miſtriſs of the Art. He ſuffered her to go on in all that could confirm him ſhe thought him an errant Coxcomb; and all that could render her the moſt contemptible of her Sex. He was pleas'd, becauſe it made him diſpiſe her; and that was eaſier than adoring her; yet tho' he heard her with Scorn, he heard her with too much Love. When ſhe was even Breathleſs with eager Proteſtation—— he cry'd, *Ah Indiſcreet and Unadviſed* Silvia, *how I pity thee. Ah*, ſaid ſhe—— obſerving him ſpeak this with a ſcornful Smile—— *is it poſſible you ſhould indeed be offended for a ſimple Viſit! which neither was by my Invitation or Wiſh: Can you be angry if I treat* Philander *with the Civility of a Brother? Or rather, that I ſuffer him to ſee me to receive my Reproaches?* ——*Stop here*, ſaid he, *thou*

thou fair deluding Flatterer, or thou art for ever ruin'd. Do not charge thy Soul yet farther; —— *do not delude me on*—— *all yet I can forgive, as I am dying, but ſhould I live, I could not promiſe thee. Add not new Crimes by cozening me anew, for I ſhall find out Truth, tho' it lie hid even in the bottom of* Philander's *Heart.* This he ſpoke with an Air of Fierceneſs—— which ſeeing her grow pale upon, he ſunk again to Compaſſion, and in a ſoft Voice cry'd——*Whatever Injuries thou haſt done thy Honour, thy Word, and Faith to me, and my poor Heart, I can perhaps forgive when you dare utter Truth: There is ſome Honeſty in that*—— She once more embracing him, fell a-new to proteſting her ill Treatment of *Philander*, how ſhe gave him back his Vows, and aſſur'd him ſhe would never be reconcil'd to him. *And did you part ſo* Silvia? reply'd the dying *Octavio. Upon my Honour*, ſaid ſhe, *juſt ſo.*

——*Did*

—— *Did you not kiſs at parting?* ſaid he faintly,—— *Juſt kiſs'd, as Friends, no more, by all thy Love.* At this he burſts into Tears, and cry'd——*Oh! why, when I repos'd my Heart with thee, and laviſhed out my very Soul in Love, could I not merit this poor Recompence, of being fairly dealt with? Behold this Sword——I took it from your* Toylet; *view it, it is* Philander's; *myſelf this Morning took it from your Table: No more——ſince you may gueſs the fatal reſt: I am undone, and I am ſatisfied.——I had a thouſand Warnings of my Fate, but ſtill the Beauty charmed, and too good Nature yielded: Oft you have cozen'd me, and oft I ſaw it, and ſtill Love made me willing to forgive; the fooliſh Paſſion hung upon my Soul, and ſooth'd me into Peace. Silvia,* quite confounded, (not ſo much with the Knowledge he had of the unlucky Adventure, as at her ſo earneſt denying and forſwearing any Love had paſs'd between

tween 'em) lay ſtill to conſider how to retrieve this loſt Game, and gave him leiſure to go on. —— *Now*, ſaid he, *thou art ſilent —— would thou had'ſt ſtill been ſo: Ah hapleſs Maid, who haſt this Fate attending thee, To ruin all that love thee! Be dumb, be dumb for ever; let the falſe Charm that dwells upon thy Tongue be ended with my Life: Let it no more undo believing Man; leaſt amongſt the Number ſome one may conquer thee, and deaf to all thy Wit, and blind to Beauty, in ſome mad Paſſion think of all thy Cozenings, ſhould fall upon thee and forget thy Sex, and by thy Death revenge the loſt* Octavio. At theſe Words he would have roſe from her Arms, but ſhe detain'd him, and with a pitious Voice implor'd his Pardon; but he calmly reply'd; *Yes*, Silvia, *I will pardon thee, and wiſh that Heaven may do ſo; to whom apply thy early Rhetorick and Penitence, for it can never, never, charm me more: My Fortune,*

if thou ever want'ſt Support, to keep thee Chaſt and Vertuous, ſhall ſtill be commanded by thee, with that uſual Frankneſs it has hitherto ſerved thee; but for Octavio, *he is reſolved to go where he will never more be ſeen by Woman——or hear the name of Love to ought but Heaven.——Farewel——one parting Kiſs, and then a long Farewel.——* As he bow'd to kiſs her ſhe caught him faſt in her Arms, while a Flood of Tears bathe his Face, nor could he prevent his from mixing with hers: While thus they lay, *Philander* came into the Room, and finding them ſo cloſely intwin'd, he was as much ſurpriz'd almoſt as *Octavio* was before; and drawing his Sword, was about to have kill'd him; but his Honour overcame his Paſſion; and he would not take him at ſuch Diſadvantage, but with the Flat of his Sword ſtriking him on the Back as he lay, he cry'd, *Riſe Traytor, and turn to thy mortal Enemy.* *Octavio*, not at all ſurpriz'd, turn'd

turn'd his Head, and his Eyes bedew'd in Tears, towards his Rival. *If thou beeſt an Enemy*, ſaid he, *thou never could'ſt have taken me in a better Humour of dying. Finiſh*, Philander, *that Life then, which if you ſpare, it will poſſibly never leave thine in Repoſe; the Injuries you have done me, being too great to be forgiven. And is it thus*, reply'd *Philander*, ——*thus with my Miſtriſs, that you would revenge 'em? Is it in the Arms of* Silvia *that you would repay me the Favours I did your Siſter* Caliſta? *You have by that Word*, ſaid *Octavio, handſomly reproach'd my Sloath.* And leaping briskly from the Bed he took out his Sword, and cry'd: *Come then,——let us go where we may repair both our Loſſes, ſince Ladies Chambers are not fit places to adjuſt Debts of this nature in.* At theſe Words they both went down Stairs; and 'twas in vain *Silvia* call'd and cry'd out to conjure them to come back; her Power of Commanding

ſhe had in one unlucky Day loſt over both thoſe gallant Lovers: And both left her with Pity; to ſay no worſe of the Effect of her ill Conduct.

Octavio went directly to the Park, to the Place whither he before had challenged *Philander*, who loſt no time but followed him: As ſoon as he was come to the Fountain he drew, and told *Philander* that was the place whither he invited him in his Billet that Morning; however, if he liked not the Ground, he was ready to remove to any other: *Philander* was a little ſurpriz'd to find that Invitation was a Challenge, and that *Octavio* ſhould be beforehand with him upon the Score of Revenge; and reply'd; *Sir, if the Billet came from you, it was a Favour I thank you for, ſince it kindly put me in mind of that Revenge I ought ſo juſtly to take of you for betraying the Secrets of Friendſhip I repoſed in you, and making baſe Advantages*

vantages of 'em, to recommend your ſelf to a Woman, you knew I lov'd, and who hates you, in ſpight of all the ungenerous ways you have taken to gain her. *Sir,* reply'd *Octavio, I confeſs with a Bluſh and infinite Shame the Error with which you accuſe me, and have nothing to defend ſo great a Perfidy. To tell you I was wrought out of it by the greateſt Cunning imaginable, and that I muſt have ſeen* Silvia *dy at my Feet if I had refuſed 'em, is not Excuſe enough for the Breach of that Friendſhip. No, tho' I were exaſperated with the Relation there of my Siſter's Diſhonour; I muſt therefore adjuſt that Debt with you as well as I can; and if I dy in the juſter Quarrel of my Siſter's Honour, I ſhall believe it the Vengeance of Heaven upon me for that one Breach of Friendſhip.* *Sir,* reply'd *Philander, you have given me ſo great a Satisfaction in this Confeſſion; and have made ſo good and gallant an Atonement by this Acknowledgment, that 'tis with Re-*

luctancy I go to puniſh you for other Injuries, of which I am aſſured you cannot ſo well acquit your ſelf. Tho' I would not juſtify a Baſeneſs, reply'd *Octavio, for which there ought to be no Excuſe; yet I will not accuſe myſelf, or acknowledge other Injuries, but leave you ſomething to maintain the Quarrel on——and render it a little juſt on your ſide; nor go to wipe off the Outrage you pretend I have done your Love, by adoring the fair Perſon who at leaſt has been dear to you, by the Wrongs you have done my Siſter. Come, Sir, we ſhall not by diſputing quit Scores*, cry'd *Philander* a little impatiently, *what I have ſo lately ſeen, has made my Rage too brisk for long Parly.* At that they both advanced, and made above twenty Paſſes before either received any Wound; the firſt that bled was *Octavio*, who received a Wound in his Breaſt, which he returned on *Philander*; and after that many were given and taken; ſo that the Track

their

their Feet made in following and advancing as they fought, was marked out by their Blood: In this Condition (ſtill fighting) *Silvia* (who had call'd 'em back in vain, and only in her Night-Gown in a Chair purſued 'em that Minute they quitted her Chamber) found 'em thus imployed, and without any fear ſhe threw herſelf between them: *Octavio*, out of Reſpect to her, ceaſed; but *Philander*, as if he had not regarded her, would ſtill have been ſtriving for Victory, when ſhe ſtay'd his Hand, and beg'd him to hear her; he then ſet the Point of his Sword to the Ground, and breathleſs and fainting almoſt, attended what ſhe had to ſay: She conjur'd him to ceaſe the Quarrel, and told him if *Octavio* had injured him in her Heart, he ought to remember he had injured *Octavio* as much in that of his Siſter: She conjured him by all the Friendſhip both ſhe and himſelf had received at *Octavio*'s Hands;

and concluded with ſaying ſo many fine things of that *Cavalier*, that in lieu of appeaſing, it but the more exaſperated the jealous *Philander*, who took new Courage with new Breath, and paſſed at *Octavio*. She then addreſſed to *Octavio*, and cry'd: *Hold, oh hold, or make your way through me, for here I will defend Vertue and Honour!* and put herſelf before *Octavio*: She ſpoke with ſo pitious a Voice, and pleaded with ſo much Tenderneſs, that *Octavio* laying his Sword at her Feet, bid her diſpoſe——falſe as ſhe was, of his Honour. *For oh*, ſaid he, *my Life is already fallen a Victim to your Perjuries!* He could ſay no more, but falling where he had laid his Sword, left *Philander* maſter of the Field. By this time ſome Gentlemen that had been walking came up to 'em, and found a Man ly dead, and a Lady imploring another to fly: They look'd on *Octavio*, and found he had yet Life; and immediately

ſent

ſent for Surgeons, who carried him to his Lodgings, with very little Hope: *Philander*, as well as his Wounds would give him leave, got into a Chair, telling the Gentlemen that looked on him, he would be reſponſible for *Octavio*'s Life, if he had had the ill Fortune to take it; that his Quarrel was too juſt to ſuffer him to fly.—— So being carried to the *Cabarett*, with an abſolute Command to *Silvia* not to follow him, or viſit him: For fear of hurting him by diſobeying, ſhe ſuffered herſelf to be carried to her Lodgings, where ſhe threw herſelf on her Bed, and drowned her fair Eyes in a Showre of Tears: She adviſes with *Antonett* and her Page what to do in this Extremity; ſhe fears ſhe has by her ill Managment loſt both her Lovers, and ſhe was in a Condition of needing every Aid. They who knew the excellent Temper of *Octavio*, and knew him to be the moſt conſiderable Lover of

the two, beſought her, as the beſt Expedient ſhe could have Recourſe to, to viſit *Octavio*, who could not but take it kindly; and they did not doubt but ſhe had ſo abſolute a Power over him, that with a very little Complaiſance towards him, ſhe would retrieve that Heart her ill Luck had this Morning forfeited; and which, they proteſted, they knew nothing of, nor how he got into her Chamber. This Advice ſhe took; but becauſe *Octavio* was carried away dead, ſhe feared (and ſwounded with the Fear) that he was no longer in the World, or at leaſt, that he would not long be ſo: However ſhe aſſum'd her Courage again at the Thought, that, if he did dy, ſhe had an abſolute Poſſeſſion of all his Fortune, which was to her the moſt conſiderable part of the Man, or at leaſt, what rendered him ſo very agreeable to her: However ſhe thought fit to ſend her Page, which ſhe did in an hour after he was

was carried home, to ſee how he did, who brought her word that he was reviv'd to Life, and had commanded his Gentleman to receive no Meſſages from her. This was all ſhe could learn, and what put her into the greateſt Extremity of Grief. She after ſent to *Philander*, and found him much the better of the two, but moſt infinitely incenſed againſt *Silvia*: This alſo added to her Diſpair; yet ſince ſhe found ſhe had not a Heart that any Love or loſs of Honour, or Fortune could break; but on the contrary, a Reſt of Youth and Beauty, that might oblige her, with ſome Reaſon, to look forward on new Lovers, if the old muſt depart: The next thing ſhe reſolv'd, was, to do her utmoſt Indeavour to retrieve *Octavio*, which if unattainable, ſhe would make the beſt of her Youth. She ſent therefore (notwithſtanding his Commands to ſuffer none of her People to come and ſee him) to inquire of his Health;

and

and in four Days (finding he receiv-ved other Viſits) ſhe dreſs'd herſelf, with all the Advantages of her Sex, and in a Chair was carried to his Aunt's, where he lay. The good Lady not knowing but ſhe might be that Perſon of Quality whom ſhe knew to be extreamly in Love with her Nephew, and who liv'd at the Court of *Bruxells*, and was Neece to the Governour, carried her to his Chamber, where ſhe left her, as not willing to be a Witneſs of a Viſit, ſhe knew muſt be ſuppoſed *Incognito*: It was Evening, and *Octavio* was in Bed, and at the firſt ſight of her his Blood grew diſordered in his Veins, flush'd in his pale Face, and burnt all over his Body, and he was near to ſwounding as he lay: She approach'd his Bed with a Face all ſet for Languiſhment, Love and Shame in her Eyes, and Sighs, that without ſpeaking ſeem'd to tell her Grief at his Diſaſter; ſhe ſate, or rather, fell on his Bed, as unable to ſupport the

the ſight of him in that Condition; ſhe in a ſoft manner ſeiz'd his burning Hand, graſp'd it and ſigh'd, then put it to her Mouth, and ſuffered a Tear or two to fall upon it; and when ſhe would have ſpoke ſhe made her Sobs reſiſt her Words; and left nothing unacted that might move the tender Hearted *Octavio* to that degree of Paſſion ſhe wiſhed. A hundred times fain he would have ſpoke, but ſtill his riſing Paſſion choak'd his Words; and ſtill he fear'd they would prove either too ſoft and kind for the Injuries he had received, or too rough and cold for ſo delicate and charming a Creature, and one who, in ſpight of all thoſe Injuries, he ſtill adored: She appear'd before him with thoſe Attractions that never fail'd to conquer him; with that Submiſſion and Pleading in her modeſt baſhful Eyes, that even gave his the Lye, who had ſeen her Perfidy. Oh! what ſhould he do to keep that Fire from breaking forth with

with Violence, which ſhe had ſo throughly kindled in his Heart; how ſhould that excellent good Nature aſſume an unwonted Sullenneſs, only to appear what it could not by Nature be? He was all Soft and Sweet, and if he had Pride, he knew alſo how to make his Pleaſure; and his Youth lov'd Love above all the other little Vanities that attend it, and was the moſt proper to it. Fain he would palliate her Crime, and conſiders in the Condition ſhe was, ſhe could not but have ſome Tenderneſs for *Philander*; that it was no more than what before paſt; 'twas no new Lover that came to kindle new Paſſions, or to approach her with a new Flame; but a Decliner, who came and was received with the Dregs of Love, with all the cold Indifference imaginable: This he would have perſwaded himſelf, but dares not till he hear her ſpeak; and yet fears ſhe ſhould not ſpeak his Senſe; and this Fear makes him

ſighing

ſighing break Silence, and he cry'd in a ſoft Tone; *Ah! why, too lovely Fair, why do you come to trouble the Repoſe of my dying Hours? Will you, cruel Maid, purſue me to my Grave, ſhall I not have one lone Hour to ask Forgiveneſs of Heaven, for my Sin of loving thee? The greateſt that ever loaded my Youth——and yet alas, ——the leaſt repented yet. Be kind, and trouble not my Solitude; depart with all the Trophies of my Ruine, and if they can add any Glory to thy future Life, boaſt 'em all over the Univerſe, and tell, what a deluded Youth thou haſt undone. Take, take fair Deceiver, all my Induſtry, my right of Birth, my thriving Parents have been ſo long a geting to make me happy with; take the uſeleſs Triſle, and laviſh it on Pleaſure to make thee gay and fit for luckier Lovers: Take that beſt part of me, and let this worſt alone; 'twas that firſt won the dear Confeſſion from thee, that drew my Ruin on——for which I hate it*

——*and*

—— *and wiſh myſelf born a poor Cottage Boor, where I might never have ſeen thy tempting Beauty, but liv'd for ever bleſs'd in Ignorance.* At this the Tears ran from his Eyes, with which the ſoften'd *Silvia* mixed her welcome Stream, and as ſoon as ſhe could ſpeak, ſhe reply'd (with half Cunning and half Love, for ſtill there was too much of the firſt mingled with the laſt) *Oh my* Octavio, *to what Extremities are you reſolved to drive a poor Unfortunate, who, even in the height of Youth, and ſome ſmall ſtock of Beauty, am reduced to all the Miſeries of the Wretched? Far from my noble Parents, loſt to Honour, and abandoned by my Friends; a helpleſs Wanderer in a ſtrange Land, expoſed to Want, and periſhing, and had no Sanctuary but thyſelf, thy dear, thy precious ſelf, whom Heaven had ſent, in Mercy, to my Aid; and thou at laſt, by a miſtaken turn of miſerable Fate, haſt taken that dear Aid away.* At this

ſhe

ſhe fell weeping on his panting Boſom; nevertheleſs he got the Courage to reply once again, before he yielded himſelf a ſhameful Victim to her Flattery, and ſaid; *Ah cruel* Silvia, *is it poſſible that you can charge the Levity on me! Is it I have taken this poor Aid, as you are pleaſed to call it, from you? Oh! rather blame your own unhappy Eaſineſs, that after having ſworn me Faith and Love, could violate 'em both; both, where there was no need. 'Twould better have become thy Pride and Quality, to have reſented Injuries receiv'd, than brought again that ſcorn'd abandon'd Perſon (fine as it was, and ſhining ſtill with Youth) to his forgetful Arms.* *Alas*, ſaid ſhe, *I will not juſtify my hateful Crime; a Crime I loath to think of, it was a Fault beyond a Proſtitution; there might have poſſibly been new Joy in ſuch a Sin, but here 'twas pall'd and gone——fled to Eternity away:——And but for the dear Cauſe I did commit it, there were no*

Expia-

Expiation for my Fault; no penitent Tears could wash away my Crime. Alas, said he,—— *if there were any Cause, if there be any possible Excuse for such a breach of Love, give it my Heart; make me believe it, and I yet may live; and tho' I cannot think thee Innocent, to be compell'd by any frivolous Reason, 'twould greatly satisfy my longing Soul. But have a care, do not delude me on—— for if thou dost perswade me into Pardon, and to return to all my native Fondness, and then again shoulds't play me fast and loose; by Heaven—— by all my sacred Passion to thee, by all that Men call Holy, I will pursue thee with my utmost Hate; forsake thee with my Fortune and my Heart, and leave thee wretched to the scorning Crowd. Pardon these rude Expressions of a Love that can hardly forgive the Words it utters: I blush with Shame while I pronounce 'em true.* When she reply'd; *May all you have pronounced, and all your injured Love can yet invent, fall*

on

on me, when I ever more deceive you: believe me now, and but forgive what is paſt, and truſt my Love and Honour for the future. At this ſhe told him, that in the firſt Viſit *Philander* made her, ſhe uſing him ſo reproachfully, and upbraiding him with his Inconſtancy, made him underſtand that he was betray'd by *Octavio*, and that the whole Intrigue with *Caliſta*, confeſſed by him, was diſcovered to *Silvia*: Which, he ſaid, put him into ſo violent a Rage againſt *Octavio*, that he vow'd that Minute to find him out and kill him. Nor could all the Perſwaſions of Reaſon ſerve to hinder him; ſo that ſhe (who as ſhe ſaid) lov'd *Octavio* to Death, finding ſo powerful an Enemy, as her Fears made her fancy *Philander* was, ready to have ſnatch'd from her, in one furious Moment, all ſhe ador'd; ſhe had recourſe to all the Flattery of Love to withhold him from an Attempt ſo dangerous: And 'twas with much

ado,

ado, with all those Aids, that he was obliged to stay; which she had forced him to do, to get time to give him Notice in the Morning for his approaching Danger: Not that she feared *Octavio*'s Life, had *Philander* attacked it fairly; but he look'd on himself as a Person injured by close private ways, and would take a like Revenge, and have hurt him when he as little dream'd of it, as *Philander* did of the Discovery he made of his Letter to her. To this she swore, she weep'd, she imbraced, and still protested it true; adding withal a thousand Protestations of her future Detestation of him; and that since the worst was past, and that they had fought, and he was come off, tho' with so many Wounds, yet with Life, she was resolv'd utterly to defy *Philander*, as the most perfidious of his Sex; and assured him that nothing in the World was so indifferent as she in his Arms. In fine, after having omitted

mitted nothing that might gain a Credit, and aſſure him of her Love and Heart, and poſſeſs him with a Belief, for the future, of her laſting Vows: He wholly convinc'd and overcome, ſnatches her in his Arms, and burſting into a Shower of Tears, cry'd——*Take*,——*take all my Soul, thou lovely Charmer of it, and diſpoſe of the Deſtiny of* Octavio. And ſmothering her with Kiſſes and Imbraces, made a perfect Reconciliation. When the Surgeons, who came to viſit him, finding him in the diſorder of a Fever, tho' more Joy was triumphing in his Face than before, they imagined this Lady, the fair Perſon, for whom this Quarrel was; for it had made a great Noiſe, you may believe; and finding it hurtful for his Wounds, either to be tranſported with too much Rage, Grief or Love, beſought him he would not talk too much, or ſuffer any Viſits that might prejudice his Health: And indeed, with what had

had been paſt, he found himſelf after his Tranſport very ill and feveriſh, ſo that *Silvia* promiſed the Doctors ſhe would viſit him no more in a day or two, tho' ſhe knew not well how to be from him ſo long; but would content herſelf with ſending her Page to inquire of his Health. To this *Octavio* made very great Oppoſition, but his Aunt, and the reſt of the Learned, were of Opinion it ought for his Health to be ſo, and he was obliged to be ſatisfied with her Abſence: At parting ſhe came to him, and again beſought him to believe her Vows to be well, and that ſhe would depart ſomewhere with him far from *Philander*, who ſhe knew was obliged to attend the Motions of *Ceſario* at *Bruxels*, whom again ſhe imprecated never to ſee more. This ſatisfied our impatient Lover, and he ſuffered her to go and leave him to what Reſt he could get. She was no ſooner got home, and retired to her

her Chamber, but finding herſelf alone, which now ſhe did not care to be, and being aſſured ſhe ſhould not ſee *Octavio*; inſtead of triumphing for her new gain'd Victory, ſhe ſent her Page to inquire again of *Philander*'s Health, and to intreat that ſhe might viſit him: At firſt, before ſhe ſent, ſhe check'd this Thought as baſe, as againſt all Honour, and all her Vows and Promiſes to the brave *Octavio*; but finding an Inclination to it, and propoſing a Pleaſure and Satisfaction in it; ſhe was of a Nature not to loſe a Pleaſure for a little Punctilio of Honour; and without conſidering what would be the event of ſuch a Folly, ſhe ſent her Page, tho' he had been repulſed before, and forbid coming with any Meſſages from his Lady. The Page found no better Succeſs than hitherto he had done; but being with much Intreaty brought to *Philander*'s Chamber, he found him ſitting in his Night-

Night-Gown, to whom addreſſing himſelf——he had no ſooner named his Lady——but *Philander* bid him be gone, for he would hear nothing from that falſe Woman: The Boy would have reply'd, but he grew more inraged; and reviling her with all the Railings of incenſed Lovers, he put himſelf into his Cloſet without ſpeaking any more, or ſuffering any Anſwer. This Meſſage being delivered to the expecting Lady, put her into a very great Rage —— which ended in as deep a Concern: Her great Pride fortified by her Looking-glaſs, made her highly reſent the Affront; and ſhe believed it more to the Glory of her Beauty to have quitted a hundred Lovers than to be abandoned by one. 'Twas this that made her rave and tear, and talk high; and after all, to uſe her Cunning to retrieve, what it had been moſt happy for her, ſhould have been for ever loſt; and ſhe ought to have bleſſed the Occaſion. But her malicious

malicious Star had design'd other Fortune for her: She writ to him several Letters, that were sent back sealed: She railed, she upbraided, and then fell to Submission. At last he was perswaded to open one, but returned such Answers as gave her no Satisfaction, but incouraged her with a little Hope that she should draw him on to a Reconciliation: Between whiles she fail'd not to send *Octavio* the kindest impatient Letters in the World, and received the softest Replies that the Tongue of Man could utter, for he could not write yet. At last, *Philander* haying reduced *Silvia* to the very brink of Dispair, and finding by her passionate Importunity, that he could make his Peace with her on any term of Advantage to himself; resolved to draw such Articles of Agreement, as should wholly subdue her to him, or to stand it out to the last: The Conditions were, That he being a Person, by no means, of

a Humour to be impoſed upon; if he were dear to her, ſhe ſhould give herſelf intirely to his Poſſeſſion, and quit the very Converſation of all thoſe he had but an Apprehenſion would diſturb his Repoſe: That ſhe ſhould remove out of the way of his troubleſom Rivals, and ſuffer herſelf to be conducted whither he thought good to carry her. Theſe Conditions ſhe liked, all but the going away; ſhe could not tell to what ſort of Confinement that might amount. He flies off wholly, and denies all Treaty upon her leaſt Scruple, and will not be ask'd the Explanation of what he has propoſed, ſo that ſhe bends like a Slave for a little Empire over him; and to purchaſe the Vanity of retaining him, ſuffers herſelf to be abſolutely undone. She ſubmits; and that very Day ſhe had leave from the Doctors to viſit *Octavio*, and that all raviſh'd Lover lay panting in expectation of the bleſſed Sight, believing every

every Minute an Age; his Apartment dreſſed and perfum'd, and all things ready to receive the Darling of his Soul, *Philander* came in a Coach and ſix Horſes (and making her pack up all her Jewels and fine Things, and what they could not carry in the Coach put up to come after them) and hurries her to a little Town in *Luke-Land*, a place between *Flanders* and *Germany*, without giving her time to write, or letting her know whither ſhe was going. While ſhe was putting up her things (I know ſhe has ſince confeſſed) her Heart trembled, and foreboaded the Ill that was to come; that is, that ſhe was haſting to Ruin: But ſhe had chanced to ſay ſo much to him of her Paſſion, to retrieve him, that ſhe was aſhamed to own the Contrary ſo ſoon; but ſuffered that Force upon her Inclinations to do the moſt diſhonorable and diſintereſſed thing in the World. She had not been there a Week, and her Trunks of Plate and

fine Things were arrived, but ſhe fell in Labour, and was brought to Bed, tho' ſhe ſhow'd very little of her Condition all the time ſhe went. This great Affair being well over, ſhe conſiders herſelf a new Woman, and began, or rather continued, to conſider the Advantage ſhe had loſt in *Octavio*: She regrets extreamly her Conduct, and from one Degree to another ſhe looks on herſelf as loſt to him; ſhe every day ſaw what ſhe had decay'd, her Jewels ſold one by one, and at laſt her Neceſſaries. *Philander*, whoſe Head was running on *Caliſta*, grudg'd every Moment he was not about that Affair, grew as peeviſh as ſhee; ſhe recovers to new Beauty, but he grows colder and colder by Poſſeſſion; Love decay'd, and ill Humour increaſed: They grew uneaſy on both ſides, and not a Day paſſed wherein they did not break into open and violent Quarrels, upbraiding each other with thoſe Faults, which both wiſhed

that

that either would again commit, that they might be fairly rid of one another: It grew at laſt to that height, that they were never well but when they were abſent from one another; he making a hundred little Intrigues and Gallantries with all the pretty Women, and thoſe of any Quality in the Town or neighbouring *Villa's*. She ſaw this with Grief, Shame, and Diſdain, and could not tell which way to relieve herſelf: She was not permitted the Privilege of Viſits, unleſs to ſome grave Ladies, or to Monaſteries; a Man was a Rarety ſhe had hardly ſeen in two Months, which was the time ſhe had been there; ſo that ſhe had leaſure to think of her Folly, bemoan the Effects of her Injuſtice, and contrive, if ſhe could, to remedy her diſagreeable Life, which now was reduced, not only to ſcurrilous Quarrels, and hard Words; but often in her Fury, ſhe flying upon him, and with the Cou-

rage, or Indiſcretion of her Sex, would provoke him to Indecencies, that render Life inſupportable on both ſides. While they liv'd at this rate, both contriving how handſomly to get quit of each other, *Brilljard*, who was left in *Bruxells*, to take care of his Lord's Affairs there, and that as ſoon as he had heard of *Ceſario*'s Arrival, he ſhould come with all ſpeed, and give him notice, thought every Minute an Hour till he could ſee again the Charmer of his Soul, for whom he ſuffered continual Fevers of Love. He ſtudies nothing but how firſt to get her Pardon, and then to compaſs his Deſigns of poſſeſſing her: He had not ſeen her, nor durſt pretend to it, ſince ſhe left *Holland*. He believed ſhe would have the Diſcretion to conceal ſome of his Faults, leaſt he ſhould diſcover, in Revenge, ſome of her's; and fancied ſhe would imagine ſo of his Conduct: He had met with no Reproaches

yet

yet from his Lord, and believed himſelf Safe. With this Imagination he omitted nothing that might render him acceptable to her, nor to gain any Secret he believed might be of uſe to him: Knowing therefore that ſhe had not dealt very generouſly with *Octavio*, by this Flight with *Philander*, and believing that that exaſperated Lover, would in Revenge declare any thing to the Prejudice of the fair Fugitive, he (under pretence of throwing himſelf at his Feet, and asking his Pardon for his ill treating him in *Holland*) deſign'd before he went into *Luke-Land* to pay *Octavio* a Viſit, and accordingly went; he met firſt with his Page, who being very well acquainted with *Brilljard*, diſcourſed with him before he carried him to his Lord: He told him, That his Lord that day that *Silvia* departed, being in impatient Expectation of her, and that ſhe came not according to Appointment, ſent him to her Lodg-

ings, to know if any Accident had prevented her coming; but that when he came, tho' he had been with her but an Hour before, ſhe was gone away with *Philander*, never more to return. The Youth, not being able to carry this ſad news to his Lord, when he came home, offered at a hundred things to conceal the right; but the impatient Lover would not be ſo anſwered, but all inraged, commanded him to tell that Truth which he found already but too apparently in his Eyes. The Lad, ſo commanded, could no longer defer telling him *Silvia* was gone, and being asked again and again, what he meant, with a Face and Voice, that every Moment altered to dying; the Page aſſured him ſhe was gone out of *Bruxells* with *Philander*, never more to return; which was no ſooner told him, but he ſunk on the Couch where he lay, and fainted: He farther told him how long it was, and with what Difficulty

culty he was recovered to Life; and that after he was ſo, he refuſed to ſpeak or ſee any Viſitors; could for a long time be neither perſwaded to eat nor ſleep, but that he had ſpoke to no body ever ſince, and did now believe he could not procure him the Favour he beg'd: That nevertheleſs he would go and ſee what the very Name of any that had but a relation to the Family of *Silvia* would produce in him, whether a ſtorm of Paſſion, or a calm of Grief: Either would be better than a Dulneſs, all ſilent and ſad, in which there was no underſtanding what he meant by it: Whoever ſpoke, he only made a ſhort ſign, and turn'd away, as much as to ſay, Speak no more to me: But now, reſolv'd to try his Temper, haſted to his Lord, and told him that *Brilliard*, full of Penitence for his paſt Fault, and Grief, for the ill Condition he heard he was in, was come to pay his humble Reſpects to him, and gain his Pardon,

before he went to his Lord and *Silvia*; without which he had, nor could have any peace of Mind, he being too ſenſible of the baſeneſs of the Injury he had done him. At the Name of *Philander* and *Silvia*, *Octavio* ſhow'd ſome ſigns of liſtening, but to the reſt no regard; and ſtarting from the Bed where he was laid: *Ah! what haſt thou ſaid*, cry'd he? The Page then repeated the Meſſage, and was commanded to bring him up; who, accordingly, with all the ſigns of Submiſſion, caſt himſelf at his Feet and Mercy; and tho' he were an Enemy, the very thought that he belonged to *Silvia* made *Octavio* careſs him, as the deareſt of Friends: He kept him with him two or three days, and would not ſuffer him to ſtir from him; but all their Diſcourſe was of the faithleſs *Silvia*; of whom, the deceived Lover ſpoke the ſofteſt unheard tender things, that ever Paſſion utter'd: He made the amorous *Brilljard*

weep

weep a hundred times a-day; and ever when he would have ſooth'd his Heart with Hopes of ſeeing her, and one day injoying her intirely to himſelf, he would with ſo much peace of Mind renounce her, as *Brilljard* no longer doubted but he would indeed no more truſt her fickle Sex. At laſt the News arrived that *Ceſario* was in *Bruxells*, and *Brilljard* was obliged the next Morning to take Horſe, and to go to his Lord: And to make himſelf the more acceptable to *Silvia*, he humbly beſought *Octavio* to write ſome part of his Reſentment to her, that he might oblige her to a Reaſon for what ſhe had ſo inhumanly done: This flattered him a little, and he was not long before he was overcome by *Brilljard*'s Intreaties; who, having his Ends in every thing, believed this Letter might contain at leaſt ſomething to aſſiſt in his Deſign, by giving him Authority over her by ſo great a Secret: The

next Morning, before he took Horſe, he waited on *Octavio* for his Letter, and promiſed him an Anſwer at his Return, which would be in a few days. The Letter was open, and *Octavio* ſuffered *Brilljard* to read it, making him an abſolute Confident in his Amour; which having done, he beſought him to add one thing more to it; and that was, to beg her to forgive *Brilljard*, which for his ſake he knew ſhe would do: He told him, he was obliged as a good *Chriſtian*, and a dying Man, one reſolved for Heaven, to do that good Office, and accordingly did. *Brilljard*, taking Poſt immediately, arrived to *Philander*, where he found every thing as he wiſhed, all out of Humour, ſtill on the Fret, and ever peeviſh. He had not ſeen *Silvia*, as I ſaid, ſince ſhe went from *Holland*, and now knew not which way to approach her: *Philander* was abroad on ſome of his uſual Gallantries, when *Brilljard* arrived; and having diſcourſed

courſed a while of the Affairs of his Lord and *Silvia*, he told *Antonett* he had a great deſire to ſpeak with that diſſatisfied fair one, aſſuring her he believed his Viſit would be welcome, from what he had to ſay to her concerning *Octavio*: She told him (with infinite Joy) that ſhe did not doubt of his Pardon from her Lady if he brought any News from that gallant injured Man; and in all haſt, tho' her Lady ſaw no body, but refuſed to riſe from her Couch, ſhe ran to her, and beſought her to ſee *Brilljard*, for he came with a Meſſage from *Octavio*, the Perſon who was the Subject of their Diſcourſe Night and Day, when alone. She immediately ſent for *Brilljard*, who approach'd his Goddeſs with a trembling Devotion; he kneel'd before her, and humbly beſought her Pardon for all that was paſt: But ſhe, who with the very Thought that he had ſomething to ſay from *Octavio*, forgot all but that, and haſtily bid

him

him riſe, and take all he ask'd, and hope for what he wiſhed: In this Tranſport ſhe imbraced his Head, and kiſs'd his Cheek, and took him up. *That, Madam*, ſaid Brilljard, *which your divine Bounty alone has given me, without any Merit in me, I durſt not have had the Confidence to have hop'd without my Credential from a nobler Hand.*—— *This, Madam*, ſaid he,—— And gives her a Letter from *Octavio*: The dear hand ſhe knew and kiſs'd a hundred times as ſhe opened it; and having intreated *Brilljard* to withdraw for a Moment, that he might not ſee her Concern at the reading it, ſhe ſate her down and found it this.

Octavio *to* Silvia.

I *Confeſs, oh faithleſs* Silvia, *that I ſhall appear in writing to you, to ſhow a Weakneſs even below that of your Infidelity; nor durſt I have truſted myſelf to have ſpoken ſo many*

ſad

ſad ſoft things as I ſhall do in this Letter, had I not try'd the Strength of my Heart, and found I could upbraid you without talking myſelf out of that Reſolution I have taken—— but becauſe I would dy in perfect Charity with thee as with all the World, I ſhould be glad to know I could forgive thee, for yet thy Sins appear too black for Mercy. Ah! why charming Ingrate, have you left me no one Excuſe for all your Ills to me? Why have you injured me to that degree, that I, with all the mighty ſtock of Love I had hoarded up together in my Heart, muſt dy reproaching thee to my laſt Gaſp of Life; which had'ſt thou been ſo merciful to have ended, by all the Love that's breaking off my Heart, that yet, even yet is ſoft and charming to me, I ſwear with my laſt Breath, I had bleſs'd thee, Silvia: *But thus to uſe me; thus to leave my Love, diſtracted raving Love, and no one Hope or Proſpect of Relief, either from Reaſon, Time, or faithleſs* Silvia,

via, *was but to ſtretch the Wretch upon the Rack, and ſcrew him up to all degrees of Pain; yet ſuch, as do not end in kinder Death. Oh thou unhappy Ruiner of my Repoſe! Oh fair Unfortunate! if yet my Agony would give me leave to argue, I am ſo miſerably loſt, to ask thee yet this woful Satisfaction; to tell me why thou haſt undone me thus? Why thou ſhouldeſt chuſe out me from all the Crowd of fond admiring Fools, to make the World's Reproach, and turn to ridicule? How could'ſt thou uſe that ſoft good Nature ſo, that had not one ungrateful ſullen Humour in it, for thy Revenge and Pride to work upon? No Baſeneſs in my Love, no dull Severity for Malice to be buſie with; but all was gay and kind, all laviſh Fondneſs, and all that Woman vain, with Youth and Beauty, could wiſh in her Adorer: What could'ſt thou ask but Empire, which I gave not? My Love, my Soul, my Life, my very Honour, all was reſign'd to thee; that*

Youth

Youth that might have gain'd me Fame abroad was dedicated to thy eternal Service, laid at thy Feet, and idly paſt in Love. Oh charming Maid, whom Heaven has form'd for the Puniſhment of all, whoſe Flames are Criminal! why could'ſt not thou have made ſome kind diſtinction between thoſe common Paſſions and my Flame? I gave thee all my Vows, my honeſt Vows, before I asked a Recompence for Love. I made thee mine before the ſacred Powers, that witneſs every ſecret ſolemn Vow, and fix 'em in the eternal Book of Fate; if thou had'ſt given thy Faith to any other, as, oh, too ſure thou haſt, what Fault was this in me, who knew it not, why ſhould I bear that ſin? I took thee to me as a Virgin Treaſure, ſent from the Gods to charm the Ills of Life, to make the tedious Journey ſhort and joyful; I came to make atonement for thy Sin, and to redeem thy Fame; not add to the deteſted Number. I came to guild thy Stains of Honour over;

over; and set so high a Price upon thy Name, that all Reproaches for thy past Offences, should have been lost in future Crowds of Glory: I came to lead thee from a world of Shame, approaching Ills, and future Miseries; from noisy Flatterers that would sacrifice thee, first to dull Lust, and more unthinking Wit; possess thee, then traduce thee. By Heaven, I swear, it was not for myself alone, I took such pains to gain thee, and set thee free from all those Circumstances that might perhaps debauch thy worthier Nature, and I believed it was with pain you yielded to every buying Lover: No, 'twas for thy Sake, in pity to thy Youth, Heaven had inspired me with Religious Flame; and when I aim'd at Silvia *'twas alone I might attain to Heaven the surest way, by such a pious Conquest: Why hast thou ruin'd a Design so glorious, as saving both our Souls? Perhaps thou vainly thinkest that while I am pleading thus—— I am arguing still for*

for Love; or think this way to move thee into Pity; No, by my hopes of Death to eaſe my Pain, Love is a Paſſion not to be compell'd by any force of Reaſon's Arguments: 'Tis an unthinking Motion of the Soul, that comes and goes as unaccountably as changing Moons, or Ebbs and Flows of Rivers, only with far leſs certainty. It is not that my Soul is all over Love, that can beget its Likeneſs in your Heart: Had Heaven and Nature added to that Love all the Perfections that adorn our Sex, it had avail'd me nothing in your Soul: There is a Chance in Love as well as Life, and oft the moſt unworthy are preferred; and from a Lottery I might win the Prize from all the venturing Throng with as much Reaſon, as think my Chance ſhould favour me with Silvia; *it might perhaps have been, but 'twas a wonderous Odds againſt me. Beauty is more uncertain than the Dice; and tho' I ventured like a forward Gameſter, I was not yet ſo vain to hope to win,*

nor

nor had I once complain'd upon my Fate, if I had never hop'd; but when I had fairly won, to have it baſely ſnatch'd from my Poſſeſſion, and like a baſled Cully, ſee it ſeiz'd by a falſe Gameſter, and look tamely on, has ſhow'd me ſuch a Picture of myſelf; has given me ſuch Idea's *of the Fool, I ſcorn to look into my eaſy Heart, and loath the Figure you have made me there. Oh* Silvia! *what an Angel thou had'ſt been, had'ſt thou not ſooth'd me thus to my Undoing. Alaſs, it had been no Crime in thee to hate me, it was not thy Fault I was not Aimable; if thy ſoft Eyes could meet no Charms to pleaſe 'em, thoſe ſoft, thoſe charming Eyes were not in Fault; nor that thy Senſe, too delicate and nice, could meet no proper Subject for thy Wit, thy Heart, thy tender Heart, was not in fault, becauſe it took not in my tale of Love, and ſent ſoft Wiſhes back: Oh! no, my* Silvia, *this, tho' I had dy'd, had cauſed you no Reproach; but firſt, to fan my Fire by all the*

Arts

Arts that ever Subtle Beauty could invent; to give me Hope; nay, to diſſemble Love; yes, and ſo very well diſſemble too, that not one tender Sigh was breath'd in vain: All that my love-ſick Soul was panting for, the ſubtle Charmer gave; ſo well, ſo very well, ſhe could diſſemble: Oh! what more Proofs could I expect from Love, what greater Earneſt of eternal Victory? Oh! thou had'ſt raiſed me to the height of Heaven, to make my Fall to Hell the more precipitate. Like a fallen Angel now I howl and roar, and curſe that Pride that taught me firſt Ambition; 'tis a poor Satisfaction now, to know (if thou could'ſt yet tell Truth) what Motive firſt ſeduced thee to my Ruin? Had it been Intereſt—— by Heaven, I would have bought my wanton Pleaſures at as high Rates as I would gratify my real Paſſions; at leaſt when Silvia *ſet a price on Pleaſure; nay, higher yet, for Love when 'tis repaid with equal Love, it ſaves the Chafferer a great Expence: Or*

were

were it wantonneſs of Youth in thee, alaſs you might have made me underſtood it, and I had met you with an equal Ardor, and never thought of loving, but quench'd the ſhort liv'd Blaze as ſoon as kindled; and hoping for no more, had never let my haſty Flame arrive any higher than that powerful Minutes Cure. But oh! in vain I ſeek for Reaſons from thee; perhaps thy own fantaſtick fickle Humour cannot inform thee why thou haſt betray'd me; but thou haſt done it Silvia, *and may it never riſe in Judgment on thee, nor fix a Brand upon thy Name for ever, greater than all thy other Guilts can load thee with: Live fair Deceiver, live, and charm* Philander, *to all the Heights of his beginning Flame; maiſt thou be gaining Power upon his Heart, and bring it to Repentance for Inconſtancy; may all thy Beauty ſtill maintain its Luſtre, and all thy Charms of Wit be new and gay; maiſt thou be chaſt and true; and ſince it was thy Fate to*

be

be undone, let this at leaſt excuſe the hapleſs Maid; 'twas Love alone betray'd her to that Ruin, and it was Philander *only had that Power: If thou had'ſt ſinn'd with me, as Heaven's my Witneſs, after I had plighted thee my ſacred Vows, I do not think thou did'ſt; may all the Powers above forgive thee,* Silvia; *and thoſe thou haſt committed ſince thoſe Vows, will need a world of Tears to waſh away: 'Tis I will weep for both, 'tis I will go and be a Sacrifice to atone for all our Sins; 'tis I will be the preſſing Penitent, and watch, and pray, and weep, till Heaven have Mercy; and may my Penance be accepted for thee;* ——*Farewel.* —— *I have but one Requeſt to make thee, which is, that thou wilt for* Octavio's *Sake forgive the faithful Slave that brings thee this from thy*

Octavio.

Silvia, whoſe Abſence and ill Treatment of *Octavio*, had but ſerved to raiſe her Flame to a much greater

greater degree, had no ſooner read this Letter, but ſhe ſuffered herſelf to be diſtracted, with all the different Paſſions that poſſeſs diſpairing Lovers; ſometimes raveing, and ſometimes ſighing and weeping: 'Twas a good while ſhe continued in theſe Diſorders, ſtill thinking on what ſhe had to do next, that might redeem all: Being a little come to herſelf, ſhe thought good to conſult with *Brilljard* in this Affair, between whom and *Octavio* ſhe found there was a very good Underſtanding: And reſolving abſolutely to quit *Philander*, ſhe no longer had any Scruples or Doubt what Courſe to take, nor car'd ſhe what Price ſhe paid for a Reconciliation with *Octavio*, if any Price would purchaſe it: In order to this Reſolve, fix'd in her Heart, ſhe ſends for *Brilljard*, whom ſhe careſſes anew, with all the Fondneſs and Familiarity of a Woman, who was reſolv'd to make him her Confident, or rather indeed her next Gallant.

Gallant. I have already ſaid he was very handſome, and very well made, and you may believe he took all the care he could in dreſſing, which he underſtood very well: He had a good deal of Wit, and was very well faſhion'd and bred: ——With all theſe Accompliſhments, and the addition of Love and Youth, he could not be imagined to appear wholly indifferent in the Eyes of any body, tho' hitherto he had in thoſe of *Silvia*, whoſe Heart was doating on *Philander*; but now, that that Paſſion was wholly extinguiſhed, and that their eternal Quarrels had made almoſt a perpetual Separation, ſhe being alone, without the Converſation of Men, which ſhe lov'd, and was uſed to, and in her Inclination naturally addicted to love, ſhe found *Brilljard* more agreeable than he uſed to be; which, together with he Deſigns ſhe had upon him, made her take ſuch a Freedom with him, as wholly tranſported this almoſt

hopeleſs Lover: She diſcourſes with him concerning *Octavio* and his Condition, and he failed not to anſwer, ſo as to pleaſe her, right or wrong; ſhe tells him how uneaſy ſhe was with *Philander*, who every day grew more and more inſupportable to her; ſhe tells him ſhe had a very great Inclination for *Octavio*, and more for his Fortune, that was able to ſupport her, than his Perſon; ſhe knew ſhe had a great Power over him, and however it might ſeem now to be diminiſhed by her unlucky Flight with *Philander*, ſhe doubted not but to reduce him to all that Love he once profeſs'd to her, by telling him ſhe was forc'd away, and without her Knowledge, being carried only to take the Air, was compell'd to the fatal Place where ſhe now was. *Brilljard* ſooths and flatters her in all her Hope, and offers her his Service in her Flight, which he might eaſily aſſiſt, unknown to *Philander*. It was now about ſix

a Clock at Night, and ſhe commanded a Supper to be provided and brought to her Chamber, where *Brilljard* and ſhe ſupp'd together, and talk'd of nothing but the new Deſign; the hope of effecting which put her into ſo good Humour, that ſhe frankly drank her Bottle, and ſhow'd more ſigns of Mirth than ſhe had done in many Months before: In this good Humour *Brilljard* look'd more amiable than ever, ſhe ſmiles upon him, ſhe careſſes him with all the aſſurance of Friendſhip imaginable; ſhe tells him ſhe ſhall behold him as her deareſt Friend, and ſpoke ſo many kind things, that he was imbolden'd, and approach'd her by degrees more near; he makes Advances; and the greateſt Incouragement was, the Secret he had of her intended Flight: He tells her, He hop'd ſhe would be pleaſed to conſider (that while he was ſerving her in a new Amour, and aſſiſting to render her into the Arms of ano-

ther, he was wounding his own Heart which languiſhed for her; that he ſhould not have taken the Preſumption to have told her this at ſuch a time as he offered his Life to ſerve her, but that it was already no Secret to her, and that a Man who lov'd at his rate, and yet would contrive to make his Miſtriſs happy with another, ought in Juſtice to receive ſome Recompence of a Flame ſo conſtant and ſo ſubmiſſive. While he ſpake he found he was not regarded with the Looks of Scorn or Diſdain; he knew her haughty Temper, and finding it calm, he preſſed on to new Submiſſions; he fell at her Feet, and pleaded ſo well, where no Oppoſers were, that *Silvia* no longer reſiſted, or if ſhe did, it was very feebly, and with a ſort of Wiſh, that he would purſue his Boldneſs yet farther; which at laſt he did, from one degree of Softneſs and gentle Force to another, and made himſelf

ſelf the happieſt Man in the World; tho' ſhe was very much diſordered at the Apprehenſion of what ſhe had ſuffered from a Man of his Character, as ſhe imagined ſo infinitely below her; but he redoubled his Submiſſions in ſo cunning a manner, that he ſoon brought her to her good Humour; and after that he uſed the kind Authority of a Husband whenever he had an Opportunity, and found her not diſpleaſed at his Services. She conſidered he had a Secret from her, which if reveal'd, would not only prevent her Deſign, but ruin her for ever; ſhe found too late ſhe had diſcovered too much to him, to keep him at the Diſtance of a Servant, and that ſhe had no other way to attach him eternally to her Intereſt, but by this means. He now every day appear'd more fine, and well dreſſed, and omitted nothing that might make him, if poſſible, an abſolute Maſter of her Heart, which he

vow'd he would defend with his Life, from even *Philander* himſelf; and that he would pretend no other Empire over her, nor preſume or pretend to ingroſs that fair and charming Perſon which ought to be univerſally adored. In fine, he fail'd not to pleaſe both her Deſire and her Vanity, and every day ſhe loved *Philander* leſs, who ſometimes in two or three together came not home to viſit her. At this time it ſo happened, he being in Love with the young Daughter of an Advocate, about a League from his own Lodgings, and he is always eager on the firſt Addreſs, till he has compleated the Conqueſt; ſo that ſhe had not only time to pleaſe and revenge herſelf with *Brilljard*, but fully to reſolve their Affair, and to provide all things againſt their Flight, which they had abſolutely done before *Philander*'s Return; who, coming home, received *Brilljard* very kindly, and the News which

which he brought, and which made him underſtand, he ſhould not have any long time to finiſh his new Amour in; but as he was very Conquering both in Wit and Beauty, he left not the Village without leaving ſome Ruins behind of Beauty, which ever after bewail'd his Charms; and ſince his departure was ſo neceſſary, and that in four or five days he was oblig'd to go, they deferr'd their flight till he was gone; which time they had wholly to themſelves, and made as good uſe of it as they could; at leaſt ſhe thought ſo, and you may be ſure, he alſo, whoſe Love increas'd with his poſſeſſion. But *Silvia* longs for Liberty, and thoſe neceſſary Gallantries, which every day diminiſh'd; ſhe lov'd rich Cloths, gay Coaches, and to be laviſh; and now ſhe was ſtinted to good Houſewifery, a Penury ſhe hated.

The time of *Philander*'s departure being come, he took a very careleſs leave of *Silvia*, telling her he would

ſee what Commands the Prince had for him, and return in Ten or Twelve days. *Brilljard* pretended ſome little Indiſpoſition, and beg'd he might be permitted to follow him, which was granted, and the next day, tho *Brilljard* pleaded infinitely for a continuation of his happineſs two or three days more, ſhe would not grant it, but oblig'd him, by a thouſand kind promiſes of it for the future, to get Horſes ready for her Page, and Woman, and her Coach for her ſelf; which accordingly was done, and they left the Village, whoſe Name I cannot now call to mind, taking with her what of value ſhe had left. They were three days on their journey; *Brilljard* under pretence of care of her Health, the weather being Hot, and for fear of overtaking *Philander* by ſome accident on the Road, delay'd the time as much as was poſſible, to be as happy as he could all the while; and indeed *Silvia* was never ſeen in a Humour

mour more Gay. She found this ſhort time of hope and pleaſure, had brought all her baniſh'd Beauties back, that Care, Sickneſs and Grief, had extreamly tarniſht, only her Shape was a little more inclining to be Fat, which did not at all however yet impare her fineneſs; and ſhe was indeed too Charming without, for the deformity of her indiſcretion within; but ſhe had broke the bounds of Honour, and now ſtuck at nothing that might carry on an Intereſt, which ſhe reſolved ſhould be the buſineſs of her future life.

She at laſt arriv'd at *Bruxells*, and caus'd a Lodging to be taken for her in the remoteſt part of the Town; as ſoon as ſhe came ſhe oblig'd *Brilljard* to viſit *Octavio*; but going to his Aunt's, to enquire for him, he was told that he was no longer in the World; he ſtood amaz'd a while, believing he had been dead, when Madam, the Aunt, told him he was retir'd to the Monaſtery of the Order

of St. *Bernard*, and would in a day or two without the Probationary Year, take Holy Orders. This did not ſo much ſurprize him as the other, knowing that he diſcours'd to him, when he ſaw him laſt, as if ſome ſuch retirement he meant to reſolve upon; with this News, which he was not altogether diſpleas'd at, *Brilljard* return'd to *Silvia*, which ſoon chang'd all her good Humour to Tears and Melancholy: She inquir'd at what place he was, and believ'd ſhe ſhou'd have power to withdraw him from a reſolution ſo fatal to her, and ſo contradictive to his Youth and Fortune; and having conſulted the matter with *Brilljard*, he had promiſed her to go to him, and uſe all means poſſible to withdraw him. This reſolv'd, ſhe writ a moſt inſinuating Letter to him, wherein ſhe excus'd her flight by a ſurprize of *Philander*'s, and urg'd her condition, as it then was, for the excuſe of her long ſilence; and that as ſoon as her Health

Health would give her leave, she came to put her self eternally into his Arms; never to depart more from thence. These Arguments and Reasons, accompanied with all the indearing tenderness her artful Fancy was capable of framing, she sent, with a full assurance it would prevail to perswade him to the World, and her fair Arms again. While she was preparing this to go, *Philander*, who had heard at his arrival, what made so much noise, that he had been the occasion of the Worlds loss of two of the finest Persons in it, the Sister *Calista* by Debauching her, and the Brother by Ravishing his Mistris from him, both which were entring without all possibility of prevention, into Holy Orders. He took so great a Melancholy at it, as made him keep his Chamber for two Days, maugre all the urgent affairs that ought to have invited him from thence; he was consulting by what power to prevent the Misfortune; he now ran back

back to all the Obligations he had to *Octavio*, and pardons him all the injuries he did him; he loves him more by loving *Silvia* leſs, and remembred how that generous Friend, after he knew he had diſhonoured his Siſter, had notwithſtanding ſent him Letters of Credit, to the Majeſtrates of *Cologne*, and Bills of Exchange to ſave him from the Murder of his Brother-in-Law, as was likely to have been. He now charges all his little faults to thoſe of Love, and hearing that old *Clarinau* was dead of the wound *Octavio* had given him by miſtake, which increaſed in him new hope of *Caliſta*, cou'd ſhe be retriev'd from the Monaſtery, he reſolv'd in order to this to make *Octavio* a Viſit, to beg his Pardon, and beg his Friendſhip, and his Continuation in the World. He came accordingly to the Monaſtery, and was extream civilly received by *Octavio*, who yet had not the Habit on. *Philander* told him, he heard he was leaving the World

World, and could not ſuffer him to do ſo, without indeavouring to gain his Pardon of him, for all the injuries he had done him; that as to what related to his Siſter the Counteſs, he proteſted upon his Honour, if he had but imagined ſhe had been ſo, he wou'd have ſuffer'd death ſooner than his Paſſion to have approach'd her indiſcreetly; and that for *Silvia*, if he were aſſur'd her poſſeſſion could make him happy, and call him to the World again, he aſſur'd him he wou'd quit her to him, were ſhe Ten times dearer to him than ſhe was. This he confirm'd with ſo many proteſtations of Friendſhip, that *Octavio* oblig'd to the laſt degree, believ'd and return'd him this Anſwer, *Sir, I muſt confeſs you have found out the only way to diſarm me of my reſentment againſt you, if I were not oblig'd by thoſe Vows I am going to take, to pardon and be at peace with all the World. However theſe Vows cannot hinder me from conſerving intirely that Friendſhip*

in

in my Heart, which your good qualities and beauties at firſt ſight ingag'd there, and from eſteeming you more than perhaps I ought to do: the Man whom I muſt yet own my Rival, and the undoer of my Siſters Honour. But Oh——no more of that, a Friend's above a Siſter, or a Miſtriſs. At this he hung down his Eyes and ſigh'd —— *Philander* told him he was too much concern'd in him, not to be extreamly afflicted at the reſolution he had taken, and beſought him to quit a deſign ſo injurious to his Youth, and the glorious things that Heaven had deſtin'd him to; he urg'd all that could be ſaid to diſwade him, and after all, could not believe he would quit the World at this Age, when it would be ſufficient Forty Years hence ſo to do. *Octavio* only anſwer'd with a Smile; but when he ſaw *Philander* ſtill perſiſt, he endeavour'd to convince him by ſpeaking, and lifting up his Eyes to Heaven; he Vow'd by all the Holy Powers there, he never would look

down to Earth again; nor more conſider fickle, faithleſs Beauty; *All the Gay Vanities of Youth*, ſaid he, *for ever I renounce, and leave 'em all to thoſe that find a Pleaſure or a Conſtancy in 'em: for the fair faithleſs Maid, that has undone me, I leave to you the Empire of her Heart; but have a care*, ſaid he, (and Sighing laid his Arms about his Neck) *for even you with all that ſtock of Charms, ſhe will at laſt betray: I wiſh her well —— ſo well as to repent of all her Wrongs to me —— 'Tis all I have to ſay.* What *Philander* could urge, being impoſſible to prevail with him: And beging his Pardon and Friendſhip (which was granted by *Octavio*, and implor'd on his ſide from *Philander*) he took a ring of a great value from his Finger, and preſented it to *Philander*, and beg'd him to keep it for his Sake; and to remember him while he did ſo: They Kiſt, and Sighing parted.

Philander was no ſooner gone, but *Brilljard* came to wait on *Octavio*, whom

whom he found at his Devotion, and beg'd his Pardon for disturbing him: He receiv'd him with a very good Grace, and a chearful Countenance, imbracing him, and after some Discourse of the Condition he was going to reduce himself to, and his Admiration, that one so young should think of Devoting himself so early to Heaven, and things of that nature as the time and occasion requir'd, he told him the extream Affliction *Silvia* was seiz'd with, at the News of the Resolution he had taken, and deliver'd him her Letter, which he read without any Emotions in his Heart or Face, as at other times us'd to be visible at the very mention of her Name, or approach of her Letters. At the finishing of which he only smiling Cry'd; *Alas, I pity her*, and gave him back the Letter. *Brilljard* ask'd if he would not please to write her some Answer, or condescend to see her; *No*, replyed Octavio, *I have done with all the gilded Vanities*

of

of Life, now I ſhall think of Silvia *but as ſome Heavenly thing, fit for Diviner Contemplations, but never with the Youthful thoughts of Love. What he ſhould ſend her now,* he ſaid, *would have a different Stile to thoſe ſhe us'd to receive from him; it would be Pious Counſel, Grave Advice, unfit for Ladies ſo Young and Gay as* Silvia, *and would ſcarce find a welcome: He wiſh'd he could convert her from the World--- and ſave her from the dangers that purſu'd her.* To this purpoſe was all he ſaid of her, and all that could be got from him by the earneſt Solliciter of Love, who perhaps was glad his Negotiation ſucceeded no better, and took his leave of him, with a promiſe to viſit him often; which *Octavio* beſought him to do, and told him he would take ſome care, that for the good of *Silvia*'s better part, ſhe ſhould not be reduced by want of Neceſſaries for her Life, and little Equipage, to proſtitute her ſelf to vile inconſtant Man; he yet had ſo much

reſpect

reſpect for her---and beſought *Brilljard* to come and take care of it with him, and to intreat *Silvia* to accept of it from him; and if it contributed to her future happineſs he ſhould be more pleas'd than to have poſſeſt her intirely.

You may imagine how this News pleas'd *Silvia*; who trembling with fear every Moment, had expected *Brilljard*'s coming, and found no other Benefit by his Negotiation, but ſhe muſt bear what ſhe cannot avoid; but 'twas rather with the Fury of a Bacchanal, than a Woman of common Senſe, and Prudence; all about her pleaded ſome days in vain, and ſhe hated *Brilljard* for not doing impoſſibilities; and it was ſometime before he could bring her to permit him to ſpeak to her or viſit her.

Philander having left *Octavio*, went immediately to wait on *Ceſario*, who was extreamly pleas'd to meet him there; and they exchang'd their Souls to each other, and all the Secrets of 'em.

'em. After they had diſcours'd of all that they had a mind to hear and know on both ſides, *Ceſario* inquir'd of him of *Silvia*'s Health; and *Philander* gave him an account of the uneaſineſs of her Temper, and the occaſions of their Quarrels, in which *Octavio* had his part, as being the ſubject of ſome of 'em: From this he falls to give a Character of that Rival, and came to this part of it, where he had put himſelf into the Orders of the *Bernardines*, reſolving to leave the World, and all its Charms and Temptations. As they were ſpeaking, ſome Gentlemen, who came to make their Court to the Prince, finding 'em ſpeaking of *Octavio*, told them that to morrow he was to be initiated, without the Years Tryal; the Prince would needs go and ſee the Ceremony, having heard ſo much of the Man; and accordingly next day, accompanied with the Governour, *Philander*, *Thomaſo*, and abundance of Perſons of Quality and Offi-

cers

cers, he went to the great Church; where were preſent all the Ladies of the Court, and all that were in the Town. The Noiſe of it was ſo great, that *Silvia*, all languiſhing, and ill as ſhe was, would not be perſwaded from going, but ſo mufflʼd in her Hoods, as ſhe was not to be known by any.

Never was any thing ſo magnificent as this Ceremony, the Church was on no occaſion ſo richly adornʼd; *Silvia* chancʼd to be ſeated near the Prince of *Michlenburgh*, who was then in *Bruxells* and at the Ceremony; ſad as ſhe was, while the ſoft Muſick was playing, ſhe diſcoursʼd to him, thoʼ ſhe knew him not, of the buſineſs of the day: He told her ſhe was to ſee a Sight, that ought to make her Sex leſs cruel; a Man extreamly Beautiful and Young, whoſe Fortune could command almoſt all the pleaſures of the World; yet for the Love of the moſt Amiable Creature in the World, who has treated him with Rigor, he abandons

abandons this Youth and Beauty to all the Severities of rigid Devotion: This relation, with a great deal he ſaid of *Octavio*'s Vertues and Bravery, had like to have diſcovered her by putting her into a Swoon: and ſhe had much ado to ſupport her ſelf in her Seat. I my ſelf went among the reſt to this Ceremony, having in all the time I lived in *Flanders*, never been ſo curious to ſee any ſuch thing: The Order of St. *Bernard* is one of the neateſt of any of 'em, and there is a Monaſtery of that Order, which are oblig'd to be all Noble Mens Sons; of which I have ſeen fifteen hundred at a time in one Houſe; all handſome, and moſt of 'em Young; their Habit adds a Grace to their Perſon, for of all the Religious, that is the moſt becoming: Long white Veſts of fine Cloth, ty'd about with White Silk Saſhes, or Cord of White Silk; over this a long Cloak without a Cape, of the ſame fine white Broad-Cloth; their Hair of a pretty Length, as that

of

of our Parſons in *England*, and a White Beaver; they have very fine Apartments, fit for their quality, and above all, every one his Library; They have Attendance and Equipage according to their Rank, and have nothing of the Inconveniences and Slovenlineſs of ſome of the Religious, but ſerved in as good order as can be, and they have nothing of the Monaſtick ——but the Name, the Vow of Chaſtity, and the Opportunity of gaining Heaven, by the ſweeteſt Retreat in the World, fine Houſe, excellent Air, and delicate Gardens, Grotto's and Groves. 'Twas this Oader that *Octavio* had choſen, as too delicate to undertake the Auſterity of any other; and in my opinion 'tis here a Man may hope to become a Saint, ſooner than in any other, more perplext with Want, Cold, and all the neceſſaries of Life, which takes the thought too much from Heaven, and afflicts it with the Cares of this World, with Pain and too much Abſtinence:

ſtinence: and I rather think 'tis Neceſſity than Choice that makes a Man a Cordelier, that may be a *Jeſuit* or a *Bernardine*, two the beſt of the *Holy Orders*. But to return, 'twas upon a *Thurſday* this Ceremony began; and as I ſaid there was never any thing beheld ſo fine as the Church that day was, and all the Fathers that officiated at the High-Altar; behind which a moſt magnificent Scene of Glory was opened, with Clouds moſt rarely and Artificially ſet off, behind which appear'd new ones more bright and dazling, till from one degree to another, their luſtre was hardly able to be look'd on; and in which ſat an hundred little Angels ſo rarely dreſs'd, ſuch ſhining Robes, ſuch Charming Faces, ſuch flowing bright Hair, Crown'd with Roſes of White and Red, with ſuch Artificial Wings, as one would have ſaid they had born the Body up in the Splendid Sky: and theſe, to ſoft Muſick, Tun'd their ſoft Voices with ſuch

ſuch ſweetneſs of Harmony, that for my part, I confeſs, I thought my ſelf no longer on Earth; and ſure there is nothing gives us an Idea of real Heaven, like a Church all adorn'd with rare Pictures, and the other Ornaments of it, with what ever can Charm the Eyes; and Muſick, and Voices to Raviſh the Ear; both which inſpire the Soul with unreſiſtable Devotion; and I can Swear for my own part, in thoſe Moments a thouſand times I have wiſh'd to Die; ſo abſolutely I have forgot the World, and all its Vanities, and fixt my thoughts on Heaven. While this Muſick continued, and the Anthems were Singing, Fifty Boys all in White, bearing Silver Cenſers, caſt Incenſe all round, and perfum'd the Place with the richeſt and moſt agreeable Smells, while two hundred Silver Lamps were burning about the Altar, to give a greater Glory to the open'd Scene, while other Boys ſtrow'd Flowers upon the inlaid Pavement,

Pavement, where the gay Victim was to tread; for no Crowd of Gazers fill'd the empty Space, but thoſe that were Spectators, were ſo placed as rather ſerved to adorn than diſorder the awful Ceremony, where all were ſilent, and as ſtill as Death; as awful as Mourners, that attend the Hearſe of ſome lov'd Monarch. While we were thus liſtening, the ſoft Muſick playing, and the Angels ſinging, the whole Fraternity of the Order of St. *Bernard*, came in, two by two, in very graceful Order; and going up to the ſhining Altar, whoſe Furniture, that day, was Embroidered with Diamonds, Pearls, and Stones of great Value; they bow'd and retired to their Places, into little gilded Stalls, like our Knights of the Garter at *Windſor:* After them fifty Boys that ſang, approach in order to the Altar, bow'd, and divided on each ſide; they were dreſſed in white Cloth of Silver, with golden Wings and roſy Chaplets: After theſe, the

Biſhop in his pontifick Robes, ſet with Diamonds of great Price, and his Mitre richly adorn'd, aſcended the Altar; where, after a ſhort Anthem, he turn'd to receive the young Devotee, who was juſt entered the Church, while all Eyes were fixed on him: He was led, or rather, on each ſide attended, with two young Noble-men, his Relations; and I never ſaw any thing more rich in Dreſs, but that of *Octavio* exceeded all Imagination, for the gayety and fineneſs of the Work: It was white Cloth of Silver embroidered with Gold, and Buttons of Diamonds; lin'd with rich Cloth of Gold and Silver Flowers, his Breeches of the ſame, trim'd with a pale Pinck Garniture; rich Linen, and a white Plume in his white Hat: His Hair, which was long and black, was that day in the fineſt order that could be imagined; but for his Face and Eyes, I am not able to deſcribe the Charms that adorn'd 'em; no Fancy, no Imagina-

Imagination can paint the Beauties there: He look'd indeed as if he were maid for Heaven; no Mortal ever had ſuch Grace: He look'd, methought, as if the Gods of Love had met in Council to dreſs him up that day for everlaſting Conqueſt; for to his uſual Beauties he ſeem'd to have the Addition of a thouſand more; he bore new Luſtre in his Face and Eyes, Smiles on his Cheeks, and Dimples on his Lips: He moved, he trode with nobler Motions, as if ſome ſupernatural Influence had took a peculiar Care of him: Ten thouſand Sighs, from all ſides, were ſent him, as he paſſed along, which, mix'd with the ſoft Muſick, made ſuch a murmuring as gentle Breezes moving yielding Boughs; I am aſſured he won that day more Hearts, without Deſign, than ever he had gain'd with all his Toils of Love and Youth before, when Induſtry aſſiſted him to conquer. In his Ap-

proach to the Altar, he made three Bows; where, at the Foot of it on the lower Step, he kneel'd, and then High-Maſs began; in which were all ſorts of different Muſick, and that ſo excellent, that wholly raviſhed with what I ſaw and heard, I fanſied myſelf no longer on Earth, but abſolutely aſcended up to the Regions of the Sky. All I could ſee around me, all I heard, was raviſhing and heavenly; the Scene of Glory, and the dazling Altar; the noble Paintings, and the numerous Lamps; the Awfulneſs, the Muſick, and the Order, made me conceive myſelf above the Stars, and I had no part of mortal Thought about me. After the Holy Ceremony was performed, the Biſhop turn'd and bleſs'd him; and while an Anthem was ſinging, *Octavio*, who was ſtill kneeling, ſubmitted his Head to the Hands of a Father, who with a pair of Siſſors cut off his delicate Hair; at which a ſoft Murmur of Pity and

Grief,

Grief, fill'd the Place: Thoſe fine Locks, with which *Silvia* had a thouſand times play'd, and wound the Curles about her ſnowy Finger, ſhe now had the dying Grief, for her Sake, for her Infidelity, to behold ſacrificed to her Cruelty, and diſtributed amongſt the Ladies, who at any Price would purchaſe a Curl: After this they took off his Linen, and his Coat, under which he had a white Sattin Waſtcoat, and under his Breeches Drawers of the ſame. Then the Biſhop took his Robes, which lay conſecrated on the Altar, and put them on, and inveſted him with the Holy Robe: The Singing continuing to the end of the Ceremony; where, after an Anthem was ſung (while he proſtrated himſelf before the Altar) he aroſe, and inſtead of the two noble Men that attended him to the Altar, two *Bernardines* approach'd and conducted him from it, to the Seats of every one of the Order, whom he kiſſed,

and imbraced, as they came forth to welcome him to the Society. It was with abundance of Tears that every one beheld this Transformation; but *Silvia* ſwouned ſeveral times during the Ceremony, yet would not ſuffer herſelf to be carried out; but *Antonett* and another young Lady of the Houſe where ſhe lodged, that accompanied her, did what they could to conceal her from the publick View. For my part, I ſwear I was never ſo affected in my Life, with any thing, as I was at this Ceremony, nor ever found my Heart ſo oppreſſed with Tenderneſs; and was myſelf ready to ſink where I ſate, when he came near me, to be welcom'd by a Father that ſate next me: After this he was led by two of the eldeſt Fathers, to his Apartment, and left a thouſand ſighing Hearts behind him. Had he dy'd, there had not been half that Lamentation; ſo fooliſh is the miſtaken World, to grieve at our happieſt Fortune,

Fortune, either when we go to Heaven, or retreat from this World, which has nothing in it that can really charm, without a thouſand Fatigues to attend it: And in this Retreat, I am ſure, he himſelf was the only Perſon that was not infinitely concerned; who quitted the World with ſo modeſt a Bravery, ſo intire a Joy, as no young Conqueror ever perform'd his Triumphs with more.

The Ceremony being ended, *Antonett* got *Silvia* to her Chair, concern'd even to Death; and ſhe vow'd afterwards, ſhe had much ado to withhold herſelf from running and ſeizing him at the Altar, and preventing his Fortune and Deſign, but that ſhe believed *Philander* would have reſented it to the laſt degree, and poſſibly have made it fatal to both herſelf and *Octavio*. It was a great while before ſhe could recover from the Indiſpoſition to which this fatal and unexpected Accident had reduced her: But as I

have ſaid, ſhe was not of a Nature to dy for Love; and charming and brave as *Octavio* was, it was perhaps her Intereſt, and the loſs of his conſiderable Fortune, that gave her the greateſt Cauſe of Grief. Sometimes ſhe vainly fancied that yet her Power was ſuch, that with the Expence of one Viſit, and ſome of her uſual Arts, which rarely fail, ſhe had power to withdraw his Thoughts from Heaven, and fix 'em all on herſelf again, and to make him fly thoſe Incloſures to her more agreeable Arms: But again ſhe wiſely conſidered, tho' he might be retriev'd, his Fortune was diſpoſed of to Holy Uſes, and could never be ſo. This laſt Thought more prevailed upon her, and had more convincing Reaſon in it, than all that could beſides oppoſe her Flame; for ſhe had this wretched Prudence, even in the higheſt Flights and Paſſions of her Love, to have a wiſe Regard to Intereſt; inſomuch that it is moſt certain,

certain, ſhe refuſed to give herſelf up intirely even to *Philander*; him, whom one would have thought nothing but perfect Love, ſoft irreſiſtable Love could have compell'd her to have tranſgreſs'd withal, when ſo many Reaſons contradicted her Paſſion: How much more then ought we to believe that Intereſt was the greateſt Motive of all her after Paſſions? However, this powerful Motive fail'd not to beget in her all the Pains and Melancholies that the moſt violent of Paſſions could do: But *Brilljard*, who lov'd to a greater Degree than ever, ſtrove all he could to divert the Thoughts of a Grief, for which there was no Remedy; and believed if he could get her out of *Bruxells*, retir'd to the little Town, or rather Village, where he was firſt made happy, and where *Philander* ſtill believed her to be, he ſhould again reaſſume that Power over her Heart he had before: In this melancholy Fit of hers he pro-

posed it, urging the Danger he should be in for obeying her, should *Philander* once come to know that she was in *Bruxells*; and that possibly she would not find so civil a Treatment as he ought to pay her, if he should come to the knowledge of it: Besides these Reasons, he said, he had some of greater Importance, which he must not discover till she were withdrawn from *Bruxells*: But there needed not much to perswade her to retire, in the Humour she then was; and with no Opposition on her side, she told him she was ready to go where he thought fit; and accordingly the next day they departed the Town, and in three more arrived to the Village. In all this Journey *Brilliard* never approach'd her but with all the Respect imaginable, but withal with abundance of silent Passion; which manner of Carriage, obliged *Silvia* very often to take Notice of it, with great Satisfaction and Signs of Favour; and

as

as he saw her Melancholy abate, he increased in sighing and Lovers Boldnesses: Yet with all this he could not oblige her to those Returns he wished: When, after ten days stay, *Philander* writ to him, to inquire of his Health, and of *Silvia*, to whom he sent a very kind good natured Letter, but no more of the Lover than if there had never been such a Joy between 'em: He beg'd her to take care of herself, and told her he would be with her in ten or fifteen days; and desired her to send him *Brilljard*, if he were not wholly necessary to her Service, for he had urgent Affairs to imploy him in: So that *Brilljard*, not being able longer, with any colour to defend his Stay, writ him word he would wait on him in two days: which short time he wholly imploy'd in utmost Indeavour to gain *Silvia*'s Favour; but she, whose Thoughts were roving on new Designs, which she thought fit to conceal from a

Lover,

Lover, ſtill put him off with pretended Illneſs, and thoughtfulneſs on the late melancholy Object and loſs of *Octavio*: But aſſur'd him as ſoon as ſhe was recovered of that Preſſure, ſhe would receive him with the ſame Joy ſhe had before, and which his Perſon and his Services merited from her; 'twas thus ſhe ſooth'd the hoping Lover, who went away with all the Satisfaction imaginable; bearing a Letter from *Silvia* to *Philander*, written with all the Art of Flattery. *Brilljard* was no ſooner gone, but *Silvia*, whoſe Head ran on new Adventures, reſolv'd to try her Chance; and being, whenever ſhe pleaſed, of a Humour very Gay, ſhe reſolv'd upon a Deſign, in which ſhe could truſt no body but her Page, who lov'd his Lady to the laſt Degree of Paſſion, tho he never durſt ſhow it, even in his Looks or Sighs; and yet the cunning *Silvia* had by chance found his Flame, and would often take De-

light

light to torture the poor Youth, to laugh at him: She knew he would dy to ſerve her, and ſhe durſt truſt him with the moſt important Buſineſs of her Life: She therefore the next Morning ſends for him to her Chamber, which ſhe often did, and told him her Deſign; which was, in Man's Cloths to go back to *Bruxells*, and ſee if they could find any Adventures by the way that might be worth the Journey, and divert 'em: She told him ſhe would truſt him with all her Secrets; and he vow'd Fidelity. She bid him bring her a Suit of thoſe Cloths ſhe uſed to wear at her firſt Arrival at *Holland*; and he look'd out one very fine, and which ſhe had worn that day ſhe went to have been married to *Octavio*, when the *States* Meſſengers took her for a *French* Spy, a Suit *Philander* had never ſeen: She equips herſelf, and leaving in charge with *Antonett* what to ſay in her Abſence; and telling her ſhe was

going

going upon a Frolick to divert herſelf a day or two, ſhe, accompanied by her Page only, took Horſe, and made away towards *Bruxells*: You muſt know that the half-way Stage is a very ſmall Village, in which there is moſt lamentable Accommodation, and may vie with any part of *Spain* for bad Inns. *Silvia*, not uſed much to riding, as a Man, was pretty well tired by that time ſhe got to one of thoſe *Hotels*; and as ſoon as ſhe alighted ſhe went to her Chamber, to refreſh and cool herſelf; and while the Page was gone to the Kitchen, to ſee what there was to eat, ſhe was leaning out of the Window, and looking on the Paſſengers that rode along, many of which took up in the ſame Houſe. Among them that alighted, there was a very handſom young Gentleman, appearing of Quality, attended only by his Page: She conſidered this Perſon a little more than the reſt, and finding him ſo unaccompanied,

companied, had a Curioſity, natural to her, to know who he was: She ran to another Window, that look'd into the Yard, a kind of Balcony, and ſaw him alight, and look at her; and Saluted her in paſſing into the Kitchin, ſeeing her look like a Youth of Quality: Coming in he ſaw her Page, and ask'd if he belong'd to that Young Cavalier in the Gallery; the Page told him he did: And being ask'd Who he was, he told him he was a young Noble Man of *France*; a Stranger to all thoſe parts, and had made an eſcape from his Tutors, to ramble for his Fancy and his Pleaſure; and ſaid he was of a Humour, never to be out of his way; all places being alike to him in thoſe little Adventures. So leaving him (with yet a greater Curioſity) he ran to *Silvia*, and told her what had paſt between the young Stranger and him: While ſhe, who was poſſeſt with the ſame Inquiſitive Humour, bid him inquire who he was,

when

when the Master of the *Hotel* coming in the interim up to usher in her Supper, she inquir'd of him who that Young Stranger was; he told her, one of the greatest Persons in *Flanders*; that he was Nephew to the Governour, and who had a very great Equipage at other times; but that now he was *Incognito*, being on an Intrigue: This Intrigue gave *Silvia* new Curiosity; and hoping the Master would tell him again, she fell into great praises of his Beauty and his Mein; which for several reasons pleas'd the Man of the Inn, who departed with the good News, and told every Word of it to the Young Cavalier: The good Man having, besides the pleasing him with the grateful Complements, a farther design in the Relation; for his House being very full of Persons of all sorts, he had no Lodging for the Governour's Nephew, unless he could recommend him to our Young Cavalier. The Gay unknown, extreamly

pleas'd

pleas'd with the Character he had given him, by ſo beautiful a Gentleman, and one who appear'd of ſo much quality, being alone, and knowing he was ſo alſo, ſent a *Spaniſh* Page, that ſpoke very good *French*, and had a handſome Addreſs, and quick Wit, to make his Complement to the Young *Mounſieur*; which was to beg to be admitted to Sup with him; who readily accepted the Honour, as ſhe call'd it; and the Young Governour, whom we muſt call *Alonzo*, for a reaſon or two, immediately after enter'd her Chamber, with an admirable Addreſs, appearing much handſomer near, than at diſtance; tho' even then he drew *Silvia*'s Eyes with admiration on him; there were a thouſand Young Graces in his Perſon, Sweetneſſes in his Face, Love and Fire in his Eyes, and Wit on his Tongue: His Stature was neither Tall nor Low, very well made, and faſhion'd; a Light brown Hair, Hazle Eyes, and a very ſoft and amorous

morous Air; about twenty Years of Age: He ſpoke very good *French*; and after the firſt Complements on either ſide were over, as on ſuch occaſions are neceſſary; in which on both ſides were nothing but great Expreſſions of Eſteem, *Silvia* began ſo very well to be pleas'd with the fair Stranger, that ſhe had like to have forgot the part ſhe was to act, and have made Diſcoveries of her Sex, by Addreſſing herſelf with the Modeſty and Bluſhes of a Woman: But *Alonzo* who had no ſuch apprehenſion; tho' ſhe appear'd with much more Beauty, than he fanſied ever to have ſeen in a Man, nevertheleſs admir'd without ſuſpecting, and took all thoſe Signs of Effeminacy to unaſſur'd Youth, and firſt Addreſs; and he was abſolutely deceiv'd in her. *Alonzo*'s Supper being brought up, which was the beſt the bad Inn afforded, they ſat down, and all Supper time talk'd of a thouſand pleaſant things, and moſt of Love

and

and Women, where both expreſt, abundance of Gallantry for the fair Sex. *Alonzo* related many ſhort and pleaſant accidents, and amours he had had with women. Tho' the Stranger were by Birth a *Spaniard*; yet while they diſcours'd, the Glaſs was not Idle, but went as briskly about, as if *Silvia* had been an abſolute good Fellow. *Alonzo* Drinks his, and his Miſtreſſes Health, and *Silvia* return'd the Civility, and ſo on till three Bottles were Sacrific'd to Love and good Humour, while ſhe at the expence of a little Modeſty, declared herſelf ſo much of the opinion of *Don Alanzo*, for Gay Inconſtancy, and the Bleſſing of Variety, that he was wholly Charm'd with a Converſation ſo agreeable to his own. I have heard her Page ſay, from whom I have had a great part of the Truths of her Life, that he never ſaw *Silvia* in ſo pleaſant a Humour all his life before, nor ſeem'd ſo well pleas'd, which gave him, her Lover, a Jealouſie,

ſie, that perplext him above any thing he had ever felt from Love; tho' he durſt not own it. But *Alonzo* finding his Young Companion altogether ſo Charming (and in his own way too) could not forbear very often from falling upon his Neck, and Kiſſing the fair diſguis'd, with as hearty an Ardour, as ever he did one of an other Sex: He told her he Ador'd her; ſhe was directly of his Principle, all gay, inconſtant, galiard and roving, and with ſuch a Guſto he commended the Joys of fickle Youth, that *Silvia* would often after ſay, ſhe was then Jealous of him, and Envious of thoſe who poſſeſt him, tho' ſhe knew not whom. The more ſhe lookt on him, and heard him ſpeak, the more ſhe fanſied him: and Wine that warm'd her Head, made her give him a thouſand Demonſtrations of Love, that warm'd her Heart; which he miſtoke for Friendſhip, having miſtaken her Sex. In this fit of beginning

Love

Love (which is always the beſt) and Jealouſie, ſhe bethought her to ask him on what Adventure he had now been; for he being without his Equipage, ſhe believ'd, ſhe ſaid, he was upon ſome affair of Love: He told her there was a Lady, within an Hours riding of that place, of quality, and handſome, very much Courted: Amongſt thoſe that were of the number of her Adorers, he ſaid, was a Young Man of Quality of *France*, who call'd himſelf *Philander*: This *Philander* had been about eight Days very happy in her Favour, and had hap'ned to boaſt his good Fortune the next Night at the Governours Table, where he Din'd with the Prince *Ceſario*. I told him, continued *Alonzo*, That the Perſon he ſo boaſted of, had ſo ſoon granted him the Favour, that I believ'd ſhe was of a Humour to ſuffer none to die at her Feet: but this, ſaid he, *Philander* thought an Indignity to his good parts, and told me, he believ'd he was the

the only Man happy in her Favour and that could be ſo: On this I ventur'd a Wager, at which he colour'd extreamly, and the Company laugh'd, which Incens'd him more; the Prince urg'd the Wager, which was a pair of *Spaniſh* Horſes, the beſt in the Court, on my ſide, againſt a Diſcretion on his: This odds offer'd by me Incens'd him yet more; but urg'd to lay, we ended the Diſpute with the Wager, the beſt Concluſion of all Controverſies. He would have known what meaſures I would take; I refus'd to ſatisfie him in that; I only ſwore him upon Honour, that he ſhould not diſcover the Wager or the diſpute to the Lady. The next day I went to pay her a viſit, from my Aunt, the Governours Lady, and ſhe receiv'd me with all the civility in the World. I ſeem'd ſurpriz'd at her Beauty, and could talk of nothing but the Adoration I had for her, and found her extreamly pleas'd, and vain, of which Feeble Reſiſtance I made ſo

good

good advantage, that before we parted, being all alone, I receiv'd from her all the Freedoms that I could with any good Manners be allow'd, the first time; she fireing me with Kisses, and suffering my closest Embraces. Having prosper'd so well, I left her for that time, and two days after I made my visit again; she was a Married Lady, and her Husband was a *Dutch Count*, and gone to a little Government he held under my Uncle, so that again I found a free Admittance; I told her 'twas my Aunt's Complement I brought before, but that now 'twas my own I brought, which was that of an impatient Heart, that Burnt with a World of Fire and Flame, and Non-sense. In fine, so eager I was, and so pressing for something more than Dull Kissing, that she began to retire as fast as she advanc'd before, and told me, after abundance of pressing her to it, that she had set a price upon her Beauty, and unless I understood how to purchase

chaſe her, it was not her fault, if I were not happy: At firſt I ſo little expected it had been Money, that I reiterated my Vows, and fanſied it was the aſſurance of my Heart ſhe meant; but ſhe very frankly replyed, Sir, you may ſpare your Pains, and five hundred Piſtols will eaſe you of a great deal of trouble, and be the beſt Argument of your Love. This Generous Conſciencious Humour of hers, of ſuffering none to Die that had five hundred Piſtols to preſent for a Cure, was very good News to me, and I found I was not at all oblig'd to my Youth or Beauty, but that a Man with half a Noſe, or a ſingle Eye, or that ſtunk like an old *Spaniard*, that had Din'd on Rotten Cheeſe and Garlick, ſhould have been equally as welcome for the aforeſaid Sum, to this Charming Inſenſible. I muſt confeſs, I do not love to chaffer for my pleaſure, it takes off the beſt part of it, and were I left to my own Judgment of its worth, I ſhould hardly

hardly have offer'd ſo ſneaking a Sum; but that ſort of bargaining was her Humour, and to enjoy her mine, tho' ſhe had ſtrangely pall'd me by this management of the Matter: all I had now to do, was to appoint my Night, and bring my Money; now was a very proper time for it, her Husband being abſent: I took my leave of her, infinitely well pleas'd to have gain'd my point on any Terms, with a promiſe to deliver my ſelf there the next Night: but ſhe told me ſhe had a Brother to come to morrow, whom ſhe would not have ſee me, and for that reaſon, (being however not willing to delay the receiving her Piſtoles) ſhe deſired I would wait at this very Houſe, till a Foot-man ſhould give me notice when to come; accordingly I came, and ſent her a Billet, that I waited prepar'd at all points; and ſhe return'd me a Billet to this purpoſe: *That her Brother with ſome Relations being arriv'd, as ſhe expected, ſhe*

beg'd for her Honour's ſake, that I would wait till ſhe ſent, which ſhould be as ſoon as they were gone to their Chambers; and they having rid a long Journey, would early retire; that ſhe was impatient of the Bleſſing, and ſhould be as well prepar'd as himſelf, and that ſhe would leave her Woman Leticia *to give me Admittance.*—This ſatisfy'd me very well; and as I attended here, ſome of my acquaintance chanced to arrive; with whom I Supp'd, and took ſo many Glaſſes, to her Health, as it paſt down, that I was arriv'd at a very handſome pitch, and to ſay Truth was as full of *Bacchus* as *Venus*. However as ſoon as her Foot-man arriv'd, I ſtole away, and took Horſe, and by that time it was quite dark arriv'd at her Houſe, where I was let in by a Young Maid, whoſe Habit was very neat and clean, and ſhe herſelf appear'd to my Eyes, then dazling with Wine, the moſt beautiful Young Creature I had ever ſeen, as in truth ſhe was; ſhe ſeemed all Modeſty,

deſty, and bluſhing Innocence; ſo that conducting me into a low Parlour, while ſhe went to tell her Lady I was come, who lay ready dreſt in all the Magnificence of Night-dreſs to receive me, I ſate contemplating on this fair Young Maid, and no more thought of her Lady, than of *Bethlehem Gabor*. The Maid ſoon return'd, and Curtſying, told me with Bluſhes on her Face, that her Lady expected me; the Houſe was ſtill as Sleep, and no Noiſe heard, but the little Winds that ruſh'd among the *Jeſamin* that grew at the Window; now whether at that moment, the falſe Light in the Room, or the true Wine deceived me, I know not; but I beheld this Maid as an Angel for Beauty; and indeed I think ſhe had all the temptations of Nature. I began to kiſs her, and ſhe to tremble and bluſh; yet not ſo much out of Fear, as Surprize and Shame at my Addreſſes. I found her pleaſed with my Vows, and melting at my Kiſſes; I ſigh'd in

her Boſom, which panted me a welcome there; that Boſom whiter than Snow, ſweeter than the Noſegay ſhe had Planted there. She urg'd me faintly to go to her Lady, who expected me, and I ſwore it was for her Sake I came (whom I never ſaw) and that I ſcorn'd all other Beauties: She kindl'd at this, and her Cheeks glow'd with Love. I preſs'd her to all I wiſh'd, but ſhe replyed, ſhe was a Maid, and ſhould be undone. I told her I would Marry her, and ſwore it with a thouſand Oaths; ſhe believed, and grew prettily Fond —— In fine, at laſt ſhe, yielded to all I ask'd of her, which we had ſcarce recover'd when her Lady rung. I could not ſtir, but ſhe who fear'd a Surprize, ran to her, and told her I was gone into the Garden, and would come immediately; ſhe, haſtens down again to me, Fires me anew, and pleas'd me anew; 'twas thus I taught a longing Maid the firſt Leſſon of Sin, at the price of Fifty Piſtoles,

Piſtoles, which I preſented her; nor could I yet part from this young Charmer, but ſtayed ſo long that her Lady rung a Silver Bell again; but my new Prize was ſo wholly taken up with the pleaſure of this new Amour, and the good Fortune arriv'd to her, ſhe heard not the Bell, ſo that the fair deceiv'd, put on her Night-gown and Slippers, and came ſoftly down Stairs, and found my new Love, and I cloſely imbracing with all the paſſion and fondneſs imaginable. I know not what ſhe ſaw in me [illegible] Woman, or whether [illegible] diſappointment gave her greater deſire, but 'tis moſt certain ſhe fell moſt deſperately in Love with me, and ſcorning to take notice of the Indignity I put upon her, ſhe unſeen ſtole to her Chamber: Where after a moſt afflicting Night, ſhe next Morning called her Woman to her (whom I left towards Morning,) better pleaſed with my Fifty Piſtoles worth of Beauty, than I ſhould have

been with that of five hundred: the Maid whoſe Guilt made her very much unaſſur'd, approach'd her Lady with ſuch tremblings, as ſhe no longer doubted, but ſhe was guilty, but durſt not examine her about it, leaſt ſhe, who had her Honour in keeping, ſhould by the diſcovery ſhe found ſhe had made of her Levity, expoſe that of her Lady. She therefore, diſſembled as well as ſhe could, and examined her about my ſtay; to which the Maid anſwer'd, I had fallen aſleep, and 'twas impoſſible to [illegible] till day appear'd; when for fear of diſc[illegible] I poſted away. This, tho' the Lady knew was falſe, ſhe was forc'd to take [illegible] currant Excuſe, and more raging with Love, than ever, ſhe immediately diſpatch'd away her Foot-man, with a Letter to me, upbraiding me extreamly; but at the ſame time, inviting me with all the paſſion imaginable; and becauſe I ſhould not again ſee my young Miſtriſs, who was dying

ing in Love with me, ſhe appointed me to meet her at a little Houſe ſhe had, a Bow-ſhot from her own, where was a fine Decoy, and a great number of Wild-fowl kept, which her Husband took great delight in; there I was to wait her coming, where liv'd only a Man, and his old Wife, her Servants: I was very glad of this Invitation, and went; ſhe came adorn'd with all her Charms. I conſider'd her a new Woman, and one whom I had a Wager to win upon, the conqueſt of one I had inclination to, till by the diſcovery of the Jilt in her I began to diſpiſe the Beauty; however, as I ſaid, ſhe was new, and now perhaps eaſie to be brought to my Terms, as indeed it hap'ned; ſhe careſs'd me with all imaginable fondneſs; was ready to Eat my Lips, inſtead of Kiſſing them, and much more forward than I wiſh'd, who do not love an over eaſie Conqueſt; however ſhe pleas'd me for three days together, all which time ſhe de-

tained me there, coming to me early, and ſtaying the lateſt Hour; and I have no reaſon to repent my time; for beſides that I have paſt it very well, ſhe at my coming away preſented me this Jewel in my Hat, and this Ring on my Finger, and I have ſav'd my five hundred Piſtoles, my heart, and my credit in the Encounter, and am going to *Bruxells* to triumph over the haughty conceited *Philander*, who ſet ſo great a value on his own Beauty, and yet for all his fine Perſon has paid the Piſtoles before he could purchaſe the Bleſſing, as ſhe ſwore to me, who have made a Convert of her, and reduced her to the thing ſhe never yet was, a Lover; inſomuch that ſhe has promiſed me to renounce *Philander*. I have promiſed to viſit her again; but if I do, 'twill be more for the Vanity to pleaſe than be pleas'd, for I never repeat any thing with pleaſure: All the while he ſpoke, *Silvia* fix'd her Eyes, and all her ſoft deſires upon him;

ſhe

ſhe envies the happy Counteſs, but much more the happy Maid, with whom his perfect liking made him happy; ſhe fanſies him in her Arms, and wiſhes him there; ſhe is ready a thouſand times to tell him ſhe is a Woman; but when ſhe reflects on his inconſtancy, ſhe fears. When he had ended his Story, ſhe Cry'd, ſighing: *And you are juſt come from this fair Lady?* He anſwered her, he was, *Sound and Heart-hole:* She reply'd, *'Tis very well you are ſo, but all the young do not thus eſcape from Beauty, and you may ſome time or other be Intrapt.* *Oh*, cry'd he! *I defy the power of one, while Heaven has diſtributed Variety to all. Were you never in Love*, replyed Silvia? *Never*, ſaid he, *that they call Love: I have burnt and rav'd an Hour or two, or ſo; purſu'd, and gaz'd, and laid Sieges, till I had overcome; but what's this to Love? Did I ever make a ſecond viſit, unleſs upon Neceſſity or Gratitude? And yet* ——and there he ſigh'd; *and yet*, ſaid

he, *I ſaw a Beauty once upon the Tower, that has ever ſince given me Torment.* At *Bruxells*, ſaid Silvia? *There*, replyed he; *ſhe was the faireſt Creature Heaven e're made, ſuch White and Read by Nature, ſuch a Hair, ſuch Eyes, and ſuch a Mouth!* ——*all Youth and raviſhing ſweetneſs,* —— *I purſu'd her to her Lodgings, and all I could get, was, that ſhe belonged to a young Noble Man, who ſince has taken Orders. From the Night I ſaw her, I never left her Window, but had Spies of all ſorts, who brought me in intelligence, and a little after I found ſhe had quitted the place with a new Lover, which made me love and rave for her ten times more, when I knew aſſuredly ſhe was a Whore—— and how fine a one I had miſt:* This call'd all the Blood to *Silvia*'s Face, and ſo confounded her, ſhe could not anſwer; ſhe knew it was her ſelf, of whom he ſpoke; and that courſe word tho' innocently ſpoken, or rather gayly expreſs'd, put her quite out of Countenance; however ſhe recover'd again,

again, when ſhe conſidered they were not meant as rudeneſſes to her. She lov'd him, and was eaſie to pardon: With ſuch diſcourſe they paſt the Evening, till towards Bed-time, and the young *Spaniard*, who had took but little reſt in three Nights before, was for ſome repoſe; and calling for his Chamber, the Hoſt beſought him, ſince they had the happineſs (the young *French* Gentleman and himſelf) to be ſo good Friends, that thy would ſhare a Bed together; for intruth, ſaid he, Sir, you muſt ſit up all Night elſe: he replyed, with all his Soul, it was the moſt grateful propoſal, had been ever made him; and Addreſſing himſelf to *Silvia*, asked him if he would allow him that Bleſſing: She bluſh'd extreamly at the queſtion, and hung down her Eyes, and he laugh'd to ſee it: *Sir*, ſaid Silvia, *I will give you my Bed, for 'tis all one to me, to lye on a Bed, or on the Chairs. Why, Sir*, ſaid Alonzo, *I am too paſſionate an*

adorer

adorer of the Female Sex, to incommode any of my own with Addreſſes; nor am I ſo Nice, but I can ſuffer a Man to lye by me, eſpecially ſo dear a Youth as your ſelf; at which he Embraced him in his Arms, which did but the more raiſe *Silva*'s Bluſhes, who wiſh'd for what ſhe dreaded: With you, *Sir*, ſaid ſhe, *I could methinks be content to do what I do not uſe to do*; and fearing to betray her Sex, forced a conſent; for either one or the other ſhe was compell'd to do; and with the aſſurance that he thought her what ſhe ſeemed, ſhe choſe to give her conſent, and they both went to Bed together: to add to her deceit (ſhe being forced in her Sickneſs to cut off her Hair) when ſhe put off her Perriwig, ſhe diſcovered nothing of the Woman; nor feared ſhe any thing but her Breaſts, which were the roundeſt and the whiteſt in the World; but ſhe was long in undreſſing, which to colour the Matter, ſhe ſuffered her Page to do, who, poor Lad, was never

never in ſo trembling a condition, as in that manner to be obliged to ſerve her, where ſhe diſcovered ſo many Charms he never before had ſeen, but all ſuch as might be ſeen with Modeſty: By that time ſhe came to Bed, *Alonzo* was faſt aſleep, being ſo long kept waking, and never ſo much as dreamt he had a Woman with him; but ſhe whoſe fears kept her waking, had a thouſand Agitations and Wiſhes, ſo natural it is when Virtue has broke the bounds of Modeſty, to plunge in paſt all retreat; and I believe there are very few who retire after the firſt Sin. She conſiders her condition in a ſtrange Country, her Splendor declining, her Love for *Philander* quite reduced to Friendſhip, or hardly that; ſhe was young, and eat and drank well; had a World of Vanity, that Food of deſire, that Fuel to Vice: She ſaw this the Beautifulleſt Youth ſhe imagin'd ever to have ſeen, of Quality and Fortune able to ſerve her;

all

all these made her rave with a desire to gain him for a Lover, and she imagined as all the vain and young do, that tho no Charms had yet been able to hold him, she alone had those that would; her Glass had a thousand times told her so; she compares him to *Octavio*, and finds him in her opinion handsomer; she was possest with some Love for *Philander*, when he first Address'd to her, and *Octavio* shar'd at best but half a Heart; but now, that she had lost all for *Philander* and *Octavio*, and had a Heart to cast away, or give to a new Lover; it was like her Money, she hated to keep to it, and lavish'd it on any Trifle, rather than hoard it, or let it lie by: 'Twas a loss of time her Youth could not spare: she after reflection resolved, and when she had resolved, she believ'd it done. By a Candle she had by her to read a little Novel, she had brought, she Surveyed him often, as curiously as *Psyche* did her *Cupid*, and tho he slept like

a meer Mortal, he appeared as Charming to her Eyes as the wing'd God himſelf; and 'tis believed ſhe wiſh'd he would awake and find by her Curioſity, her Sex: For this I know, ſhe durſt no longer truſt her ſelf a Bed with him, but got up, and all the laſt part of the Night walk'd about the Room: her Page lay in the Room with her, by her order, on the Table, with a little Vallice under his Head, which he carryed *Silvia*'s Linen in; ſhe waked him and told him all her fears in a pleaſant manner. In the Morning *Alonzo* awakes, and wonders to find her up ſo ſoon, and reproach'd her for the unkindneſs; new Proteſtations on both ſides paſſing of eternal Friendſhip, they both reſolved for *Bruxells*; but leſt ſhe ſhould incounter *Philander* on the way, who poſſible might be on viſiting his *Dutch* Counteſs, ſhe deſired him to ride on before, and to ſuffer him to loſe the happineſs of his Company, till they met in *Bruxells*:

With

With much ado he consents, and taking the Ring the Countess gave him from of his Finger; Sir, said he, be pleas'd to wear this, and if ever you need my Fortune or my Sword, send it, and in what part of the World soever I am, I will fly to your Service. *Silvia* returned him a little Ring set round with Diamonds, that *Philander* in his woing time had given her amongst a thousand of finer value: His Name and hers was Ingraven, instead of a Poesie in it; which was only *Philander* and *Silvia*, and which he took no notice of, and parted from each other in the tenderest manner, that two young Gentlemen could possible be imagin'd to do, tho it were more than so on her side; for she was madly in Love with him.

As soon as *Silvia* came to *Bruxells*, she sent in the Evening to search out *Brilljard*, for she had considered, if he should come to the knowledge of her being in Town, and she should not send to him, he would take it so very

very ill, that he might prevent all her deſigns and rambles, the now Joy of her Heart; ſhe knew ſhe could make him her Slave, her Pimp, her any thing, for Love, and the hope of her Favour; and his intereſt might defend her; and ſhe ſhould know all *Philander*'s motions, whom now, tho ſhe lov'd no more, ſhe fear'd. She found him, and he took her Lodgings, infinitely pleas'd at the truſt ſhe repoſed in him; the only means by which he could arrive to happineſs. She continues her Mans Habit, and he ſupplyed the place of *Vallet*, dreſs'd her and undreſs'd her, ſhifted her Linen every day; nor did he take all theſe Freedoms, without advancing a little farther upon occaſion and opportunity, which was the hire ſhe gave him to ſerve her in more Lucky Amours; the Fine ſhe paid to live free, and at eaſe. She tells him her adventure, which tho it were Daggers to his Heart, was however the only way to keep her his own;

for

for he knew her Spirit was too violent to be reſtrained by any means. At laſt ſhe told him her deſign upon a certain young Man of quality, which ſhe told him was the ſame ſhe Incountered. She aſſures him 'twas not Love or Liking, but perfectly Intereſt that made her deſign upon him, and that if he would aſſiſt her, ſhe would be very kind to him, as a Man that had gain'd very greatly upon her Heart. This Flattery ſhe urg'd with infinite fondneſs and art, and he over-joy'd believed every word as Goſpel; ſo that he promiſed her the next day to carry a Billet to the young *Don*: In the mean time ſhe caus'd him to Sup with her, purpoſly to give her an account of *Philander*, *Ceſario* and *Hermione*, whom ſhe heard was come to *Bruxells*, and liv'd publickly with the Prince. He told her it was very true, and that he ſaw them every day, nay, every moment together; for he verily believed they could not live aſunder. That

Philander

Philander was every Evening Caballing there, where all the male contents of the Reformed Religion had taken Sanctuary, and where the Grand Council was every Night held; for ſome great things were in Agitation, and debating how to trouble the repoſe of all *France* again with new Broils; he told her, that all the World made their Court to *Hermione*, that if any Body had any Petitions, or Addreſſes to make to the Prince, 'twas by her ſole Intereſt; ſhe ſate in their cloſeſt Councils, and heard their graveſt debates; and ſhe was the Oracle of the Board: The Prince paying her a perfect Adoration, while ſhe, whoſe Charms of Youth were ended, being turned of thirty, [illegible] her decays with all the Arts [illegible] Wit and Sex were capable of, and [illegible] her Illuſtrious Lover, as perfectly her [illegible] had ingag'd him by all thoſe ty[illegible] as if ſhe Fetter the moſt circumſpect, and totally ſubdued him to her Will, who was

was without Exception the moſt lovely Perſon upon Earth: and tho, Madam, you know him ſo perfectly well; yet I muſt tell you my opinion of him; He is all the ſofter Sex can wiſh, and ours admire; he is form'd for Love and War; and as he is the moſt amorous and wanton in Courts, he is alſo the moſt fierce and brave in Field: His Birth the moſt elevated, his Age arriv'd to full blown Man, adorn'd with all the ſpreading Glories that Charm the Fair, and ingage the World; and I have often heard ſome of our Party ſay, his Perſon gain'd him more numbers to his ſide, than his Cauſe or Quality; for he underſtood all the uſeful Arts of Popularity, the gracious ſmile and bow to and all thoſe cheap Favours without the gain upon Hearts; [illegible] but Ceremony, expence of a[illegible] Nation mad for his Inhas ma[illegible] who never otherwiſe oblig'd 'em; and ſure nothing is more neceſſary in the great, than Affability; nor

ſhows

ſhows greater marks of Grandure, or ſhall more etternize them, than bowing to the Crowd. As the Maiden Queen I have read of in *England*, who made herſelf idoliz'd by that ſole Piece of politick Cunning, underſtanding well the ſtubborn yet good Nature of the People; and gained more upon 'em by thoſe little Arts, than if ſhe had parted with all the Prerogatives of her Crown. Ah! Madam, you cannot imagine what little Slights govern'd the whole Univerſe, and how eaſie 'tis for Monarchs to oblige. This *Ceſario* was made to know, and there is none ſo poor an Object, who may not have Acceſs to him, and whom he does not ſend away well pleaſed, tho' he do not grant what they ask. He diſpatches quickly, which is a grateful Vertue in great Men; and none ever eſpouſed his Intereſt, that did not find a Reward and a Protection: 'Tis true, theſe are all the Tools he is to work with, and he ſtops at nothing

nothing that leads to his Ambition; nor has he done all that lies in the Power of Man only, to ſet all *France* yet in a Flame, but he calls up the very Devils from Hell to his Aid, and there is no Man fam'd for Negromancy, to whom he does not apply himſelf; which, indeed, is done by the Advice of *Hermione*, who is very much affected with thoſe ſort of People, and puts a very great Truſt and Confidence in 'em. She ſent, at great Expence, for a *German* Conjurer, who arrived the other Day, and who is perpetually conſulting with another of the ſame ſort, a *Scot* by Birth, called *Fergusano*. He was once in Holy Orders, and ſtill is ſo, but all his Practice is the black Art; and excellent in it he is reported to be. *Hermione* undertakes nothing without his Advice; and as he is abſolutely her Creature, ſo his Art governs her, and ſhe the Prince: She holds her Mid-night Conferences with him; and as ſhe is very ſuperſtitious

perſtitious, ſo ſhe is very learned, and ſtudies this Art, taught by this great Maſter *Ferguſano*: And ſo far is this glorious Hero bewitched with theſe Sorcerers, that he puts his whole Truſt in theſe Conjurations and Charms; and ſo far they have impoſed on him, that with an inchanted Oyntment which they have prepared for him, he ſhall be invulnerable, tho' he face the very Mouth of a Cannon: They have, at the earneſt Requeſt of *Hermione*, calculated his Nativity, and find him born to be a King; and that before twenty Moons exſpire he ſhall be crown'd in *France*: And flattering his eaſie Youth with all the Vanities of Ambition, they have made themſelves abſolutely uſeful to him. This *Scot*, being a moſt inveterate Enemy to *France*, lets the Prince reſt neither Night nor Day, but is ſtill inſpiring him with new Hopes of a Crown, and laying him down all the falſe Arguments imaginable, to

ſpur

ſpur the active Spirit: My Lord is not of the Opinion, yet ſeems to comply with them in Council; he laughs at all the Fopperies of Charms and Incantations; inſomuch, that he many times angers the Prince, and is in eternal little Feuds with *Hermione*. The *German*, would often in theſe Diſputes ſay, he found by his Art, That the Stop to the Princes Glory would be his Love. This ſo incenſed *Hermione*, and conſequently the Prince, that they had like to have broke with him, but durſt not for fear; he knowing too much to be diſobliged: On the other ſide, *Ferguſano* is moſt wonderfully charmed with the Wit and maſculine Spirit of *Hermione*, her Courage, and the manlineſs of her Mind; and underſtanding what way ſhe would be ſerved, reſolved to obey her, finding ſhe had an abſolute Aſcendant over the Prince, whom, by this means, he knew he ſhould get into his ſole Management

ment. *Hermione*, tho' ſhe ſeemed to be poſſeſs'd ſo intirely of *Ceſario*'s Heart, found ſhe had great and powerful Oppoſers, who believ'd the Prince lay idling in her Arms, and that poſſibly ſhe might eclipſe his Fame by living at that rate with a Woman he had no other Pretenſions to but Love; and many other Motives were urged daily to him by the Admirers of his great Actions: And ſhe feared, with reaſon, that ſome time or other Ambition might get the Aſcendant of Love: She therefore, in her Mid-night Conferences with *Ferguſano*, often urg'd him to ſhow her that piece of his Art, to make a Philtre to retain fleeting Love; and not only keep a Paſſion alive, but even revive it from the dead. She tells him of her Contract with him, ſhe urges his forced Marriage, as ſhe was pleaſed to call it, in his Youth; and that he being ſo young, ſhe believed he might find it lawful to marry him-

ſelf a ſecond time; that poſſibly his Princeſs was for the Intereſt of the King; and Men of his elivated Fortune, ought not to be ty'd to thoſe Strictneſſes of common Men, but for the good of the Publick, ſometimes act beyond the muſty Rules of Law and Equity, thoſe politick Bands to confine the *Mobile*. At this unreaſonable rate ſhe pleads her Right to *Ceſario*, and he harkens with all Attention, and approves ſo well all ſhe ſays, that he reſolves, not only to attach the Prince to her by all the force of the black Art, but that of neceſſary Marriage alſo: This pleaſed her to the laſt degree; and ſhe left him, after he had promiſed her to bring her the Philtre by the Morning, for it was that ſhe moſt urged, the other requiring time to argue with him, and work him by degrees to it. Accordingly the next Morning he brings her a Tooth-pick-caſe of Gold of rare infernal Workmanſhip, wrought with a thouſand

ſand Charms, of that Force, that every time the Prince ſhould touch it, and while he but wore it about him, his Fondneſs ſhould not only continue, but increaſe, and he ſhould hate all Womankind beſides, at leaſt in the way of Love; and have no power to poſſeſs another Woman, tho' ſhe had all the Attractions of Nature. He tells her the Prince could never ſuſpect ſo familiar a Preſent, and for the fineneſs of the Work, it was a Preſent for a Prince, *For*, ſaid he, *no human Art could frame ſo rare a piece of Workmanſhip, that Nine Nights the moſt delicate of the Infernals were mixing the Metal with the moſt powerful of Charms, and watch'd the critical Minutes of the Stars, in which to form the myſtick Figures, every one being a Spell upon the Heart of that unerring Magick, no mortal Power could ever diſſolve, undo, or conquer.* The only Art now was in giving it, ſo as to oblige him never to part with it; and

ſhe, who had all the Cunning of her Sex, undertook for that part: She diſmiſſed her infernal Confident, and went to her *Toilet* to dreſs her, knowing well that the Prince would not be long before he came to her: She laid the Tooth-pick-Caſe down ſo as he could not avoid ſeeing it: The Prince came immediately after in, as he ever uſed to do Night and Morning, to ſee her dreſs her; he ſaw this gay Thing on her Table, and took it in his Hand, admiring the Work of it, as he was the moſt curious Perſon in the World: She told him there was not a finer wrought thing in the World, and that ſhe had a very great Eſteem for it, it being made by the *Sybils*; and bade him mind the Antiqueneſs of the Work: The more ſhe commended it, the more he liked it, and told her ſhe muſt let him call it his: She told him he would give it away to the next Commender: He vow'd he would not: She told him,

him, then he ſhould not only call it his, but it ſhould in reality be ſo; and he vow'd it ſhould be the laſt thing he would part with in the World.

From that time forward ſhe found, or thought ſhe found, a more impatient Fondneſs in him than ſhe had ſeen before; however it was, ſhe rul'd and govern'd him as ſhe pleaſed; and indeed, never was ſo great a Slave to Beauty as, in my Opinion, he was to none at all; for ſhe is far from having any natural Charms; yet it was not long, ſince it was abſolutely believed by all, that he had been reſolved to give himſelf wholly up to her Arms; to have ſought no other Glory than to have retired to a Corner of the World with her, and changed all his Crowns of Laurel for thoſe of Roſes: But ſome ſtirring Spirits have rouſed him anew, and awakened Ambition in him, and they are on great Deſigns, which poſſibly ere

long, may make all *France* to tremble; yet ſtill *Hermione* is oppreſſed with Love, and the Effects of dayly increaſing Paſſion. He has perpetual Correſpondence with the Party in *Paris*, and Advice of all things that paſs; they let him know they are ready to receive him whenever he can bring a Force into *France*; nor needs he any conſiderable Number, he having already there in every place, through which he ſhall paſs, all, or the moſt part of the Hearts and Hands at his Devotion; and they want but Arms, and they ſhall gather as they go: They deſire he will land himſelf in ſome part of the Kingdom, and it would be Incouragement enough to all the joyful People, who will from all parts flock together. In fine, he is offered all Aſſiſtance and Money; and leaſt all the Forces of *France* ſhould be bent againſt him, he has Friends of great Quality and Intereſt, that are reſolved to riſe in ſeveral

veral places of the Kingdom, in *Languedoc* and *Guinny*, whether the King muſt be obliged to ſend his Forces, or a great part of 'em; ſo that all this ſide of *France* will be left defenceleſs. I myſelf, Madam, have ſome Share in this great Deſign, and poſſibly you will one day ſee me a Perſon of a Quality ſufficient to merit thoſe Favours I am now bleſſed with. *Pray*, reply'd *Silvia*, ſmiling with a little Scorn, *what part are you to play, to arrive at this good Fortune? I am*, ſaid he, *truſted to provide all the Ammunition and Arms, and to hire a Veſſel to tranſport them to ſome Sea-port Town in* France, *which the Council ſhall think moſt proper to receive us.* *Silvia* laughed, and ſaid ſhe propheſied another End of this high Deſign than they imagined; but deſperate Fortunes muſt take their Chance. *What*, continued ſhe, *does not* Hermione *ſpeak of me, and inquire of me? Yes*, reply'd *Brilljard, but in ſuch a way,*

as if she look'd on you as a lost Creature, and one of such a Reputation, she would not receive a Visit from for all the World. At this *Silvia* laughed extremely, and cry'd, Hermione *would be very well content to be so mean a Sinner as myself, to be so young and so handsome an one. However,* said she, *to be serious, I would be glad to know what real Probability there is in advancing and succeeding in this Design, for I would take my Measures accordingly, and keep* Philander, *whose wavering, or rather lost Fortune, is the greatest Motive of my Resolves to part with him, and that have made me so uneasy to him.* *Brilljard* told her he was very confident of the Design, and that it was almost impossible to miscarry in the Discontent all *France* was in at this Juncture; and they feared nothing but the Prince's Relapsing, who, now, most certainly preferred Love to Glory. He farther told her, that as they were in Council, one deputed

deputed from the *Pariſians*, arrived with new Offers, and to know the laſt Reſult of the Prince, whether he would eſpouſe their Intereſt or not, as they were with Life and Fortune ready to eſpouſe his Glory: They ſent him word, it was from him they expected Liberty, and him whom they look'd upon as their titular Deity. Old *Ferguſano* was then in Council, that *High-land Wizard*, that manages all, and who is ever at hand to awaken Miſchief, alarm'd the Prince to new Glories, reproaching his ſcandalous Life, withal telling him there were Meaſures to be taken to reconcile Love and Fame; and which he was to diſcourſe to him about in his Cloſet only; but as things were, he bade him look into the Story of *Armida* and *Renaldo*, and compare his own with it, and he doubted not but he would return bluſhing at his Remiſſneſs and Sloath: Not that he would exempt his Youth from the

Pleaſures of Love, but he would not have Love hinder his Glory: This bold Speech before *Hermione*, had like to have begot an ill underſtanding; but ſhe was as much for the Prince's Glory as *Ferguſano*, and therefore could not be angry, when ſhe conſidered the Elevation of the Prince, would be her own alſo. At this neceſſary reproach, the Prince bluſh'd; the Board ſeconding the wizard, had this good effect to draw this aſſurance from him, That they ſhould ſee he was not ſo attach'd to Love, but he could for ſometime give a Ceſſation to his Heart, and that the Envoy from the *Pariſians*, might return aſſur'd, that he would as ſoon as he could put his affairs in good order, come to their relief, and bring Arms for thoſe that had none, with ſuch Friends as he could get together; he could not promiſe Numbers, leaſt by leading ſo many here, their deſign ſhould take Air, but would wholly truſt to Fortune, and their good reſolutions: He demanded

a Sum of money of 'em, for the buying theſe Arms, and they have promiſed him all Aids. This is the laſt reſult of Council, which broke immediately up; and the Prince retired to his Cloſet; where he was no ſooner come, but reflecting on the neceſſity of leaving *Hermione*, he fell into the moſt profound Melancholy and Muzing, that could ſeize a Man; while he ſat thus, *Hermione* (who had ſchool'd *Ferguſano* for his rough Speech in Council, and deſired he would now take the opportunity to repair that want of reſpect, while the Prince was to be ſpoken to alone) ſent him into the Cloſet to him; where he found him walking with his Arms acroſs, not minding the Bard who ſtood gazing on him, and at laſt called to him; and finding no reply, he advanced, and pulling him gently by the Arm, cry'd —— *Awake, Royal young Man, awake! and look up to coming Greatneſs* —— *I was reflecting*, replyed Ceſario, *on all the*

various Fortunes I have paſs'd from the time of my Birth, to this preſent hapleſs day, and would be glad to know if any ſupernatural means can tell me, what future Event will befal me? If I believed I ſhould not gain a Crown by this great Enterprize I am undertaking, here I would lay me down in ſilent Eaſe, give up my Toils and reſtleſs Soul to Love, and never think on vain Ambition more: Eaſe thou my troubled Mind, if thou haſt any Friend among the Infernals, and they dare utter Truth. My gracious Prince, replyed the fawning Wizard, *this Night, if you dare looſe your ſelf from Love, and come unattended to my Apartment, I'll undertake to ſhow you all the future Fortune you are to run, the Hazards, Dangers, and Eſcapes, that attend your mighty Race of Life: I'll lay the Adamantin Book before you, where all the Deſtinies of Princes are Hieroglifick'd. I'll ſhow you more, if Hell can furniſh Objects, and you dare ſtand untrembling at the Terrour of 'em. Enough,* replyed Ceſario;

Ceſario; *Name me the Hour. 'Twixt Twelve and One*, ſaid he; *for that's the ſacred diſmal time of Night for Fiends to come, for Tombs to open, and let looſe their Dead,—— we ſhall have uſe of both.——No more*, reply'd Ceſario, *I'll attend 'em:* The Prince was going out, when *Ferguſano* recalled him, and cry'd, *one thing, Sir, I muſt caution you, That from this minute to that, wherein I ſhall ſhow you your Deſtiny, you commit nothing unlawful with Women-kind: Away*, replyed the Prince, ſmiling, *and leave your Canting.* The Wizard putting on a more grave Countenance, replyed —— *By all the Infernals, Sir, if you commit unlawful Things, I cannot ſerve you. If your devils*, replyed the Prince, Laughing, *be ſo nice, I doubt I ſhall find 'em too honeſt for my Purpoſe. Sir*, ſaid the ſubtle old Fiend, *ſuch Conſcientious Devils your Highneſs is to converſe with to Night; and if you diſcover the Secret, it will not prove ſo Lucky. Since they are ſo Humourous,*

cry'd

cry'd Ceſario, *I will give 'em way for once*: And going out of the Room, he went directly to *Hermione*'s apartment; where it being late, ſhe is preparing for Bed, and with a thouſand Kiſſes, and hanging on his Neck, ſhe ask'd him, why he is ſo ſlow, and why he ſuffers not himſelf to be undreſs'd? He feigns a thouſand excuſes, at which ſhe ſeems extreamly amaz'd; ſhe complains, reproaches and commands —— He tells her he was to wait on the Governour, about his moſt urgent affairs, and was (late as it was) to conſult with him: She ask'd him what affairs he was to negotiate, of which ſhe was not to bear her part? he refuſes to tell her; and ſhe replyed ſhe had ſenſe and courage for any Enterprize, and ſhould reſent it very ill, if ſhe were not made acquainted with it: But he ſwore to her, ſhe ſhould know all the whole truth, as ſoon as he returned: This pacifyed her in ſome meaſure, and at the hour appointed, ſhe

ſhe ſuffered him to go; and in a Chair was carryed to a little Houſe *Ferguſano* had taken without the Town, to which belong'd a large Garden, at the farther end of which was a Thicket of unordered Trees, that ſurrounded a Grotto; which paſs'd a good way under the ground. It had had ſome rareties of Water-work formerly belonging to it, but now they were decay'd; only here and there a broken Rock let out a little Stream, that murmur'd and daſh'd upon the Earth below, and ran away in a little Rivolet; which ſerved to add a Melancholy to the diſmal place: Into this the Prince was conducted by the old *German*, who aſſiſted in the Charm; they had only one Torch to light the way, which at the entrance of the Cave, they put out, and within was only one Glimmering Lamp, that rather ſerved to add to the horror of the Vault, diſcovering its hollowneſs and ruins. At his entrance he was ſaluted with a noiſe like

like the ruſhing of Wind, which whiz'd and whiſtled in the mighty Concave. Anon a more ſilent whiſpering ſurrounded him, without being able to behold any Creature, ſave the old *German*. Anon came in *Ferguſano*, who rowling a great Stone that lay at one corner of the Cave, he deſired the Prince to place himſelf on it, and not be ſurpriz'd at any thing he ſhould behold, nor to ſtir from that inchanted Ground: he nodding, aſſented to obey, while *Ferguſano* and the *German*, with each a Wand in their Hands, ſtruck againſt the unformed Rocks, that finiſh'd the end of the Cave, Muttering a thouſand Incantations; with Voices dreadful; and motions Antick; and after a mighty ſtroke of Thunder that ſhook the Earth, the rude Rock divided, and opened a ſpace that diſcovered a moſt magnificent Apartment; in which was preſented a young *Hero*, attended with Military Officers; his Pages dreſſing

dreſſing him for the Field, all in gilded Armour. The Prince began to doubt himſelf, and to ſwear in his thought, that the Apparition was himſelf, ſo very like he was to himſelf, as if he had ſeen his proper Figure in a Glaſs. After this, ſeveral Perſons ſeemed to addreſs to this great Man, of all ſorts and conditions, from the Prince to the Peaſant, with whom he ſeemed to diſcourſe with great confidence and affability; they offered him the League, which he took and Signed, and gave them back; they attend him to the Door with great Joy and reſpect; but as ſoon as he was gone, they laugh'd and pointed after him; at which the Prince infinitely incens'd roſe, and cryed out, *What means all this, s'Death, am I become the Scorn and Mockery of the Crowd? Ferguſano* beſought him to ſit and have patience, and he obey'd, and check'd himſelf. The Scene of the Apartment being changed to an Arbour of Flowers, and the proſpect

of

of a noble and raviſhing Garden; the *Hero* is preſented Arm'd as he was, only without his Plume-Head-peece, kneeling at the Feet of a fair Woman, in looſe Robes and Hair, and attended with abundance of little Loves, who diſarm him by degrees, of thoſe Ornaments of War. While ſhe Careſſes him with all the ſigns of Love, the *Cupid's* make Garlands of Flowers, and wreath around his Arms and Neck, Crowning his Head, and fettering him all over in theſe ſweet ſoft Chains. They Curle his Hair, and adorn him with all Effeminacy; while he lies ſmiling and pleas'd —— the wanton Boys diſpoſing of his Inſtruments of War, as they think fit, putting them to ridiculous uſes, and Laughing at 'em. While thus he lay, there enters to him a great many States-men and Politicians; grave-Men in Furs and Chains, attended by the common Crowd: and opening a Scene farther off in proſpect, ſhow him Crowns, Scepters,

Scepters, Globes, Enſigns, Arms, and Trophies; promiſcuouſly ſhuffel'd together, with heaps of Gold, Jewels, Parchments, Records, Charters and Seals; at which ſight he ſtarts from the Arms of the fair *Medea*, and ſtrove to have approach'd thoſe who waited for him, but ſhe held him faſt, and with abundance of Tears and ſigns of moving Flattery, brought him back to her Arms again, and all diſſatisfy'd the promiſcuous Crowd depart, ſome looking back with Scorn, others with ſigns of Rage, and all the Scene of Glory, of Arms and Crowns, diſappear'd with the Crowd. *Ceſario* wholly forgeting, cryed out again, *Ha loſt! all for a Trifling Woman loſt; all thoſe Trophies of thy Conqueſt for a Miſtreſs! By Heaven I'll ſhake the Charmer from my Soul, if both I cannot have.* When *Ferguſano* advancing to him, cryed——See, Sir, how Supinely the young *Hero*'s laid upon her downy Breaſt, and ſmil'd as he ſpoke,

ſpoke, which angered the Prince, who replyed with Scorn, *Now by my Life, a Plot upon my Love*; but they proteſted it was not ſo, and beg'd he would be ſilent; while thus the *Hero* lay regardleſs of his Glory, all deck'd with Flowers and Braclets, the Drums beat, and the Trumpets were heard, or ſeemed to be heard to ſound, and a vaſt opening ſpace was fill'd with armed Wariers, who offer him their Swords, and ſeem to point at Crowns, that were born behind them; a while they plead in vain, and point to Crowns in vain, at which he only caſts a ſcornful ſmile, and lays him down in the ſoft Arms of Love. They urge again, but with one amorous look the *Circe* more prevails, than all their reaſonings. At laſt by force, they diveſted him of his Roſy-Garlands, in which there lay a Charm, and he aſſumes new life, while others bore the Inchantreſs out of his ſight; and then he ſuffering himſelf to be conducted where they

they pleas'd, who lead him forth, ſhowing him all the way a proſpect of Crowns. At this *Ceſario* ſigh'd, and the Ceremony continued.

The Scene chang'd, diſcovering a Sea-ſhore, where the *Hero* is repreſented Landed, but with a very Melancholy Air; attended with ſeveral Officers and Gentlemen; the Earth ſeems to ring with Joy, and loud Acclamations at his approach; vaſt Multitudes thronging to behold him, and ſtriving who firſt ſhould kiſs his Hand; and bearing him aloft in the Air, carry him out of ſight with Peals of Welcome and Joy.

He is repreſented next in Council, and deep debate; and ſo diſappears: Then ſoft Muſick is heard, and he enters in the royal Robe, with a Crown preſented him on the Knee; which he receives, and bows to all the Rabble and the Numbers, to give them thanks: He having in his Hand blew Garters, with the order of St. *Eſpéret*, which he diſtributes to ſeveral

ral perſons on either Hand; throwing Ducal Crowns and Coronets, among the Rabble, who ſcuffle and ſtrive to catch at them: after a great ſhout of Joy, Thunder and Lightning again ſhook the Earth, at which they ſeemed all amaz'd, when a thick black Cloud deſcended and, covered the whole Scene, and the Rock clos'd again, and *Ferguſano* let fall his Wand.

The Prince ſeeing the Ceremony end here, riſes in a rage, and crys out, *I charge ye to go on —— remove the Veil, and let the Sun appear; advance your myſtick Wand, and ſhow what follows next.* *I cannot, Sir,* replyed the trembling Wizard; *the Fates have clos'd the everlaſting Book forbiding farther ſearch. Then damn your ſcanted Art,* replyed the Prince, *a petty Juggler could have done as much. Is't not enough,* replyed the *German* Rabbi, *that we have ſhow'd you Crown'd, and Crown'd in* France *it ſelf? I find the Infernals themſelves are bounded here,*

here, and can declare no more. Oh, they are pretty Powers that can be Bounded, replyed the Prince with ſcorn. They ſtrove with all their Art to reconcile him, laying the fault on ſome miſtake of theirs, in the ingredients of the Charm, which at another time they'd ſtrive to prevent: they ſooth him with all the hope in the World, that what was left unreveal'd, muſt needs be as glorious and fortunate to him, as what he had ſeen already, which was abſolutely to be depended on: thus they brought him to the open Garden again, where they continued their Inſtructions to him, telling him that now was the time to arrive to all the Glories he had ſeen; they preſented to him the State of Affairs in *France*, and how much a greater intereſt he had in the Hearts of the People, than their proper Monarch, arguing a thouſand Fallacies to the deluded *Hero*, who blind and mad with his Dreams of Glory; his Viſions, and Proſpects, liſten'd with reverence

reverence and attention, to all their falſe perſwaſions. I call 'em falſe, Madam, for I never had Faith in theſe ſort of People, and am ſorry ſo many great Men and Ladies of our times, are ſo bewitch'd to their Prophecies. They there preſented him with a Liſt of all the conſiderable of the Reformed Religion in *Paris*, who had aſſured him Aids of Men and Money in this Epedition, Merchants, rich Trades-men, Magiſtrates and Gown-men of the reformed Church, and the Law. Next to this, another of the Contribution of pious Ladies; all which Sums being named, amounted to a conſiderable ſupply; ſo that they aſſur'd him Hell it ſelf could not with theſe Aids obſtruct his Glory; but on the contrary, ſhould be compell'd to render him aſſiſtance, by the help of Charms, to make him invincible: ſo that wholly o'er-come by them, he has given order, that all Preparations be forthwith made for the moſt ſecret and

ſpeedy

ſpeedy conveyance of himſelf and Friends to ſome Sea-port in *France*; he has order'd abundance of Letters to be writ to thoſe of the *Hugonot* Party into all parts of *France*: all which will be ready to aſſiſt him at his Landing. *Ferguſano* undertakes for the management of the whole affair, to write, to ſpeak, and to perſwade; and you know, Madam, he is the moſt ſubtle and inſinuating of all his Non-conforming Race, and the moſt malignant of all our Party, and ſainted by 'em for the moſt pious, and induſtrious Labourer in the *Cauſe*; all that he ſays is Oracle to the Crowd, and all he ſay's Authentick; and 'tis he alone is the great Engin, that ſets the great Work a turning. *Yes*, replyed Silvia, *and makes the giddy World Mad with his damnable Notions. Pernicious as he is*, replyed Brilljard, *he has the ſole management of affairs under* Hermione; *he has power to treat, to adviſe, to raiſe Money, to make and name Of-*

ficers, and lastly, to draw out a Scene of fair Pretences for Cesario *to the Crown of* France, *and the lawfulness of his Claim: for let the Conquest be never so sure, the People require it, and the Conquerer is oblig'd to give some better reason, than that of the strength of his Sword, for his Dominion over them. This Pretension is a Declaration, or rather a most scandalous, pernicious, and treasonable Libel, if I may say so, who have so great an Interest in it, pen'd with all the Malice Envy can invent; the most unbred, rude piece of Stuff, as makes it apparent, the Author had neither Wit or common good Manners; besides the hellish Principles he has made evident there. My Lord would have no hand in the Approbation of this gross piece of Villainous Scandal, which has more unfasten'd him from their interest, than any of their other designs, and from which he daily more and more declines, or seems disgusted with, tho he does not wholly intend to quit the Interest.*

Having

Having no other probable means to make good that fortune, which has been ſo evidently and wholly deſtroy'd by it. I am extream glad, ſaid Silvia, *that* Philander's *Sentiments are ſo Generous, and am at nothing ſo much amaz'd, as to hear the Prince could ſuffer ſo groſs a thing to paſs in his Name. I muſt,* ſaid Brilljard, *do the Prince right in this point, to aſſure you, when the thing was firſt in the rough draught ſhow'd him, he told* Ferguſano, *that thoſe accuſations of a Crown'd Head, were too Villainous for the thoughts of a Gentleman; and giving it him again, cry'd,—— No——let it never be ſaid, that the Royal Blood, that runs in my Veins, could dictate to me no more noble ways for its defence and pretenſions, than the mean Cowardice of Lyes; and that to attain to Empire, I ſhould have recourſe to the moſt deteſtable of all ſhifts. No, no, my too zealous Friend,* continued he, *I will, with only my Sword in my Hand at the head of my Army, proclaim my right, and demand a Crown; which if I win, is*

mine; if not, 'tis his, whose Sword is better or Lucklier; and tho the future World may call this unjust, at least they'll say it was brave. At this the Wizard smil'd, and reply'd; *Alas, Sir, had we hitherto acted by rules of Generosity only, we had not brought so great advantages to our Interest. You tell me, Sir, of a Speech you'll make, with your Sword in your Hand; that will do very well at the head of an Army, and a handsome Declaration would be proper for men of Sense; but this is not to the Wise, but to the Fools; on whom nothing will pass, but what is pen'd to their Capacity, and who will not be able to hear the Speeches you shall make to an Army: this is to rouse 'em, and find 'em wherever they are; how far remote soever from you, that at once they may be incited to assist you, and espouse your Interest: This is the sort of Gospel they believe; all other is too fine: believe me, Sir, 'tis by these gross devices, you are to perswade those Sons of Earth, whose Spirits never*

mounted

mounted above the Dunghill, whence they grew like o're-ripe Pumpkins. Lyes are the Spirit that inſpires 'em, they are the very Brandy that make 'em Valiant; and you may as ſoon beat Senſe into their Brains, as the very appearance of Truth; 'tis the very Language of the ſcarlet Beaſt to 'em. They underſtand no other than their own, and he that does, knows to what ends we aim. No matter, Sir, what Tools you work withal, ſo the finiſht piece be fine at laſt. Look forward to the Goal, a Crown attend it! and never mind the dirty Road that leads to't.

With ſuch falſe Arguments as theſe, he wrought upon the eaſie Nature of the Prince, who ordered ſome thouſands of 'em to be Printed ready for their being diſperſt all over *France*, as ſoon as they ſhould be Landed: Eſpecially among the *Pariſians*, too apt to take any impreſſions that bore the ſtamp and pretence of Religion and Liberty.

While theſe and all other things

neceſſary were preparing, *Ceſario* wholly given over to Love, being urg'd by *Hermione*, to know the occaſion of his laſt Nights abſence, unravels all the ſecret, and told my Lord, and ſhe one Night at Supper, the whole Scene of the *Grotto*; ſo that *Hermione*, more than ever being puft up with Ambitious thoughts, haſt'ned to have the Prince preſs'd to marry her; and cõnſulting with the Councillour of her cloſeſt ſecrets, ſets him anew to work; ſwearing violently, that if he did not bring that deſign about, ſhe ſhould be able by her Aſcendant o're *Ceſario*, to ruin all thoſe they had undertaken, and yet turn the Prince from the Enterprize; and that it was more to ſatisfy her Ambition (to which they were oblig'd for all the Prince had promiſed) that he had undertaken to Head an Army, and put himſelf again into the Hands of the *Hugonots*, and forſake all the ſoft repoſe of Love and Life, than for any Inclination or

Ambition

Ambition of his own; and that ſhe who had power to animate him one way, he might be aſſur'd had the ſame power another. This ſhe ended in very high Language, with a look too fierce and fiery to leave him any doubt of; and he promiſed all things ſhould be done as ſhe deſired, and that he would overcome the Prince, and bring him abſolutely under her power: Not, ſaid ſhe, with a ſcornful look, that I need your aid in this affair, or want power of my own to command it; but I will not have him look upon it as my Act alone, or a thing of my ſeeking, but by your advice ſhall be made to underſtand it is for the good of the Publick; that having to do with a ſort of People of the Reformed Religion, whoſe pretences were more Nice, than Wiſe; more ſeemingly zealous than reaſonable or juſt; they might look upon the Life ſhe lead with the Prince, as ſcandalous, that was not juſtifyed by form, tho never ſo un-

lawful. A thouſand things ſhe urg'd to him, who needed no inſtruction how to make that appear authentick and juſt, however contrary to religion and Senſe: But ſo inform'd, he parted from her, and told her the Event ſhould declare his zeal for her Service; and ſo it did, for he no ſooner ſpoke of it to the Prince, but he took the Hint as a divine Voice; his very Soul flush'd in his lovely Cheeks, and all the Fire of Love was dancing in his Eyes: Yet as if he had fear'd what he wiſh'd could not handſomely and lawfully be brought to paſs; he ask'd a thouſand queſtions concerning it, all which the ſubtle Wizard ſo well reſolv'd, at leaſt in his judgment, who eaſily was convinced of what he wiſh'd, that he no longer deferr'd his happineſs; but that very Night in the viſit he made *Hermione*, fell at her Feet, and implores her conſent of what he had told her *Ferguſano* had fully convinced him was neceſſary for his Intereſt and Glory,

Glory, neither of which he could injoy or regard, if ſhe was not the partner of 'em; and that when he ſhould go to *France*, and put himſelf in the Field to demand a Crown, he ſhould do it with abſolute Vigor and Reſolution, if ſhe were to be ſeated as Queen on the ſame Throne with him, without whom a Cottage would be more pleaſant; and he could reliſh no Joys that were not as intirely and immediately hers as his own: He pleaded impatiently for what ſhe long'd, and would have made her Petition for, and all the while ſhe makes a thouſand doubts and ſcruples only to be convinced and confirmed by him; and after ſeeming fully ſatisfyed, he leads her into a Chamber (where *Ferguſano* waited, and only her Woman, and his faithful confident *Tomaſo*,) and Married her: ſince which, ſhe has wholly managed him with greater power than before; takes abundance of State; is extreamly elevated, I will

not say Insolent; and tho they do not make a publick Declaration of this; yet she owns it to all her Intimates; and is ever reproaching my Lord with his lewd course of Life, wholly forgetting her own; crying out upon infamous Women, as if she had been all the course of her Life an innocent.

By this time Dinner was ended, and *Silvia* urg'd *Brilljard* to depart with her Letter; but he was extreamly surpriz'd to find it to be to the Governours Nephew, *Don Alonzo*, who was his Lords Friend; and who would doubtless give him an account of all, if he did not show him the Billet, all these reasons could not dissuade this fickle wanderer, whose Heart was at that time set on this young inconstant, at least her inclinations. He tells her that her Life would be really in danger, if *Philander* comes to the knowledge of such an Intrigue, which could not possibly be carry'd on in that Town

Town without noiſe: She tells him ſhe is reſolved to quit that falſe injurer of her Fame and Beauty; who had baſely abandoned her for other Women of leſs merit, even ſince ſhe had pardoned him the Crimes of Love he committed at *Cologne*; that while he was in the Country with her, during the time of her Lying in, he had given himſelf to all that would receive him there; that ſince he came away, he had left no Beauty unattempted; and could he poſſibly imagine her of a Spirit to bow beneath ſuch injuries? No, ſhe would on to all the revenges her Youth and Beauty were capable of taking, and ſtick at nothing that led to that intereſt; and that if he did not joyn with her in her noble deſign, ſhe would abandon him, and put herſelf wholly out of his Protection: Thus ſhe ſpoke with a fierceneſs, that made the Lover tremble with fear of loſing her; he therefore told her ſhe had reaſon; and that ſince ſhe was reſolved, he would

would confeſs to her that *Philander* was the moſt perfidious Creature in the World; and that *Hermione*, the haughty *Hermione*, who hated naughty Women, invited and treated all the handſome Ladies of the Court to Balls, and to the Baſſet Table, and made very great entertainment, only to draw to her Intereſt all the brave and the young men; and that ſhe daily gain'd abundance, by theſe Arts, to *Ceſario*, and above all ſtrove by theſe amuſements to engage *Philander*; whom ſhe perceiv'd to grow cold in the great concern; daily treating him with Variety of Beauty; ſo that there was no Gaity, no Gallantry, or Play, but at *Hermione*'s; whither all the Youth of both Qualities repaired; and 'twas there the Governours Nephew was every Evening to be found. Poſſibly, Madam, I had not told you this, if the Princes Bounty had not taken me totally off from *Philander*; ſo that I have no other dependance on him, but

but that of my Reſpect and Duty, out of perfect Gratitude. After this to gain *Brilljard* intirely, ſhe aſſur'd him if his Fortune were ſuitable to her Quality, and her way of Life, ſhe believed ſhe ſhould devote herſelf to him; and tho what ſhe ſaid were the leaſt of her thoughts, it fail'd not to flatter him agreeably, and he ſigh'd with Grief, that he could not ingage her; all he could get was little enough to ſupport him fine, which he was always as any Perſon of quality at Court, and appear'd as Graceful, and might have had ſome happy Minutes with very fine Ladies, who thought well of him. To ſalve this defect of want of Fortune, he told her he had received a command from *Octavio*, to come to him about ſettling of a very conſiderable Penſion upon her, and that he had at his inveſting put Money into his Aunt's Hands, who was a Woman of conſiderable quality; to be diſpos'd of to that Charitable Uſe, and that if ſhe

pleas'd

pleas'd to maintain her reſt of Fame, and live without receiving Love Viſits from Men, ſhe might now command that, which would be a much better and nobler ſupport than that from a Lover, which would be Tranſitory, and laſt but as long as her Beauty, or a leſs time, his Love. To this ſhe knew not what to anſwer, but ready money being the joy of her Heart, and the ſupport of her Vanity, ſhe ſeems to yield to this, having ſaid ſo much before; and ſhe conſidering ſhe wanted a thouſand things to adorn her Beauty, being very expenſive; ſhe was impatient till this were performed, and deferr'd the ſending to *Don Alonzo*, tho her thoughts were perpetually on him. She by the advice of *Brilljard*, writes a Letter to *Octavio*; which was not like thoſe ſhe had before written, but as an humble Penitent would write to a Ghoſtly Father, treating him with all the reſpect that was poſſible: and if ever ſhe mention'd love, it was as if her

Heart

Heart had, violently and againſt her will, burſt out into ſoftneſs, as ſtill ſhe retain'd there; and then ſhe would take up again, and ask pardon for that Tranſgreſſion; ſhe told him it was a paſſion, which tho ſhe could never Extinguiſh for him, yet that it ſhould never warm her for another, but ſhe would leave *Philander* to the World, and retire where ſhe was not known, and try to make up her broken Fortunes; with abundance of things to this purpoſe; which he carried to *Octavia*: he ſaid he could have wiſh'd ſhe would have retir'd to a Monaſtery, as all the firſt part of her Letter had given him hope; and reſolved, and retir'd as he was, he could not read this without extream confuſion and change of Countenance. He ask'd *Brilljard* a thouſand times whether he believ'd he might truſt her, or if ſhe would abandon thoſe ways of ſhame, that at laſt loſe all: He anſwered, he verily believ'd ſhe would. However

ſaid

ſaid *Octavio*, 'tis not my buſineſs to Capitulate, but to believe and act all things for the intereſt and ſatisfaction of her, whom I yet adore; and without farther delay writ to his Aunt, to preſent *Silvia* with thoſe Sums he had left for her; and which had been ſufficient to have made her happy all the reſt of her Life, if her Sins of Love had not obſtructed it. However ſhe no ſooner found herſelf Miſtriſs of ſo conſiderable a Sum, but in lieu of retiring, and ordering her affairs ſo as to render it for ever ſerviceable to her, the firſt thing ſhe does, is to furniſh herſelf with new Coach and Equipage, and to laviſh out in Cloth, and Jewels, a great part of it immediately; and was impatient to be ſeen on the *Toure*, and in all publick Places; nor could *Brilljard* perſwade the contrary, but againſt all good Manners and Reaſon, ſhe flew into moſt violent paſſions with him, till he had reſolved to give her way; it hap'ned

that

that the firſt day ſhe ſhow'd on the *Toure*, neither *Philander*, *Ceſario*, nor *Hermione* chanc'd to be there; ſo that at Supper it was all the news, how glorious a young Creature was ſeen only with one Lady, which was *Antonet* very well dreſt in the Coach with her: every Body that made their Court that Night to *Hermione*, ſpoke of this new Viſion, as the moſt extraordinary Charmer that had ever been ſeen; all were that day undone with Love, and none could learn who this fair deſtroyer was; for all the time of *Silvia*'s being at *Bruxells* before, her being big with Child had kept her from appearing in all publick places; ſo that ſhe was wholly a new Face to all that ſaw her; and it is eaſie to be imagined what Charms that delicate Perſon appear'd with to all, when dreſs'd to ſuch advantage, who naturally was the moſt beautiful Creature in the World; with all the Bloom of Youth that could add to Beauty. Among the reſt

reſt that day that loſt their Hearts, was the Governour's Nephew; who came into the preſence that Night wholly Tranſported, and told *Hermione* he dy'd for the lovely Charmer, he had that day ſeen; ſo that ſhe, who was the moſt curious to gain all the Beauties to her ſide, that the men might be ſo too, indeavour'd all ſhe could to find out where this Beauty dwelt. *Philander*, now grown the moſt Amorous and Gallant in the World, grew paſſionately in love with the very deſcription of her, not imagining it had been *Silvia*, becauſe of her Equipage: He knew ſhe lov'd him, at leaſt he thought ſhe lov'd him too well to conceal herſelf from him, or be in *Bruxells*, and not let him know it; ſo that wholly raviſh'd with the Deſcription of the imagined new fair One, he burnt with deſire of ſeeing her; and all this Night was paſs'd in diſcourſe of this Stranger alone; the next day her Livery being diſcrib'd

to

to *Hermione*, ſhe ſent two Pages all about the Town, to ſee if they could diſcover a Livery ſo remarkable; and that if they did, they ſhould enquire of them who they belonged to, and where that Perſons Lodging was. This was not a very difficult matter to perform: *Bruxells* is not a large place, and it was ſoon ſurvey'd from one end to the other: At laſt they met with two of her Foot-men, whom they ſaluted, and taking notice of their Livery, ask'd them who they belong'd to? theſe Lads were ſtrangers to the Lady they ſerv'd, and newly taken; and *Silvia* at her firſt coming reſolv'd to change her Name, and was called Madam *De* —— a Name very conſiderable in *France*; which they told the Pages, and that ſhe liv'd at ſuch a place: This news *Hermione* no ſooner heard, but ſhe ſends a Gentleman in the Name of the Prince and herſelf to complement her, and tell her ſhe had the Honour to know ſome great Perſons.

ſons of that name in *France*, and did not doubt but ſhe was related to them: She therefore ſent to offer her her Friendſhip; which poſſibly in a ſtrange place might not be unſerviceable to her, and that ſhe ſhould be extream glad to ſee her at Court, that is, at *Ceſario*'s Palace. The Gentleman who deliver'd this meſſage, being ſurpriz'd at the dazling Beauty of the fair Stranger, was almoſt unaſſur'd in his Addreſs, and the manner of it ſurpriz'd *Silvia* no leſs, to be invited as a ſtrange Lady, by one that hated her; ſhe could not tell whether it were real, or a Plot upon her; however ſhe made anſwer, and bad him tell Madam, the Princeſs, which Title ſhe gave her, that ſhe receiv'd her Complement as the greateſt Honour that could arrive to her, and that ſhe would wait upon her Highneſs, and let her know from her own Mouth the Senſe ſhe had of the Obligation. The Gentleman returned and delivered his meſſage

to

to *Hermione*; but ſo altered in his Look, ſo ſad and unuſual, that ſhe took notice of it, and ask'd him how he liked the new Beauty: He bluſhed and bow'd and told her, ſhe was a Wonder —— This made *Hermione*'s Colour riſe, it being ſpoke before *Ceſario*; for tho' ſhe were aſſured of the Hero's Heart, ſhe hated he ſhould believe there was a greater Beauty in the World, and one univerſally Adored. She knew not how ſo great a Miracle might work upon him, and began to repent ſhe had invited her to Court.

In the mean time, *Silvia*, after debating what to do in this Affair, whether to viſit *Hermione* and diſcover her ſelf, or to remove from *Bruxells*, reſolved rather upon the laſt; but ſhe had fixed her Deſign as to *Don Alonzo*, and would not depart the Town. To her former beginning Flame, for him was added more Fuel; ſhe had ſeen him the Day before on the *Toure*; ſhe had

had ſeen him gaze at her with all the impatience of Love, with madneſs of Paſſion in his Eyes, ready to fling himſelf out of the Coach every time ſhe paſt by; and if he appeared Beautiful before, when in his Riding dreſs, and haraſs'd for Four Nights together with Love and want of Sleep. What did he now appear to her *Amorous* Eyes and Heart? She had wholly forgot *Octavio*, *Philander*, and all, and made a Sacrifice of both to this new young Lover: She ſaw him with all the advantages of Dreſs, magnificent as Youth and Fortune could invent; and above all, his Beauty and his Quality warmed her Heart a new; and what advanced her Flame yet farther, was a Vanity ſhe had of fixing the dear Wanderer, and making him find there was a Beauty yet in the World, that could put an end to his Inconſtancy, and make him languiſh at her Feet as long as ſhe pleaſed. Reſolv'd on this de-

ſign, ſhe defers it no longer, but as ſoon as the Perſons of Quality, who uſed to walk every Evening in the Park, were got together, ſhe accompanied with *Antonett*, and Three or Four ſtrange Pages and Foot-men, went into the Park, Mask'd, dreſt in perfect Glory. She had not walked long there before ſhe ſaw *Don Alonzo*, richer than ever in his Habit, and more Beautiful to her Eyes than any thing ſhe had ever ſeen; he was gotten among the Young and Fair, careſſing, laughing, playing, and acting all the little Wantonneſſes of Youth. *Silvia*'s Blood grew diſordered at this, and ſhe found ſhe loved by her Jealouſie, and longs more than ever to have the glory of vanquiſhing that Heart, that ſo boaſted of never having yet been conquer'd. She therefore uſes all her Art to get him to look at her; ſhe paſſed by him often, and as often as ſhe did ſo he view'd her with Pleaſure; her Shape, her Air, her Mien, had

ſome-

ſomething ſo Charming, as without the Aſſiſtance of her Face, ſhe gained that Evening a Thouſand Conqueſts; but thoſe were not the Trophies ſhe aimed at, it was *Alonzo* was the mark'd out Victim, that ſhe deſtin'd for the Sacrifice of Love. She found him ſo ingag'd with Women of great Quality, ſhe almoſt diſpair'd to get to ſpeak to him; her Equipage, who ſtood at the Entrance of the Park, not being by her, he did not imagine this fine Lady to be her he ſaw on the *Toure* laſt Night; yet he look'd at her ſo much as gave occaſion to thoſe he was with to rally him extreamly, and tell him he was in Love with what he had not ſeen, and who might, notwithſtanding all that delicate appearance, be ugly when her Mask was off. *Silvia*, however, ſtill paſt on with abundance of ſighing Lovers after her, ſome daring to ſpeak, others only languiſhing; to all ſhe would vouchſafe no word but made ſigns, as if ſhe

ſhe were a ſtranger and underſtood 'em not; at laſt, *Alonzo* wholly impatient, breaks from theſe Ralliers, and gets into the Crowd that purſued this lovely unknown: her Heart leapt when he approach'd her, and the firſt thing ſhe did was to pull off her Glove, and not only ſhow the faireſt Hand that ever Nature made, but that Ring on her Finger *Alonzo* gave her when they parted at the Village. The Hand alone was enough to invite all Eyes with Pleaſure to look that way; but *Alonzo* had a double Motive, he ſaw the Hand with Love, and the Ring with Jealouſie and Surprize; and as 'tis natural in ſuch Caſes, the very firſt Thought that poſſeſt him, was, that the young *Bellumere* (for ſo *Silvia* had call'd herſelf at the Village) was a Lover of this Lady, and had preſented her this Ring. And after his Sighings and little Pantings, that ſeized him at this thought, would give him leave, he bowing and

bluſhing cry'd, ——*Madam, the whole piece muſt ſure be Excellent, when the Pattern is ſo very fine.* And humbly beging the Favour of a nearer view, he took her Hand and kiſs'd it with a paſſionate Eagerneſs, which poſſibly did not ſo well pleaſe *Silvia*, becauſe ſhe did not think he took her for the ſame perſon, to whom he ſhow'd ſuch ſigns of Love laſt Night. In taking her Hand he ſurvey'd the Ring, and cry'd, ——*Madam, would to Heaven I could lay ſo good a claim to this fair Hand, as I think I once could to this Ring, which this Hand Adorns and Honours.* *How, Sir,* replied Silvia, *I hope you will not charge me with Fellony? I am afraid I ſhall,* reply'd he, ſighing, *for you have attack'd me on the King's High-way and have robbed me of a Heart: I could never have robbed a Perſon,* ſaid Silvia, *who could more eaſily have parted with that Trifle; the next fair Object will redeem it, and it will be very little the worſe for my uſing.* *Ah, Madam,* reply'd

reply'd he, ſighing, *that will be according as you will treat it; for I find already, you have done it more damage than it ever ſuſtained in all the Rancounters it has had with Love and Beauty. You complain too ſoon,* reply'd *Silvia*, ſmiling, *and you ought to make a tryal of my good Nature before you reproach me with harming you. I know not,* reply'd *Alonzo*, ſighing, *what I may venture to hope from that; but I am afraid, from your inclinations, I ought to hope for nothing, ſince a Thouſand reaſonable Jealouſies already poſſeſs me, from the ſight of that Ring; and I more than doubt I have a powerful Rival, a Youth of the moſt divine Form I ever met with of his Sex; if from him you received it, I gueſs my Fate. I perceive, Stranger,* ſaid Silvia, *you begin to be inconſtant already, and find excuſes to complain on your Fate before you have tried your Fortune. I perſwade myſelf that fine Perſon you ſpeak of, and to whom you gave this Ring, has ſo*

great a value for you, that to leave you no Excuſe, I aſſure you, he will not be diſpleas'd to find you a Rival, provided you prove a very conſtant Lover. I *confeſs*, ſaid Alonzo, *Conſtancy is an impoſition I never yet had the Confidence and ill Nature to impoſe on the Fair; and indeed I never found that Woman yet, of Youth and Beauty, that ever ſet ſo ſmall a value on her own Charms, to be much in Love with that dull Vertue, or require it of my Heart; but upon occaſion, Madam, if ſuch an unreaſonable fair one be found —— I am extreamly ſorry* (*interrupted* Silvia) *to find you have no better way of recommending your ſelf; this will be no great incouragement to a perſon of my Humour to receive your Addreſſes. Madam, I do not tell you that I am not in my nature wondrous conſtant*, reply'd he; *I tell you only what has hitherto happen'd to me, not what will; that I have yet never been ſo, is no fault of mine, but power, or truth in thoſe Beauties to whom I*

have given my Heart, rather believe they wanted Charms to hold me, than that I (where Wit and Beauty ingag'd me) ſhould prove ſo falſe to my own Pleaſure. I am very much afraid, Madam, if I find my Eyes as agreeably entertained when I ſhall have the Honour to ſee your Face, as my Ears are with your excellent Wit, I ſhall be reduced to that very whining, ſighing Coxcomb, you like ſo well in a Lover, and be ever dying at your Feet. I have but one hope left to preſerve myſelf from this wretched thing, you Women love; that is, that I ſhall not find you ſo all over Charming, as what I have hitherto found preſents it ſelf to be. You have already created Love enough in me for any reaſonable Woman, but I find you are not to be approached with the common Devotions we pay your Sex; but like your Beauty, the Paſſion too muſt be great; and you are not content unleſs you ſee your Lovers die; this is that fatal proof alone that can ſatisfie you of their Paſſion. And tho'

you laugh to see a Sir Courtly Nice, *a Fop in Fashion acted on the Stage, in your Hearts that foolish thing, that fine neat Pasquel is your Darling, your fine Gentleman, your Well-bred Person.*

Thus sometimes in Jest and sometimes in Earnest, they recommended themselves to each other, and to so great a degree, that it was impossible for them to be more Charm'd on either side, which lasted till it was time to depart; but he besought her not to do so till she had informed him where he might wait on her, and most passionately solicits what she as passionately defired: *To tell you Truth,* said she, *I cannot permit you that freedom without you ask it of* Bellumere. He reply'd, *Next to waiting on her, he should be the most overjoy'd in the World, to pay his Respects to that young Gentleman.* However, to name him, gave him a Thousand Fears; which when he would have urg'd, she bid him trust

to

to the generosity of that Man, who was of Quality, and loved him; she then told him his Lodgings (which were her own:) *Alonzo* infinitely over-joyed, resolv'd to lose no time, but promis'd that Evening to visit him: And at their parting he treated her with so much passionate Respect, that she was vext to see it paid to one he yet knew not. However she verily believed her Conquest was certain: He having seen her three times, and all those times for a several Person, and yet was still in Love with her: And she doubted not when all three were joyn'd in one, he would be much more in Love than yet he had been; with this assurance they parted.

Silvia was no sooner got home but she resolved to receive *Alonzo*, who she was assured would come: She hasted to dress herself in a very rich Suit of Man's Cloths, to receive him as the young *French* Gentleman. She believed *Brilljard*

would not come till late as was his uſe, now being at Play at *Hermione*'s. She look'd extream pretty when ſhe was dreſt, and had all the Charms that Heaven could adorn a Face and Shape withal: Her Apartment was very magnificent, and all look'd very great. She was no ſooner dreſt but the young Lover came. *Silvia* received him on the Stair-caſe with open Arms, and all the ſigns of Joy that could be expreſt, and leads him to a rich drawing Room, where ſhe began to entertain him with that happy Nights adventure, when they both lay together at the Village, while *Alonzo* makes imperfect replies; wholly charmed with the look of the young Cavalier, which ſo reſembled what he had ſeen the day before in another Garb on the *Toure*. He is wholly raviſh'd with his Voice, it being abſolutely the ſame that had charmed him that Day in the Park; the more he gaz'd and liſten'd,

liſten'd, the more he was confirm'd in his Opinion, that he was the ſame, and he had the Muſick of that dear accent ſtill in his Ears, and could not be deceived. A Thouſand times he is about to kneel before her and ask her Pardon, but ſtill is check'd by Doubt: He ſees, he hears, this is the ſame lovely Youth who lay in Bed with him at the Village *Caberett*; and then no longer thinks her Woman: He hears and ſees it is the ſame Face, and Voice, and Hands he ſaw on the *Toure*, and in the Park, and then believes her Woman: While he is in theſe perplexities, *Silvia*, who with Vanity and Pride perceiv'd his diſorder, taking him in her Arms, cry'd, *Come my* Alonzo, *that you ſhall no longer doubt but I am perfectly your Friend, I will ſhew you a Siſter of mine, whom you will ſay is a Beauty, or I am too partial, and I will have your judgment of her.* With that he call'd to *Antonett* to beg her Lady would permit him to bring a young

Stranger to kiſs her Hand. The Maid, inſtructed, retires, and *Alonzo* ſtood gazing on *Silvia* as one confounded and amaz'd, not knowing yet how to determine; he now begins to think himſelf miſtaken in the fair Youth, and is ready to ask his Pardon for a Fault but imagin'd, ſuffering by his ſilence, the little Pratler to diſcourſe and laugh at him at his pleaſure. *Come*, ſaid *Silvia*, ſmiling, *I find the naming a Beauty to you has made you Melancholy; poſſibly when you ſee her ſhe will not appear ſo to you; we do not always agree in one Object. Your Judgment*, reply'd Alonzo, *is too good to leave me any hope of Liberty at the ſight of a fine Woman; if ſhe be like your ſelf I read my deſtiny in your charming Face.* *Silvia* anſwered only with a Smile —— and calling again for *Antonett*, he ask'd if his Siſter were in a condition of being ſeen; ſhe told him ſhe was not, but all undreſt and in her Night-clothes; *Nay, then*, ſaid Silvia, *I muſt uſe my*

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Authority with her: And leaving *Alonzo* trembling with Expectation, ſhe ran to her dreſſing Room where all things were ready, and ſlipping off her Coat put on a rich Night-Gown, and inſtead of her Peruke fine Night-Clothes, and came forth to the Charm'd *Alonzo*, who was not able to approach her, ſhe look'd with ſuch a Majeſty and ſo much dazling Beauty; he knew her to be the ſame he had ſeen in the *Toure*. She (ſeeing he only gazed without Life or Motion) approaching him gave him her Hand, and cryed —— *Sir, poſſibly this is a more old acquaintance of yours than my Face.* At which he bluſh'd and bow'd, but could not ſpeak: At laſt *Silvia* laughing out-right, cryed —— *Here* Antonett *bring me again my Peruke, for I find I ſhall never be acquainted with* Don Alonzo *in Petticoats.* At this he bluſh'd a Thouſand times more than before, and no longer doubting but this Charmer,

mer, and the lovely Youth were one; he fell at her Feet, and told her he was undone, for she had made him give her so undisputable Proofs of his Dulness, he could never hope she should allow him capable of eternally adoring her. *Rise*, cry'd Silvia, smiling, *and believe you have not commited so great an Errour, as you imagine; the mistake has been often made, and Persons of a great deal of Wit have been deceiv'd.* *You may say what you please*, replyed Alonzo, *to put me in Countenance; but I shall never forgive my self the Stupidity of that happy Night, that laid me by the most glorious Beauty of the World, and yet afforded me no kind Instinct to inform my Soul how much I was blest: Oh pity a wretchedness, Divine Maid, that has no other excuse but that of Infatuation; a thousand times, my greedy ravish'd Eyes wander'd o're the dazling brightness of yours; a thousand times I wish'd that Heaven had made you Woman! and when I look'd,*

look'd, I burnt; but when I Kiss'd those soft, those lovely Lips, I durst not trust my Heart; for every touch begot wild Thoughts about it; which yet the Course of all my Fiery Youth through all the wild Debauches I have wandered, had never yet betray'd me to: and going to Bed with all this love and fear about me, I made a solemn Oath not to approach you, least so much Beauty had o'er-come my Vertue. But by this new discovery, you have given me a Flame I have no power nor virtue to oppose: 'tis just, 'tis natural to adore you; and not to do it, were yet a crime greater than my Sin of Dulness: and since you have made me lose a Charming Friend; it is but just I find a Mistriss; give me but your permission to Love, and I will give you all my life in Services, and watt the rest: I'll watch and pray for coming happiness; which I will buy at any price of Life or Fortune. Well, Sir, replyed our easie fair One; *If you believe me worth a Conquest o're you, convince me you can love;*

love; for I'm no common Beauty to be won with petty ſuddain Services; and could you lay an Empire at my Feet, I ſhould diſpiſe it where the Heart were wanting. You may believe the Amorous Youth left no Argument to convince her in that point unſaid; and 'tis moſt certain they came to ſo good an underſtanding, that he was not ſeen in *Bruxells* for eight days and nights after, nor this rare Beauty, for ſo long a time, ſeen on the *Toure* or any publick Place. *Brillard* came every day to viſit her, and receive her commands, as he us'd to do, but was anſwer'd ſtill that *Silvia* was Ill, and kept her Chamber, not ſuffering even her Domeſticks to approach her: This did not ſo well ſatisfy the Jealous Lover, but he ſoon imagined the cauſe, and was very much diſpleas'd at the ill Treatment; if ſuch a deſign had been carried on, he deſired to have the management of it, and was angry that *Silvia* had not only deceived him

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in the promiſe he had made for her to *Octavio*; but had done her own buſineſs without him; he ſpoke ſome hard words; ſo that to undeceive him, ſhe was forced to oblige *Alonzo* to apppear at Court again; which ſhe had much ado to incline him to, ſo abſolutely ſhe had Charm'd him; however he went, and ſhe ſuffered *Brilljard* to viſit her, perſwading that eaſie Lover (as all Lovers are eaſie) that it was only indiſpoſition that hindered her of the happineſs of ſeeing him, and after having perfectly reconcil'd herſelf to him, ſhe ask'd him the news at *Hermone*'s, to whom, I had forgot to tell you, ſhe ſent every day a Page with a Complement, and to let her know ſhe was Ill, or ſhe would have waited on her: She every day received the Complement from her again, as an unknown Lady. *Brilljard* told her that all things were now prepar'd, and in a very ſhort time, they ſhould go for *France*;

France ; but that whatever the matter was, *Philander* almoſt publickly diſown'd the Prince's Intereſt, and to ſome very conſiderable of the Party, has given out, he does not like the Proceedings, and that he verily believed they would find themſelves all miſtaken ; and that inſtead of a Throne the Prince would meet a Scaffold ; ſo bold and open he has been. Something of it has arriv'd to the Prince's Ear, who was ſo far from believing it, that he could hardly be perſwaded to ſpeak of it to him ; and when he did, it was with an aſſurance before hand, that he did not credit ſuch reports. So that he gives him not the pain to deny them : For my part, I am infinitely afraid he will diſoblige the Prince one day, for laſt night, when the Prince deſired him to get his Equipage ready, and to make ſuch Proviſion for you as was neceſſary ; he coldly told him, he had a mind to go to *Hungary*, which at that time was beſieg'd by *Solyman* the

the Magnificent, and that he had no inclination of returning to *France*. this surpriz'd and angered the Prince; but they parted good Friends at last, and he has promised him all things: So that I am very well assur'd he will send me where he supposes you still are, and how shall we manage that affair?

Silvia who had more cunning and subtlety, than all the rest of her Sex; thought it best to see *Philander*, and part with him on as good terms as she could, and that it was better he should think he yet had the absolute possession of her, than that he should return to *France* with an ill opinion of her Vertue, as yet he had known no guilt of that kind, nor did he ever more than fear it, with *Octavio*; so that it would be easie for her to cajole him yet a little longer, and when he was gone, she should have the World to range in, and possess this new Lover, to whom she had promised all things, and received from him

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all assurances imaginable of inviolable Love: In order to this then she consulted with *Brilljard*; and they resolved she should for a few days leave *Antonett* with her Equipage, at that House where she was, and retire herself to the Village, where *Philander* had left her, and where he still imagined she was: She desired *Brilljard* to give her a days time for this preparation, and it should be so. He left her, and going to *Hermione*'s, meets *Philander*, who immediately gave him order to go to *Silvia* the next Morning, and let her know how all things went, and to tell her he would be with her in two days. In the mean time *Silvia* sent for *Alonzo*, who was but that Evening gone from her. He flies on the Wings of Love, and she tells him, she is oblig'd to go to a place six or seven days Journey off, whither he could not conduct her for reasons she would tell him at her return: whatever he could plead with all the force of

of love to the contrary, she gets his consent, with a promise wholly to devote herself to him at her return, and pleas'd she sent him from her, when *Brilljard* returning, told her the commands he had; and 'twas concluded they should both depart next Morning, accompanied only by her Page. I am well assur'd she was very kind to *Brilljard* all that Journey, and which was but too visible to the amorous Youth, who attended them, so absolutely had she deprav'd her reason from one degree of Sin and Shame to another; and he was happy above any imagination, while even her Heart was given to another, and when she could propose no other interest in this looseness, but security, that *Philander* should not know how ill she had treated him. In four days *Philander* came, and finding *Silvia* more fair than ever was anew pleas'd; for she pretended to receive him with all the joy imaginable, and the deceived Lover believed,

lieved, and expreſs'd abundance of Grief, at the being obliged to part from her; a great many Vows and Tears were loſt on both ſides, and both believed true: But the Grief of *Brilljard* was not to be conceived; he could not perſwade himſelf he could live, when abſent from her: Some Bills *Philander* left her, and was ſo plain with her, and open-hearted, he told her that he went indeed with *Ceſario*, but it was in order to ſerve the King; that he was weary of their Actions, and foreſaw nothing but ruin would attend 'em; that he never repented him of any thing ſo much, as his being drawn into that Faction; in which he found himſelf ſo greatly involved, he could not retire with any credit, but ſince Self-Preſervation was the firſt principle to Nature, he had reſolved to make that his aim, and rather prove falſe to a party who had no Juſtice and Honour on their Side, than to a King whom all the Laws

Laws of Heaven and Earth obliged him to ſerve; however he was ſo far in the power of theſe People, that he could not diſingage himſelf, without utter ruin to himſelf; but that as ſoon as he was got into *France*, he would abandon their Intereſt: Let the cenſuring World ſay what it would, who never had right notions of things, or ever made true Judgments of mens Actions.

He lived five or ſix days with *Silvia* there; in which time ſhe fail'd not to aſſure him of her conſtant Fidelity a thouſand ways, eſpecially by Vows that left no doubt upon his Heart, and it was now that they both indeed found there was a very great Friendſhip ſtill remaining at the bottom of their Hearts for each other, nor did they part without manifeſt proofs of it. *Brilljard* took a ſad and melancholy leave of her, and had not the freedom to tell it aloud; but obliged to depart with his Lord, they left *Silvia* and poſted

ed to *Bruxells*, where they found the Prince ready to depart, having left *Hermione* to her Women more than half-dead. I have heard there never was ſo ſad a parting between Two Lovers; a Hundred times they ſwounded with the apprehenſion of the ſeparation in each other's Arms, and at laſt the Prince was forced from her while he left her dead, and was little better himſelf: He would have returned, but the Officers and People about him, who had eſpous'd his Quarrel, would by no means ſuffer him: And he has a Thouſand times told a perſon very near him, That he had rather have forfeited all his hop'd for Glory, than have left that Charmer of his Soul. After he had taken all care imaginable for *Hermione*, for that name ſo dear to him, was ſcarce ever out of his Mouth, he ſuffer'd himſelf with a heavy Heart and Pace, to be conducted to the Veſſel: And I have heard,

heard, he was hardly ſeen to ſmile all that little Voyage, or his whole Life after, or do any thing but ſigh and ſometimes weep, which was a very great diſcouragement to all that followed him; they were a great while at Sea, toſt to and fro by ſtreſs of Weather, and often driven back to the Shore where they firſt took Shiping; and not being able to Land where they firſt deſigned, they got a-ſhore in a little Harbour, where no Ship of any bigneſs could Anchor; ſo that with much ado, getting all their Arms and Men on ſhore they ſunk the Ship, both to ſecure any from flying, and that it might not fall into the Hands of the *French*. *Ceſario* was no ſooner on the *French* ſhore, but numbers came to him of the *Hugonot* Party, for whom he had Arms, and who wanted them he furniſh'd as far as he could, and immediately Proclaimed himſelf King of *France* and *Navarr*, while the dirty Croud,

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rang him Peals of Joy. But tho' the under World came in great Crowds to his Aid, he wanted ſtill the main ſupporters of his Cauſe, the men of more ſubſtantial Quality: If the Ladies could have compos'd an Army, he would not have wanted one, for his Beauty had got them all on his ſide; and he Charm'd the fair whereſoever he rode.——

He march'd from Town to Town without any oppoſition, Proclaiming himſelf a King in all the places he came to; ſtill gathering as he march'd, till he had compos'd a very formidable Army. He made Officers of the Kingdom —— *Ferguſano* was to have been a Cardinal, and ſeveral Lords and Dukes were nominated; and he found no oppoſition in all his proſperous Courſe ——in the mean time the Royal Army was not Idle, which was compoſed of Men very well Diſciplined, and conducted by ſeveral Princes, and Men of great Quality and

and Conduct. But as it is not the Buſineſs of this little Hiſtory to treat of War, but altogether Love; leaving thoſe rougher Relations to the Chronicles and Hiſtoriographers of thoſe Times, I will only hint on ſuch things in this Enterprize as are moſt proper for my purpoſe, and tell you that *Ceſario* omitted nothing for the carrying on his great Deſign; he diſperſed his Scandals all over *France*, tho' they met with an obſtruction at *Paris*, and were immediately ſuppreſs'd, it being proclaim'd Death for any perſon to keep one in their Houſes; and if any ſhould by chance come to their Hands, they were on this Penalty, to carry them to the Secretary of State; and after the Puniſhment had paſt on Two or Three Offenders, it deterred the reſt from medling with thoſe edge Tools: I muſt tell you alſo, that the title of King, which *Ceſario* had taken ſo early upon him, was much againſt his Inclinations;

and he desired to see himself at the Head of a more satisfiable Army, before he would take on him a Title he found (in the condition he was in) he should not defend; but those about him insinuated into him, that it was the Title that would not only make him more Venerable, but would make his Cause appear more just and awful; and beget him a perfect Adoration with those People who liv'd remote from Courts, and had never seen that glorious thing called a King. So that believing it would give Nerves to the Cause, he unhappily took upon him that which ruined him; for he had often sworn to the greatest part of those of any Quality of his interest, That his design was Liberty only, and that his end was the publick good, so infinitely above his own private interest, that he desired only the Honour of being the Champion for the oppress *Parisians* and People of *France*; that if they would allow

allow him to lead their Armies, to fight and ſpend his deareſt Blood for them, 'twas all the Glory he aim'd at: 'Twas this pretended Humility in a perſon of his high rank that firſt cajol'd the *Mobile*, who look on him as their God, their Deliverer, and all that was ſacred and dear to them; but the wiſer ſort regarded him only as one that had moſt power and pretenſion to turn the whole Affairs of *France*, which they diſliking were willing at any Price, to reduce to their own conditions and to what they deſired; not imagining he would have laid a claim to the Crown, which many of them fancy'd themſelves as capable of as himſelf, rather that he would perhaps have ſet up the King of *Navarr*. This *Ceſario* knew; and underſtanding their Sentiments, was unwilling to hinder their joyning with him, by ſuch a Declaration which he knew would be a means to turn abundance of Hearts againſt him, as indeed it

fell out; and he found himſelf Maſter of ſome few Towns, only with an Army of Fifteen or Sixteen thouſand Peaſants, ill Armed, unus'd to War, Watchings, and very ill Logding in the Field, very badly Victuall'd, and worſe Paid. For, from *Paris* no Aids of any kind could be brought him; the Roads all along being ſo well guarded and ſecured by the Royal Forces, and wanting ſome great Perſons to eſpouſe his Quarrel, made him not only diſpair of Succeſs, but highly reſent it of thoſe who had given him ſo large promiſes of Aid. Many, as I ſaid, and moſt were diſguſted with his Title of King; but ſome waited the ſucceſs of his firſt Battle, which was every day expected, tho' *Ceſario* kept himſelf as clear of the Royal Army as he could a long time, marching away as ſoon as they drew near, hoping by theſe means, not only to tire them out, but watch an advantage when to engage, but

gather ſtill more Numbers. So that the greateſt miſchief he did was teazing the Royal Army, who could never tell were to have him, ſo dexterous he was in marching off. They often came ſo near, as to have Skirmiſhes with one another by ſmall Parties, where ſome few Men would fall on both ſides; And to ſay truth, *Ceſario* in this Expedition ſhow'd much more of a Souldier than the Politician: His Skill was great, his Conduct good, expert in Advantages, and indefatigable in Toils. And I have heard it from the Mouth of a Gentleman, who in all that undertaking never was from him; that in Seven or Eight Weeks that he was in Arms he never abſolutely undreſt himſelf, and hardly ſlept an Hour in the Four and twenty; and that ſometimes was on his Horſe's-back, in a Chariot, or on the ground, ſuffering even with the meaneſt of his Souldiers all the fatigues of the Enterprize. This Gentleman told me

he would in thoſe Hours, he ſhould ſleep, and wherein he was not taking Meaſures and Councils (which were always held in the Night) that he would be eternally ſpeaking to him of *Hermione*; and that with the ſofteſt concern 'twas poſſible for Love and tendereſt Paſſion to expreſs. That he being the only Friend he could repoſe ſo great a weakneſs in, and who ſooth'd him to the degree he wiſh'd, the Prince was ſo well pleas'd with him, as to eſtabliſh him a Collonel of Horſe, for no other merit than that of having once ſerved *Hermione*, and now would flatter his diſeaſe agreeably: And tho' he did ſo, he proteſted he was aſhamed to hear how Poor this fond concern render'd this great Man, and he has often pity'd what ſhould have been elſe admir'd; but who can tell the force of Love, back'd by Charms ſupernatural? and who is it that will not ſigh at the Fate of ſo Illuſtrious a Young-man, whom

Love

Love had render'd the moſt miſerable of all thoſe numbers he led?

But now the Royal Army, as if they had purpoſly ſuffered him to take his Toore about the Country, to Enſnare him with the more Facility; had at laſt, by new Forces that came to their aſſiſtance daily, ſo incompaſs'd him, that it was impoſſible for him to avoid any longer giving them Battle; however he had the benefit of Poſting himſelf the moſt advantageouſly, that he could wiſh; he had the riſing Grounds to place his Cannon, and all things concur'd to give him ſucceſs. His Numbers exceeding thoſe of the Royal Army; not but he would have avoided a ſet Battle, if it had been poſſible, till he had made himſelf Maſter of ſome places of ſtronger hold; for yet as I ſaid, he had only ſubdued ſome inconſiderable places, which were not able to make defence; and which as ſoon as he was march'd out, ſurrender'd again to their lawful

Prince; and pulling down his Proclamation, put up those of the King: but he was on all sides so embaras'd, he could not come even to parly with any Town of Note; so that as I said, at last, being as it were block'd up, tho' the Royal Army did not offer him Battle: Three Nights they lay thus in view of each other; the first night, the Prince sent out his Scouts, who brought in intelligence, that the Enemy was not so well prepar'd for Battle, as they fear'd they might be if they imagined the Prince would engage 'em, but he had so often given them the slip, that they believed he had no mind to put the Fortune of the Day to the push: And they were glad of these delays, that new forces might advance; when the Scouts returned with this news, the Prince was impatient to fall upon the Enemy; but *Fergusano*, who was continually taking Council of his Charms, and looking into his black Book of Fate,

for

for every ſally and ſtep they made; perſwaded his Highneſs to have yet a little patience; poſitively aſſuring him his Fortune depended on a Critical Minute, which was not yet come; and that if he offered to give Battle before the Change of the Moon, he was inevitably loſt, and that the attendance of that fortunate moment would be the beginning of thoſe of his whole Life: with ſuch like poſitive perſwaſions, he gain'd upon the Prince, and overcame his impatience of engageing for that Night, all which he paſt in Council without being perſwaded to take any reſt, often blaming the Nicety of their Art and his Stars; and often asking if they loſt that opportunity that Fortune had now given 'em, whether all their Art, or Stars, or Devils, could retrieve it? and nothing would that Night appeaſe him, or diſpoſſeſs'd the Sorcerers of this opinion.

The next day they receiv'd certain intelligence, that a conſiderable

ſupply would re-inforce the Royal Army, under the Conduct of a Prince of the Blood; which were every moment expected: This news made the Prince rave, and he broke out into all the rage imaginable againſt the Wizards, who defended themſelves with all the reaſons of their Art; but it was all in vain, and he vow'd he would that Night engage the Enemy; if he could find but one faithful Friend to ſecond him; tho he dyed in the attempt; that he was worn out with the Toils he had undergone; haraſs'd almoſt to death, and would wait no longer the approach of his lazy Fate, but boldly advancing, meet it what Face ſo 'ere it bore. They beſought him on their Knees, he would not overthrow the Glorious Deſign ſo long in bringing to perfection, juſt in the very Minute of happy projection; but to wait thoſe certain Fates, that would bring him Glory and Honour on their Wings, and who if ſlighted, would

would abandon him to diſtruction; it was but ſome few Hours more, and then they were his own, to be commanded by him: 'twas thus they drill'd and delay'd him on till Night; when again he ſent out his Scouts to diſcover the Poſture of the Enemy; and himſelf in the mean time went to Council. *Philander* fail'd not to be ſent for thither, who ſometimes feign'd Excuſes to keep away, and when he did come, he ſate unconcern'd, neither giving or receiving any advice. This was taken notice of by all, but *Ceſario*, who look'd upon it as his being over-watch'd, and fatigu'd with the Toils of the day: his Sullenneſs did not paſs ſo in the opinion of the reſt; they ſaw, or at leaſt thought they ſaw ſome other marks of diſcontent in his fine Eyes, which Love ſo much better became. One of the Princes Officers and Captain of his Guard, who was an old Hereditary Rogue, and whoſe Father had ſuf-

fer'd

fer'd in a Rebellion before; a Fellow rough and daring, comes boldly to the Prince when the Council roſe, and ask'd him if he were reſolved to Engage? He told him he was. *Then*, ſaid he, *give me leave to ſhoot* Philander *in the Head*: This blunt propoſition given without any manner of reaſon or Circumſtance, made the Prince ſtart back a ſtep or two, and ask him his meaning of what he ſaid. *Sir*, replyed the Captain, *if you will be ſafe*, Philander *muſt Die*; *for, however it appear to your Highneſs, to all the Camp he ſhows the Traytor, and 'tis more than doubted he, and the King of* France *underſtand one another but too well: Therefore if you would be Victor, let him be diſpatch'd, and I my ſelf will undertake it*: *Hold*, ſaid the Prince, *if I could believe what you ſay to be true, I ſhould not take ſo baſe a revenge; I would Fight like a Souldier, and he ſhould be treated like a man of Honour*: *Sir*, ſaid Vaneur, for that was the Captains name; *do not*

in

in the Circumſtances we now are in talk of treating (with thoſe that would betray us) like men of Honour ; we cannot ſtand upon decency in killing, who have ſo many to diſpatch ; we came not into France *to fight Duels, and ſtand on nice Punctillios: I ſay, we muſt make quick work, and I have a good Piſtol charged with two handſome Bullets, that ſhall as ſoon as he appears amongſt us on Horſe-back, do his buſineſs as gentilely as can be, and rid you of one of the moſt powerful of your Enemies.* To this, the Prince would by no means agree ; not believing one ſyllable of the Accuſation. *Vaneur* ſwore then, that he would not draw a Sword for his Service, while *Philander* was ſuffered to live ; and he was as good as his word : He ſaid in going out, that he would obey the Prince, but he beg'd his pardon, if he did not lift a Hand on his ſide ; and in an Hour after ſent him his Commiſſion, and waited on him, and was with him almoſt till the

laſt,

laſt, in all the danger, but would not Fight, having made a ſolemn Vow. Several others were of *Vaneur*'s opinion, but the Prince believ'd nothing of it, *Philander* being indeed, as he ſaid, weary of the deſign and party, and regarded them as his Ruiners, who with fair pretences, drew him into a bad Cauſe; which his Youth had not then conſidered, and from which he could not untangle himſelf.

By this time the Scout was come back, who inform'd the Prince that now was the beſt time in the World to Attack the Enemy, who all lay ſupinely in their Tents and did not expect a Surprize; that the very outguards were ſlender, and that it would not be hard to put 'em to a great deal of Confuſion. The Prince who was enough impatient before, now was all Fire and Spirit, and 'twas not in the Power of Magick to withhold him; but haſting immediately to Horſe, with as much ſpeed as poſſible,

he

he got at the Head of his Men; and marching on directy to the Enemy put them into ſo great a ſurprize, that it may be admired how they got themſelves into a condition of defence; and to make ſhort of a buſineſs that was not long in acting, I may avow nothing but the immediate hand of the Almighty (who favours the juſter ſide, and is always ready for the ſupport of thoſe who approach ſo near their own Divinity, ſacred and anointed Heads) could have turned the Fortune of the Battle to the Royal ſide; it was prodigious to conſider the unequal numbers, and the advantage all on the Princes part; it was miraculous to behold the order on his ſide, and ſurprize on the other, which of it ſelf had been ſufficient to have confounded them; yet notwithſtanding all this unpreparedneſs on this ſide, and the watchfulueſs and care on the other; ſo well the General and Officers of the Royal Army managed their ſcanted Time; ſo bravely

diſciplin'd,

disciplin'd, and experienced the Souldiers were, so resolute and brave; and all so well mounted and armed, that as I said to a Miracle they fought; and 'twas a Miracle they won the Field: tho that fatal Night, *Cesario* did in his own Person wonders, and when his Horse was kill'd under him, he took a *Partizan* and as a common Souldier, at the head of his Foot acted the *Hero*, with as much courage and bravery, as ever *Cæsar* himself could Boast. Yet all this avail'd him nothing, he saw himself abandoned on all sides, and then under the Covert of the Night, he retired from the Battle, with his Sword in his hand, with only one Page, who fought by his side: A thousand times he was about to fall on his own Sword, and like *Brutus* have finish'd a life he could no longer sustain with Glory: But Love, that coward of the Mind, and the Image of Divine *Hermione*, as he esteemed her, still gave him Love to life; and

while

while he could remember ſhe yet lived to charm him, he could even look with contempt on the loſs of all his Glory; at which if he repin'd, it was for her ſake, who expected to behold him return cover'd o'er with Laurels; in theſe ſad thoughts he wandered as long as his wearied Legs would bear him into a low Foreſt, far from the Camp; where over-preſt with Toil, all over pain, and a Royal Heart even breaking with Anxiety, he laid him down under the ſhelter of a Tree, and found but his length of Earth left to ſupport him now, who not many hours before beheld himſelf the greateſt Monarch as he imagined in the World. Oh who, that had ſeen him thus; which of his moſt mortal Enemies, that had view'd the Royal Youth, adorn'd with all the Charms of Beauty, Heaven ever diſtributed to Man; Born great, and but now ador'd by all the crowding World with Hat and Knee; now abandon

by

by all, but one kind trembling Boy weeping by his ſide, while the Illuſtrious *Hero* lay Gazing with melancholy weeping Eyes, at thoſe Stars that had lately been ſo cruel to him: Sighing out his great Soul to the Winds that whiſtled round his uncovered head; breathing his Griefs as ſilently as the ſad fatal Night paſt away. Where nothing in nature ſeemed to pity him, but the poor wretched Youth that kneeled by him, and the ſighing Air: I ſay, who that beheld this, would not have ſcorn'd the World, and all its fickle Worſhipers? have curſt the Flatteries of vain Ambition, and priz'd a Cottage far above a Throne? a Garland wreath'd by ſome fair innocent hand, before the reſtleſs Glories of a Crown?

Some Authors in the Relation of this Battle affirm, That *Philander* quitted his Poſt as ſoon as the Charge was given, and ſheer'd off from that Wing he commanded; but all Hiſtorians

rians agree in this Point, that if he did, it was not for want of Courage; for in a Thouſand Incounters he has given ſufficient proofs of as much Bravery as a Man can be capable of: But he diſliked the Cauſe, diſapproved of all their Pretenſions, and look'd upon the whole Affair and Proceeding to be moſt unjuſt and ungenerous: And all the fault his greateſt Enemies could charge him with, was, That he did not deal ſo gratefully with a Prince that loved him and truſted him; and that he ought frankly to have told him, he would not ſerve him in this Deſign; and that it had been more Gallant to have quited him that way, than this; but there are ſo many Reaſons to be given for this more Politick and ſafe Deceit, than are needful in this place, and 'tis moſt certain as it is the moſt juſtifiable to Heaven and Man, to one born a Subject of *France*, and having Sworn Allegiance to his proper King, to abandon

don any other Intereſt; ſo let the Enemies of this great Man ſay what they pleaſe, if a Man be oblig'd to be falſe to this or that Intereſt, I think no body of common Honeſty, Senſe and Honour, will diſpute which he ought to abandon; and this is moſt certain, that he did not forſake him becauſe Fortune did ſo, as this one Inſtance may make appear. When *Cæſario* was firſt Proclaimed King, and had all the Reaſon in the World to believe that Fortune would have been wholly partial to him, he offer'd *Philander* his choice of any Principality and Government in *France*, and to have made him of the Order of *Sanct Eſprèet*; all which he refuſed, tho' he knew his great Fortune was loſt and already diſtributed to Favourites at Court, and himſelf Proſcribed and Convicted as a Traytor to *France*. Yet all theſe refuſals did not open the Eyes of this credulous great young Man, who ſtill believed it the fullenneſs and Generoſity of his Temper.

No

No ſooner did the day diſcover to the World the horrid Buſineſs of the preceding Night, but a diligent ſearch was made among the infinite number of dead, that covered the Face of the Earth, for the Body of the Prince, or New King, as they called him: But when they could not find him among the dead, they ſent out Parties all ways to ſearch the Woods, the Foreſts, and the Plains; nor was it long they ſought in vain, for he who had laid himſelf, as I ſaid, under the ſhelter of a Tree, had not for any conſideration removed him; but finding himſelf ſeiz'd by a common Hand, ſuffered himſelf, without Reſiſtance, to be detained by one ſingle Man till more advanced, when he could as eaſily have kill'd the Ruſtick as ſpeak or move; an Action ſo below the Character of this truly brave Man, that there is no reaſon to be given to excuſe this eaſie ſubmiſſion but this, That he was Stupified

with long Watching, Grief, and the Fatigues of his daily Toyl for ſo many Weeks before: For 'tis not to be imagin'd it was careleſneſs, or little regard for Life; for if it had been ſo he would doubtleſs have loſt it Nobly with the Victory, and never have retreated while there had been one Sword left advanced againſt him; or if he had diſdained the Enemy ſhould have had the Advantage and Glory of ſo great a Conqueſt, at leaſt when his Sword had been yet left him, he ſhould have died like a *Roman*, and have ſcorn'd to have added to the Triumph of the Enemy. But Love had unman'd his great Soul, and *Hermione* pleaded within for Life at any Price, even that of all his Glory; the thought of her alone blacken'd this laſt Scene of his Life, and for which all his paſt Triumphs could never atone nor excuſe.

Thus taken, he ſuffered himſelf to be led away tamely by common Hands without reſiſtance: A Victim now

now even fallen to the pity of the *Mobile* as he paſt, and ſo little imagined by the better Sort who ſaw him not, they would not give a credit to it, every one affirming and laying Wagers he would die like a *Hero*, and never ſurrender with Life to the Conqueror. But his ſubmiſſion was but two true for the repoſe of all his Abettors; nor was his mean ſurrender all, but he ſhew'd a dejection all the way they were bringing him to *Paris*, ſo extreamly unworthy of his Character, that 'tis hardly to be credited ſo great a a change could have been poſſible. And to ſhow that he had loſt all his Spirit and Courage with the Victory, and that the great ſtrings of his Heart were broke, the Captain who had the charge of him, and commanded that little Squadron that conducted him to *Paris*, related to me this remarkable Paſſage in their Journey; he ſaid, That they Lodged in an Inn, where he believed both the Maſter, and a great

great many Strangers who that Night Lodg'd there, were *Hugonots*, and great lovers of the Prince; which the Captain did not know, till after the Lodgings were taken: However he ordered a File of Musqueteers to guard the Door; and himſelf only remained in the Chamber with the Prince, while Supper was getting ready: The Captain being extreamly weary with Watching and Toyling, for a long time together, laid himſelf down on a Bench behind a great long Table, that was faſt'ned to the Floor, and had unadviſedly laid his Piſtols on the Table, and tho he durſt not Sleep, he thought there to ſtretch himſelf into a little eaſe; who had not quited his Horſe-back in a great while: The Prince who was walking with his Arms acroſs about the Room, muſing in a very dejected poſture; often caſting his Eyes to the door; at laſt advances to the Table, and takes up the Captains Piſtols; the while He

who

——who ſaw him advance, fear'd in that moment, what the Prince was going to do; he thought, if he ſhould riſe and ſnatch at the Piſtols, and miſs of 'em, it would expreſs ſo great a diſtruſt of the Prince, it might provoke him to do, what by his generous ſubmitting of 'em, might make him eſcape; and therefore ſince it was too late, he ſuffered the Prince to arm himſelf with two Piſtols; who before was diſarmed of even his little Pen-knife. He was, he ſaid, a thouſand times about to call out to the Guards; but then he thought before they could enter to his relief, he was ſure to be ſhot Dead, and it was poſſible the Prince might make his party good with four or five common Souldiers, who perhaps lov'd the Prince as well as any, and might rather aſſiſt than hinder his flight; all this he thought in an inſtant, and at the ſame time ſeeing the Prince ſtand ſtill, in a kind of conſideration what to do, looking, turning, and view-

ing of the Piſtols, he doubted not but his thought would determine with his Life; and tho he had been in the heat of all the Battle, and had look'd Death in the Face, when he appeared moſt horrid, he proteſted he knew not how to fear till this moment, and that now he trembled with the apprehenſion of unavoidable Ruin, he curſt a thouſand times his unadviſedneſs, now it was too late; he ſaw the Prince after he had viewed, and reviewed the Piſtols walk in a great thoughtfulneſs again about the Chamber, and at laſt, as if he had determined what to do, came back and laid them again on the Table; at which the Captain ſnatch'd 'em up, reſolving never to commit ſo great an over-ſight more. He did not doubt, he ſaid, but the Prince in taking them up, had ſome deſign of making his eſcape; and moſt certainly if he had but had Courage to have attempted it, it had not been hard to have been accompliſh'd: At

worſt

worſt he could but have dy'd; but there is a Fate that over-rules the moſt lucky minutes of the greateſt men in the World, and turns even all advantages offered to misfortunes, when it deſigns their ruin.

While they were on their way to *Paris*, he gave ſome more ſigns, that the misfortune he had ſuffered, had leſſened his Heart and Courage: He writ ſeveral the moſt ſubmiſſive Letters in the World, to the King, and to the Queen Mother of *France*; wherein he ſtrove to mitigate his Treaſon, with the pooreſt Arguments imaginable; and, as if his good Senſe had declined with his Fortune, his Stile was alter'd and debaſed to that of a common Man, or rather a School-Boy, filled with Tautologies and Stuff of no Coherence; in which he neither ſhowed the Majeſty of a Prince, nor Senſe of a Gentleman; as I could make appear by expoſing thoſe Copies, which I leave to Hiſtory; all which muſt be imputed to

the diſorder his Head and Heart were in, for want of that natural reſt he never after found. When he came to *Paris*, he fell at the Feet of his Majeſty, to whom they brought him; and with a Showre of Tears bedewing his Shooes, as he lay proſtrate, beſought his Pardon, and ask'd his Life; perhaps one of his greateſt weakneſſes to imagine, he could hope for mercy after ſo many Pardons for the ſame fault; and which if he had had but one grain of that Bravery left him, he was wont to be Maſter of, he could not have expected; nor have had the confidence to have implor'd; and he was a poor Spectacle of pity to all that once adored him; to ſee how he petitioned in vain for Life; which if it had been granted, had been of no other uſe to him, but to have paſt in ſome corner of the Earth with *Hermione*, diſpis'd by all the reſt: and tho he fetch'd Tears of Pity from the Eyes of the beſt and,

moſt

moſt merciful of Kings, he could not gain on his firſt reſolution; which was never to forgive him that Scurillous Declaration he had diſperſed at his firſt Landing in *France*; that he took upon him the Title of King, he could forgive; that he had been the cauſe of ſo much Blood-ſhed, he could forgive, but never that unworthy Scandal on his unſpoted Fame; of which he was much more nice, than of his Crown or Life; and left him (as he told him this) proſtrate on the Earth, when the Guards took him up and conveyed him to the *Baſtile*: As he came out of the *Loure*, 'tis ſaid he look'd with his wonted Grace, only a Languiſhment ſat there in greater Beauty, than poſſible all his gayer looks ever put on, at leaſt in his Circumſtances; all that beheld him imagined ſo; all the *Pariſians* were crowded in vaſt numbers to ſee him: And oh, ſee what Fortune is, thoſe that had vow'd him Alle-

giance in their Hearts, and were upon all occaſions ready to riſe in Mutiny for his leaſt Intereſt, now ſaw him, and ſuffered him to be carried to the *Baſtile* with a ſmall Company of Guards, and never offer'd to reſcue the Royal Unfortunate from the Hands of Juſtice, while he view'd 'em all around with ſcorning dying Eyes.

While he remained in the *Baſtile*, he was viſited by ſeveral of the Miniſters of State, and Cardinals, and Men of the Church, who urged him to ſome Diſcoveries, but could not prevail with him: He ſpoke, he thought, he dreamt of nothing but *Hermione*; and when they talk'd of Heaven, he ran on ſome Diſcourſe of that Beauty, ſomething of her Praiſe; and ſo continued to his laſt Moment, even on the Scaffold, where he was urged to excuſe, as a good Chriſtian ought, his Invaſion, his Bloodſhed and his unnatural War; he ſet himſelf to juſtifie his

his Paſſion to *Hermione*, endeavouring to render the Life he had lead with her, Innocent and Blameleſs in the ſight of Heaven; and all the Churchmen could perſwade, could make him ſpeak of very little elſe. Juſt before he laid himſelf down on the Block he called to one of the Gentlemen of his Chamber, and taking out the Inchanted Tooth-pick-caſe, he whiſper'd him in the Ear, and commanded him to bear it from him to *Hermione*; and laying himſelf down ſuffer'd the Juſtice of the Law, and died more pitied than lamented; ſo that it became a Proverb, If I have an Enemy I wiſh he may live like ——and die like *Ceſario*: So ended the Race of this glorious Youth, who was in his time the greateſt Man of a Subject in the World, and the greateſt Favourite of his Prince, happy indeed above a Monarch, if Ambition and the Inſpiration of Knaves and Fools had not led him to Deſtruction, and

from

from a Glorious Life brought him to a Shameful Death.

This deplorable News was not long in coming to *Hermione*, who muſt receive this due, That when ſhe heard her *Hero* was dead, (and with him all her dearer greatneſs gone,) ſhe betook her ſelf to her Bed, and made a Vow ſhe would never riſe nor eat more; and ſhe was as good as her word, ſhe lay in that melancholy Eſtate about Ten Days, making the moſt pitious Moan for her dead Lover that e'er was heard, drowning her Pillow in Tears, and ſighing out her Soul. She called on him in vain as long as ſhe could ſpeak, at laſt ſhe fell into a Lethargy and dreamed of him, till ſhe could dream no more; an everlaſting ſleep cloſed her fair Eyes, and the laſt word ſhe ſigh'd was *Ceſario*.

Brilljard had the good Fortune the Night of the Battle to get away under the covert of the Night, and poſted into *Flanders*, where he found *Silvia*

Silvia in the Arms of the young *Spaniard*, and of whom they made ſo conſiderable Advantages, that in a ſhort time they ruin'd the Fortune of that young Nobleman, and became the Talk of the Town, inſomuch that the Governour not permitting her ſtay there, ſhe was forced to remove for new Prey, and daily makes conſiderable Conqueſts where e'er ſhe ſhows the Charmer. *Ferguſano* eſcap'd, which was to the laſt Moment of the Princes Life the greateſt Affliction of his Mind; and he would often ſay in great Rage, That if that Villain had been brought to *Paris*, and that he could have had the ſatisfaction of ſeeing him broken on a Wheel before he had died, he ſhould have reſign'd his Life with Joy. But his time was not yet come.

Philander lay ſometime in the *Baſtile*, viſited by all the Perſons of great Quality about the Court; he behaved himſelf very Gallantly all the

the way he came, after his being taken, and to the laſt Minute of his Impriſonment; and was at laſt pardoned, kiſs'd the King's Hand, and came to Court in as much Splendor as ever, being very well underſtood by all good Men.

FINIS.